

Meg & Dia, Joey Had A Smoke

They sat through the night
In an empty apartment
Three older gentlemen came inside
And they brought wine and cards and chocolate
And joey smoked on a cigar and came back in
So you think he's something special do you mean?
He is no one
He is a stranger i met on the street
He stared through hard, cold insolent eyes
Turned his gaze with her
Fear hidden quite secure under blank features
Protruding middle she sat unashamed
She read his judgment on his concerned face
With slight sarcasm he addressed her case
Is it too much to ask to know about your lover's name?
He is no one
He is a stranger i met on the street
He never touched me
You're all i need
And will ever need
But his eyes won't be almond like yours nor blue like mine
With all the sins of the world in the iris
There's no false blood
But you will love him
He's from gold gardens
Our help before atlas was ever born, alright
He is no one
He is no one
Stranger i met on the street
He never touched me
You're all i need
And will ever need
He is no one
He is no one
Stranger i met on the street
They sat through the night