

Smog, Distance

The curtain slaps in the wind
A human sound of fleshy flesh
Little fists pummel absently
To birth the spirit in the room

The wind it seems to lick
The wind it seems to suck
The wind is a great big woman
That makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up

My body seems to be lacking something
I remember the taste
That on a night like this
Was only ever shed in haste
All these moments have passed through me
I have turned them all to waste

There are women on the street
They shine before me like teeth in a mine
And their are voices on the street
One of them is mine

If I watched from a high hidden window
I'd hear myself say
Oh I can't make it out
I'm too far away

But the conversation is like the beating
Taken in a dream
Where no real blows are landed
The only harm is in memory

All these women have passed through me
I have turned them all to waste