

Tina Dickow, Magic

I don't do this sort of thing, I said
As he leaned in and ran his fingers through my hair
I could see he didn't believe me
And I could tell from his sweet smile he didn't care

He slipped his hand under my skirt
And for a moment I looked deep into his eyes
I didn't see much in there
Apart from an emptiness I sadly recognized

Let me take you far away from here, he said
I know some magic that is sure to pick you up
I thought of me alone in my cold hotel bed
And I said, yeah, well, why not

...

He took me back to where he lives
We had a drink and made attempts to conversate
But none of us felt much like talking
About the lives that we were there to escape

And so he laid me on the bed
And we undressed; the street lights sliced us through the blinds
His skin felt warm against my body
But my body couldn't hold on to my mind

I drifted far away above this stranger's room
My thoughts walked down the crowded streets of yesterday
Until he stopped and asked if he had come to soon
I shook my head and turned away

We laid a little while in silence
Til I got up, got dressed and washed with cold water in my face
I better go, I said politely
I don't usually stay out this late