

# Heather Alexander, Smoke Filled Pictures

Smoke fills the room,  
with castles in the air--  
I weave them all upon a silver loom,  
look up if you dare--

I wonder where I'm going,  
And where I belong,  
What this plastic world can offer me--  
The only truth I understand,  
Is that within my song,  
And in the smoke-filled pictures that I see--

Threads without any ends,  
tangle in the chandelier--  
Within the smoky corners are my friends,  
and no one knows they're here--

Music floats to the ground,  
dragons fly on the wing--  
And in their dance, they whirl the whole room 'round,  
above the heads of those to whom I sing--

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