

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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