

# k.d. lang, Your Smoke Screen

(David Barbe)

The medicine has taken you over  
Washing away any desire  
How does it feel at the end of the day  
When your energy's gone and it's slowly replaced  
By the numbing sensation  
Cleaning both sides of your brain

I remember the stars in your eyes  
But even the bright stars will fade out sometimes  
Do you remember our very last kiss  
Are you aware that you're terribly missed  
Do you remember how to remember

I should have seen through your smoke screen