

Kashmir, Bag Of Flash And Thyme

I know how it feels when you're here
puts the heat in the air when you're near
but I will never know whats going on below
skin, bones and hair

I'd fall from a tree for a smile
hit myself and still hurt for a smile
but I will never find the bag of flash and thyme
shine me the stairs

I dig through the soil and the shields
and the softness of gold turns to steel
I drink too long and wet my tongue
'cause I have done you wrong...dead wrong

I talk to the fish on the floor
see my new found friend never gets bored
my favorite place of all is the closet in the hall
here noone calls

see, I dig through the soil and the shields....