

Phish, Spices

Odors in the evening mist
spices that you can't resist
Curl around and resound
through caverns that the breeze has kissed

Drawn inside, you hear a tone
as each foot hits a stepping stone
The music soothes and calms your mood
but suddenly you're not alone

A single cloud within a storm
descends and leaves behind a form
Someone that you knew appears in front of you
A woman's figure, rain-cloud-born

She blinks but doesn't see you yet
she shivers and is soaking wet
You cross the sand and take her hand
a lifetime passed since last you met

Centuries now fall away
(expand the years) ?? since yesterday
When you were young and in the sun
you let your woman slip away

You take the hands that you have missed
and kiss the lips you haven't kissed
for many years
taste the tears

Spices that you can't resist