

# Smolik, Who Told You

Who told you  
That baby I'd come by tonight  
Too lazy and tired in spite  
Of the fact that I like you

Maybe instead I'll write  
Of all of the dreams I had last night  
While you were sleeping  
And dreaming and feeling and skimming  
I saw beautiful things  
I saw a blue moon kissed by orange stars  
Dancing in the land of wishes quite far  
I saw you kissing my finger tips  
With your bright crazy yellow lips

Maybe instead I'll grab my friend's guitar  
And write a tune or two  
About how fine you are  
Or maybe about the words  
And the absurd and the disturbs  
That we exchanged when you were here  
What places we can travel to  
And how to get there  
India Philippines Cuba Brazil

Our ideas can get quite ill

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