

The Divine Comedy, Snowball In Negative

Smoking my six-hundredth last cigarette
Out of the studio sky-light
Watching the ash as it rolls down the roof
Leaving a trail of grey-white

All through its short life it gives of itself
Giving and giving and slowly diminishing
Until there isn't a crumb of it left
It no longer is, it's a snowball in negative

Wandering home along Marlborough Road
I realize in amazement
That I have been, for how long I don't know,
Avoiding the cracks in the pavement

All through this short life we give of ourselves
Giving and giving and slowly diminishing
Leaving a mark that will gradually fade
Ash in the breeze, snowballs in negative