

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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