

Suede, Barriers

Aniseed kisses and lipstick traces,
lemonade sipped in Belgian rooms
couldn't replace the graceful notions
that clung to me when i clung to you,

And they touch you like no one touched you,
and when you broke they were there with glue,
and their kindness was not a weakness
and when they

were there they were there for you,
But will they love you, the way,
the way i loved you?
we jumped over the barriers.