

Tears, The "Autograph"

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And the morning comes with coffee we can share
And the smell of cigarettes is in your hair
There's the sound of shouts outside the hotel room
Like the night before when cameras flattered you

And if we don't have a future
If our lives split like shattered bits of glass
And if we don't have a future just leave your autograph

And the night before the neon lit our fate
And our shadows painted many different shapes
But now the mood has turned complex and altered you
There's just the smell of cigarettes left in the room

And we fake conversation
And we pick thru broken bits of glass
And it's all just complication
And too complex to ever last

And if we don't have a future
And if the kiss dissolves into the past
And if we don't have a future just leave your autograph

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