

A.F.I.

"Veronica Sawyer Smokes"

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Uh-oh, my story's not
The oldest of its kind
I was too touched to see you clearly
Far too young to realize

I, I had loved so dearly
You, whose world I had designed
But the sweet smoke came with mirrors
And it brought tears to my wide eyes

Dying just to see you
Dying since I misconstrued

Your blue heart, black eyes
Fading, falling, words I won't forget
I died right when I saw you
While you shared that cigarette

Uh-oh, I saw you every time
I closed my eyes
In the Hughes film I had scored
Produced and starred in, in my mind

I, I could recite you well
I'd written every line
But you strayed far from my flawless script
On which I'd spent a lifetime

Falling over dead
Dying since I had misread

Your blue heart, black eyes
Fading, falling, words I won't forget
I died right when I saw you
While you shared that cigarette

Falling over dead
Dying since I had misread

Your blue heart, black eyes
Fading, falling, words I won't forget
I died right when I saw you

While you shared that cigarette

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