

Mark Geary "Obi's Chair"

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Fire under feet
The sensual toe tapping up your streets
It's torn asunder, it's torn
It's in the tombs where lovers meet and
They curse the Gods that they would seek another

It may come later, it may
For most of us the summer sun
Bikini lines and having great fun

For most of us who learn to wake
Get left behind in providence too late
It's out and over, and out
It's carpet burns but we're discrete
We haven't learned to hide our faces when we meet

And all those things you stole from me
I gave them back to your family
But they don't know
What's got into you
'Cause you forgot to tell them that we're through

Fire

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