

## Meg

### "Joey Had A Smoke"

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They sat through the night  
In an empty apartment  
Three older gentlemen came inside  
And they brought wine and cards and chocolate  
And Joey smoked on a cigar and came back in  
So you think he's something special do you mean?

He is no one  
He is a stranger I met on the street

He stared through hard, cold insolent eyes  
Turned his gaze with her  
Fear hidden quite secure under blank features  
Protruding middle she sat unashamed  
She read his judgment on his concerned face  
With slight sarcasm he addressed her case  
Is it too much to ask to know about your lover's name?

He is no one  
He is a stranger I met on the street  
He never touched me  
You're all I need  
And will ever need

But his eyes won't be almond like yours nor blue like  
mine  
With all the sins of the world in the iris  
There's no false blood  
But you will love him  
He's from Gold Gardens  
Our help before Atlas was ever born, alright

He is no one  
He is no one  
Stranger I met on the street  
He never touched me  
You're all I need  
And will ever need

He is no one  
He is no one

Stranger I met on the street

They sat through the night

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