

Sam Kinison

"We Looked Like Giants"

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God Bless the Daylight, the Sugary Smell of Springtime
Remembering When You Were Mine
In a Still Suburban Town

When Every Thursday I'd Break Those Mountain Passes
And You'd Skip Your Early Classes
And We'd Learn How Our Bodies Worked.

God Damn the Black Night With All It's Foul Temptation
I Become What I Always Hated
When I Was With You Then

We Looked Like Giants in the Back of My Grey
Subcompact
Fumbling to Make Contact
As the Others Slept Inside

And Together There
In a Shroud of Frost, the Mountain Air
Began to Pass From Every Pane of Weathered Glass
And I Held You Closer Than Anyone Would Ever Get

Do You Remember the Jamc?
And Reading Aloud From Magazines
I Don't Know About You But I Swear On My Name They
Could Smell It On Me
I've Never Been Too Good With Secrets.
No...

And Together There
In a Shroud of Frost and Mountain Air
Began to Pass Through Every Pane of Weathered Glass
And I Held You Closer...

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