

Southwest F.O.B. "Smell Of Incense"

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She stood as still as the shadows of stone
She stood on the edge of my mind
I tried to push her away
I shut and locked the door
Her eyes grew large and asking

And the smell of incense fills her room

She stood in the ever present fullness
Of expectation
What happened to her childhood dreams?
The sidewalk smothers us
Tomorrow

And the smell of incense fills her room

And the smell of incense fills her
And the smell of incense fills her
And the smell of incense fills her
And the smell of incense fills her room

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