

Magnetic Fields

"Kissing things"

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It was a shallow ocean
It was a very low scar
They're not too wide to get around
Given the old-school try

And you must have had
Nothing better to do
I've been kissing my cigarette wishing it was you

True, you gave me the moon
And the silver stars
They float outside the window
Of this tedious bar

But just like their masters,
They just drift in the blue
I've been kissing the bottle wishing it was you

So Gibraltar has tumbled
The world came to an end
And the joke was on me
You're not even my friend

But with all my new lovers
And there've been twenty-two
I've been kissing the mirror wishing it was you.

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