

Colin Smith "Organ In Your Chest"

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If she says "I'm your girl", then what can that mean?
And you dance with her like it's been all your life.
He says "It happens, when you least expect it"
In a world of hasty words can they be right?

Now I can't ask the clock to tell the hour
And precedents and case files don't apply
When eyes and ears and tongue mistrust their power
The organ in your chest perceives the light

The money in your pocket buys you airfare
The spaces in your schedule buy you time
But experience has prompted hesitation
So lucky for you instinct overrides

The markings on your palm reveal an outline
And every star required has aligned
And though you never bought much into omens
The organ in your chest will steer you right

Even as you leave you are not certain
If everything you need's not left behind
And with your eyes still veiled by misty curtains,
Reluctantly you link arms with the blind
The blemishes that once were so apparent,
Dissolved amidst the friction of your flight
And with those eyes retired for lesser purpose
The organ in your chest provides the light

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