

## Phish "Spices"

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Odors in the evening mist  
spices that you can't resist  
Curl around and resound  
through caverns that the breeze has kissed

Drawn inside, you hear a tone  
as each foot hits a stepping stone  
The music soothes and calms your mood  
but suddenly you're not alone

A single cloud within a storm  
descends and leaves behind a form  
Someone that you knew appears in front of you  
A woman's figure, rain-cloud-born

She blinks but doesn't see you yet  
she shivers and is soaking wet  
You cross the sand and take her hand  
a lifetime passed since last you met  
Centuries now fall away  
(expand the years) ?? since yesterday  
When you were young and in the sun  
you let your woman slip away

You take the hands that you have missed  
and kiss the lips you haven't kissed  
for many years  
taste the tears

Spices that you can't resist

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