

Don Ross

"Don't Feel Your Touch"

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In front of a newborn moon pushing out it's glistening
Dome
I kiss these departing companions, take the next step
Alone
I've just said goodnight to the closest thing I have to
Home
Oh and the night grows sharp and hollow as a junkie's
Craving vain
And I don't feel your touch again

To be held in the heart of a friend is to be a king
But the magic of a lovers touch is what makes my spirit
Sing
When you're caught up in this longing all the beauties
of

The earth don't mean a thing
Oh and the night grows clear and empty as a lake of
acid
Rain
And I don't feel your touch again.

The last light of day crept away like a drunkard after
Gin
A hint of chanted prayer now whispers from the fresh
Night wind
To this shattered heart and soul, held together by habit
And skin
And to this half-gnawed bone of apprehension buried
in my
Brain
As I don't feel your touch again

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