

Slowblow

"Aim for a smile"

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I've seen death as he sneaked up behind you
patiently taking its aim.

As it aimed for the spark in your eye
resistance from here looked so lame.

What used to scare me is not worth one thought
as I cling to the memory of
pitch-black coffee and cigarette haze
while I aimed for a smile on your face.

I tried to sit straight at the side of your bed
and pour my thoughts straight down the drain.

When it pours I'd much rather get wet
than to shelter my thoughts from the rain.

while I tune my guitar to your amplified breath
and hum away thoughts of your death
all I got left is one awkward embrace
my last aim for a smile on your face.

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