

Eruptagain

"Smoke And Mirrors"

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Toss back your hair, be unfair, I just don't care
Throw down a glance, then advance, yes eyes can
dance

Pull in your prey, purge the day, then slink away
After the touch, feign a blush, control the rush

There's a trail of Camel butts and clothing leading to
your door
and there's something right about abandon, but I've
been wrong before

And I will be wrong again

Smoke and mirrors, painted tears, let fight the years
Flashy dress, primal stress, a schemed caress
Let's face the facts, it's an act, we're not relaxed
Pull on my sleeve, duck and weave, and then we'll
leave

And I think it could be a bad sign, awaking surprised
that my mind carried on without me while I closed my
eyes.

In between every thing is oblivion that we explored
when we found losing our direction is the surest
course.

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