

Jenny Wilson

"Balcony Smoker"

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Balcony Smoker you're standing there again
Glowing and fading for every breath you take
No singing ambulance, no car alarms so what keeps
you awake ?
You hear the floating blood through your veins
The flood of blood, the flood of blood.

I think I know you but I've never seen your face
And I Bet you're lonely, there's a cloud of smoke again
You remind me of a dove
Who lost his feathers in a fight
With the sound of blood running through your head
The flood of blood in the search for love
You might drown in the flood of love
Flood of love

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