Misty

Kate Bush

Roll his body
Give him eyes
Make him smile for me,
Give him life
My hand is bleeding, I run back inside
I turn off the light,
Switch on a starry night
My window flies open
My bedroom fills with falling snow,
Should be a dream but I'm not sleepy
I see his snowy white face but I'm not afraid
He lies down beside me
So cold next to me
I can feel him melting in my hand
Melting, in my hand
He won't speak to me
His crooked mouth is full of dead leaves
Full of dead leaves, bits of twisted branches and frozen garden,
Crushed and stolen grasses from slumbering lawn
He is dissolving, dissolving before me and dawn will come soon
What kind of spirit is this?

Our one and only tryst
His breath all misty,
And when I kiss his ice-cream lips
And his creamy skin,
His snowy white arms surround me
So cold next to me
I can feel him melting in my hand
Melting, melting, in my hand
Sunday morning
I can't find him
The sheets are soaking
And on my pillow:
Dead leaves, bits of twisted branches and frozen garden,
Crushed and stolen grasses from slumbering lawn
I can't find him - Misty...
Oh please can you help me?
He must be somewhere

Open window closing,
Oh but wait, it's still snowing
If you're out there,
I'm coming out on the ledge
I'm going out on the ledge

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