

Holy Smoke

Vashti Bunyan

I sigh with every breath I'm breathing
It's some kind of holy smoke that I believe
Will take me on my way Some hobo - the dust on my old boots is settling
And I'm slowly growing roots I said
Would never tidy me away Uhoh, uhoh, uhoh, uhoh I do remember what an old friend told me
He said "don't you go worrying about me,
I'm only sad as I want to be" Well that's as maybe, but do I want to be like trees
Who stand round in freezing fog just waiting
For the spring to come for me? Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh noo

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