

Bluefish

Gary Jules

take care
she will fall on you like winter
you don't hear a thing but the beating of wings
as the lights go out there you are
standing in the doorway
with a cigarette
you say, "hey rock n' roll. did you really have to sell your soul, or were you just playing the fool?
that shame is mine, ya know I've done it too."
19's fine and the lighthouse is burnt out at 22 she will come
to any whispered invitation
try to send her away, she did not come here to play
she is not leaving empty handed
there we are
there we are you say time isn't mine
to save or to waste
but i might stick around till the season changes so the fortunate ones will always get to choose
19's fine when the lighthouse is burnt out at 22 take care, she'll rub off on you like weather
you won't hear a thing but the beating of wings
there you are

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