# Laura's Aura

## Combustible Edison

Twilight turns to evening
Evening turns to morning
Laura doesn't heed them
Doesn't hear their warningLaura, never will she marry
Born to wander till she dies
Life for her is just a misty blur
She needs no home, her shelter is the skyEchoes from her bedroom
Is she laughing, is she crying
None will know the answer
On her cheeks the tears are dryingLaura, she's a thing of beauty
Beauty loves her most of all
Some fine day when she is old and gray
She'll rest in peace behind her garden wallsLaura...

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