

# Smoke & Mirrors

[Agnes Obel](#)

Oh my one, I'm so happy  
That you've got so far  
I know the good, the great  
Is working you like a charm. Oh my one, rushing away  
With a bag full of bones  
I know the place you left  
Still won't leave you alone. The crow, the cat, the bird and the bee  
I'm sure they would agree  
That my one is falling for tricks,  
Smoke and mirrors playing your wit. A hue and cry waiting to blow  
Under your skin, wherever you go  
Still I wish that I knew  
The taste of something that good.

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