Autograph

Wigwam

And the morning comes with coffee in your chair
And the smell of cigarettes is in your hair
There's a sound that shouts outside the hotel room
And at night the bulbs of cameras flash at youAnd if we don't have a future
If our lives split like shattered bits of glass
And if we don't have a future
Just leave your autograph
Your autographAnd at night the ball of neon lit our fate
And our shadows painted many different shapes
But the movies turn complex in front of you
There's just a smell of cigarettes left in the roomAnd we made fake conversation
And we peered through broken bits of glass
And it's all just complication
But too complex to ever lastAnd if we don't have a future
And if this is dissolved into the past
And if we don't have a future
Just leave your autograph
Your autograph
Just leave your autograph
Your autograph
Just leave your autograph
Your autograph

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