

# Torch

## Alanis Morissette

I miss your smell and your style and your pure abiding way  
Miss your approach to life and your body in my bed  
Miss your take on anything and the music you would play  
Miss cracking up and wrestling our debriefs at end of day  
These are things that I miss  
These are not times for the weak of heart  
These are the days of raw despondence  
And I never dreamed I would have  
To lay down my torch for you like this  
I miss your neck and your gait and your sharing what you write  
Miss you walking through the front door, documentaries in your hand  
Miss traveling, our traveling and your fun and charming friends  
Miss our Big Sur getaways and to watch you love my dogs  
These are things that I miss

These are not times for the weak of heart  
These are the days of raw despondence  
And I never dreamed I would have  
To lay down my torch for you like this  
One step, one prayer, I soldier on  
Simulating, moving on  
I miss your warmth and the thought of us bringing up our kids  
And the part of you that walks with your stick-tied handkerchief  
These are things that I miss  
These are not times for the weak of heart  
These are the days of raw despondence  
And I never dreamed I would have  
To lay down my torch for you like this

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