

Bad Gust

A bad gust and I am gone,
Take it all away.
Gone away,
300 miles from anywhere.

And take the days away.
Two fights but its still beautiful.
Solo whiskey, cigarettes,
Watching films to forget.

Real love life
Leaves nothing left.
Makes me forget
the time spent away from here.
It is so beautiful,
the only 3rd eye I've ever felt.

Smooth skin and nature -
she'll never need an overture.
She is just beautiful.
Straight as that, beautiful.

Take a breeze
blowing from a cliff,
It only blows her to my mind
but clears my mind and still,
still, so still.

But just on pause.