

Publicerad 2016-10-13 12:33 av Yheela

*Isabella*

**Music, fire, medicine, desire**

I have a memory I can't shake  
It comes to me whenever I'm awake  
Of a girl who laughed at my frown  
and frowned when I laughed  
That raise eyebrow had me crawling on my knees  
but she wouldn't have any of me  
In my dreams I taste her mouth  
In my sleep my hands go south

Her body is music  
Her soul is fire  
Her laughter is medicine  
Her hair filled with desire  
Her body is music  
Her soul is fire  
Her laughter is medicine  
Her hair filled with desire

She's inked into my skin  
Everywhere her fingers have been  
The night I made her mine  
was like out of a dream  
Soft skin and softer lips  
combined in sweet torture  
They tell me to forget and fall into another bed  
But how do I remove her from my heart and from my head?

Her body is music  
Her soul is fire  
Her laughter is medicine  
Her hair filled with desire  
Her body is music  
Her soul is fire  
Her laughter is medicine  
Her hair filled with desire

My only goal is to write her name in the sky  
To keep that magical spark in her eye

I wish I told her all the things I thought  
all the futures I built for us  
Maybe she would have believed me  
perhaps she would have said: Stay  
I stare at the pictures on my phone  
This can't be it, she can't be gone

Her body is music  
Her soul is fire  
Her laughter is medicine  
Her hair filled with desire  
Her body is music  
Her soul is fire  
Her laughter is medicine  
Her hair filled with desire

My life is now a single quest  
To once again have her sleeping on my chest  
When they ask me how long I've know her  
when they tell me to count the days  
I only have one answer

Always, always

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Yheela med Poeter.se id #25205 innehar upphovsrätten