

## Perfume

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Just in case this day

Doesn't give us the chance

For the things we needed to say.

Just in case next time we meet

You turn away, with a Bresson stare,

And vanish in the city street.

Just in case my words

Are borne away in the breeze

And never reach your ears.

Just in case we're fools

Who never learn the game

And never love our souls.

There are days, oh there are days.

When you rise in the blue sky

And I see through you all the way to heaven.

There are nights, and there are nights

When I've fallen through you

Lost in dark sounds, surrounded by swift blues.

There sits an answer, glanced in a mirror,

Set down by some wandering Jew.

And as we turn to grasp it, our eyes meet,

And I have one last chance too.