
Lisa Lingers

I see Lisa sometimes,
staring from behind
the window blinds
that line the raceways
of my runaway mind;
Love warms this rented room,
rapture smiles upon my eyes,
the thought of her just enough
to fill my want with wine;

I feel Lisa sometimes,
the fireplace glows
when her hands touch mine,
whispers breathe intrigue, I know
it was many hours ago;
Love warms this rented room,
rapture smiles upon my eyes,
the thought of her just enough
to fill my want with wine;

I cry for Lisa sometimes,
such color her passion paints;
Should I be surprised to find
my rainbows awash with rain?
Love warms this rented room,
rapture smiles upon my eyes,
the thought of her just enough
to fill my want with wine;

She stares from behind
the window blinds,
the fireplace glows
when her hands touch mine,
the color of her passion paints
my rainbows awash with rain,
... she fills my want ...
... she fills my want ...
and lingers whenever I awake.