

# The Way it Ought to Be

*by* Emily Smith-Miller

it's firing on all cylinders  
the way i think of you,  
a master machine  
with gears in between  
to take me down the road.  
it runs like Persian silk  
leaves me weak in the knees  
and i'm still falling asleep  
in front of you like a TV.  
we are what we are  
and who we want to be.  
you are me in my heart  
and i keep looking for a place  
to rest my feet.  
so follow me to the last great monument,  
follow me to salvation  
to a rug burn tragedy.  
i will love you  
like you should be loved  
i will hold you close and free,  
take your breath away  
rock you into being.  
these are my songs  
this is my life  
this is the way it ought to be,  
your head against my chest  
a three beer lullaby.  
follow me home,  
follow me home  
i want you always  
to be touching me

