Well I know
I ain't spoken of love in
a coon's age.
But i can't help it now.
Just helping myself to
whatever i can.

I chose
the softest
kind of dove
to chase around,
to place bound and stout
in a pose
of arrogance, and loneliness,
of cleanliness.

Silence all the clocks tonight.

It's show time, with drinks to spill.

Hear my mouth, I've got the sounds

to send you back home with peace of mind.

Well I pace myself when marching because I tangle up my legs if I don't slow down, and look at my woman