

# A Knock Upon The Door

Cass McCombs

"Hell!" sang the young minstrel, "hang tightly to your purses!  
Bitter winter on this blonde city and utter curses!" The song ended  
and the onlookers did roar Were I sincere, you bet I'd hear  
A knock upon the door

"Hell!" went the Muse, intent, "you take me for granted!" You've  
made me a harlot, if I may be candid!" The label dropped her,  
not before they shopped her in a bidding war Were I sincere, you  
bet I'd hear A knock upon the door

The tired minstrel, leaving town, heard the Muse's weeping He turned  
up the Elvis tape in his grey car, creeping "Sex and Death! Was I not  
the breadth among the two?" she poured "Were you sincere, I bet  
you'd hear my knock upon your door!"

He said, "Dear Muse, Come here! Need a lift somewhere? You've got  
the wrong man, I was only kidding back there. I worship you!  
Forgive me for behaving like such a boor. I am sincere: I hope  
to hear Your knock upon my door!"

"The Causeless Cause of Flawless Flaws has video on you." She  
corned. "Evidence, in none defense, should I have you burned,  
deformed. Hey! Hell is real and so will be your sores! Heck with  
sincere, hark, I hear A knock upon the door."

The derisive Muse said "your therapy isn't working, is it?" Memphis  
huckster-Hitler-hustler! Aren't you a Clear yet? Always brooding  
the meaning of sex, pretending to be poor. Klock is here!  
Hark, I hear A knock upon the door?

His head throbbed under her voice, ubiquitous and soft Beads  
streamed from his hair, soaking his black t-shirt's cloth gut  
feeling was to leave her words on the cutting-room floor he thought,  
"If I stay here, I'll never hear That knock upon the door"

Muse, exhausted, peered and accosted, her hand on her abdomen A  
human voice to her songs, she could not condemn Because of a  
communion they had had of yore The blessed day is near, soon  
you'll hear A knock upon the door