

Teach me new tricks, I haven't learned anything new
In some odd years, so many years it's been and I've survived be
yond you

Birds, great and small, from the balcony they call
And they seep into a drunken dream that I had dreamt about you

Some like to lean on something virtuous and kind
Someone to keep in mind

Crawl from the hearth, salamanders inching forth
Too much time, far too much time has passed and now I start to
feel it

When the sun sets, get as quiet as you can
Hear the worms as they turn and I swear you'll see them glisten

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