

For Suzanne

Darrell Scott

She's been written in song by the greatest of names
Steven Foster, Leonard Cohen and Sweet Baby James
But I got this feeling this won't be the same
My love song for Suzanne
There's ghosts in the rear of that showcase of dreams
A vortex of hope by the cigarette machine
You can pay for the whisky but she'll never come clean
You're just holding a loaded hand
But the old-school passion is not to be missed
The entrance exam is a soul-to-soul kiss
The final is tears, clenched teeth and raised fists
And a love song for Suzanne

Give her the grace to face herself
Too long she has languished up on the top shelf
The bearskin, the mattress, the judgmental health
The prize of another man
Give her some wisdom for all she's been through
Her dance with the spirits, a lover or two
She's been sleeping it off but someday she'll come to
This love song for Suzanne

And if you get the nod on some cold aimless night
From a death-do-us partner preparing for flight
You can ride on that carpet, but you best keep your sight
On the tender who takes your hand
I love her, I love her, I've cried to the moon
My orphan in rags said, "You gave up too soon."