

Evening Call

Greg Brown

I had my fun, my fun had me
And from beneath her parasol
She says "goodbye, old used to be -
Get ready for the evening call."

She has grown cold, but how warm she was -
The morning lawn writes history
In lost high heels and empty cups
Whose lipstick stains are kissing me.

How chill the air, and my heart is poor.
How low the sun, how high the wall.
Sweet music drifting out my door
Merges with the evening call.

I had my fun, my fun had me.
So slow she turns, and swaying goes
To a young man beneath a shady tree
Who there undoes her pretty clothes.