

The Only Answer

Mike Doughty

Upon the rails, among the weeds,
I had a moment of serenity.
I saw you standing, in all the green,
Upon the rusting rail, balancing.

You were the only answer.
My plans spun all around you.
Five years in the wrong, I am assured,
My name to you is just
Another word.

And in your bed, in Morsetown,
You had magazines thrown around, from under them,
The phone had rang, and in the margin there you wrote the number
down.

You were the only answer,
My plans spun all around you,
Five years in the wrong, I am assured,
My name to you is just
Another word.

Another word.
Another word.
The only answer.
Another word.
The only answer.
The only answer.
The only answer.