

For The Departed

James Shayfer

Just a moment, dear
I hear someone at the door
And the beating of a heart
That I hid beneath the floor
They've come for me, love
Save yourself
I am far beyond repair
They will bury me alive
But I'm not inclined to care
I am too far gone now

So dry your eyes and count to ten
They'll have me on the pyre by then
Forget the man I used to be
You'll move along more easily

A moment, dear
I hear someone in the hall
And he's plundering the promises
We hung up on the wall
He's come for us, love
Save yourself, I am bitter to the bone
And I'm growing rather fond
Of the wandering alone
I am too far gone now

So dry your eyes and count to ten
They'll have me on the pyre by then
Forget the man I used to be
You'll move along more easily

Now I must finish what I started
I'll write a symphony for the departed
I have no time for second chances
So I survive on bourbon, blood, and backward glances

So the scene begins
Your cries become the wind
A desperate plea best left unheard
Then my contrived goodbye
A poet's pantomime
A drunken jester's final words

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