

She's on his mind, she's on his wall. She's in the corner of his eye. She whispers sweet delerium. He climbs inside and blushes as the crimson tide flows and flushes him away . . . The sheets are stained; alone again and unfulfilled. A cleaning bill. The dream was killed before he kissed her--now he's cursing the alarm. But she teases from the T.V.--spreas her legs in magazines. She steams his collar, she dusts his shelf, she cuts his hair. She's never there . . . There's just the letter one-way while the ansaphone says "No way!" But he'll search and he'll find her even if he has to tie her down . . . (He'd kiss the ground she walks on . . .)