

John My Beloved

Vérité

Are we to speak, first day of the week
Stumbling words at the bar
Beauty blue eyes, my order of fries
Long Island kindness and wine
Beloved of John, I get it all wrong
I read you for some kind of poem
Covered in lines, the fossils I find
Have they no life of their own?

So can we pretend, sweetly
Before the mystery ends?
I am a man with a heart that offends
With its lonely and greedy demands
There's only a shadow of me; in a matter of speaking, I'm dead

Such a waste, your beautiful face
Stumbling carpet arise
Go follow your gem, your white feathered friend
Icarus, point to the sun
If history speaks of two baby teeth
I'm painting the hills blue and red
They said beware, Lord, hear my prayer
I've wasted my throes on your head

So can we be friends, sweetly
Before the mystery ends?
I love you more than the world can contain
In its lonely and ramshackle head
There's only a shadow of me; in a matter of speaking, I'm dead

I'm holding my breath
My tongue on your chest
What can be said of my heart?
If history speaks, the kiss on my cheek
Where there remains but a mark
Beloved, my John, so I'll carry on
Counting my cards down to one
And when I am dead, come visit my bed
My fossil is bright in the sun

So can we contend, peacefully
Before my history ends?
Jesus, I need you, be near me, come shield me
From fossils that fall on my head
There's only a shadow of me; in a matter of speaking, I'm dead