

Abel

Singular chances fall upon deaf hearts
though you loved me in leaving
the stay was back at the start
Regret your eyes dry,
but pay what you owe
Reunion. Communion
was not scripted, I thought you should know
Here I go.
Porcelain bellies
are not recommended for snakes
You put down your money
before looking into the stakes
Disillusionment comes like a cheap glass of whiskey
Sit on your poor-me and drink it down quickly
Comes the Blow—Here I go
Sticky old memories are not such a hoot as they seem
Thinking in reallys; the nightmare's the same as the dream
Find some nice mommy or sweet little girl with glass eyes
She'll not rock or change or question your world as did I
no surprise
But, baby, I didn't know, still . . .
Here I go
The face of love, to me, looks much like old bones
Though your heart was not genuine, I have no right to throw
stones
The quaking of pleasure is kin to a death
But talking with you, I feel life much less
End of Show
Here I Go.