

MIXOLOGIST FROM NORMANDY

HE PUT HIS HEAD UPON MY SHOULDER
I HEARD HIM SAYIN',
"I'M SO TIRED OF THIS
"LISTEN, YOU ARE MY PRECIOUS
LISTEN, NO ONE HAS BEEN BETTER"

SNOW SILENCED THE MIDNIGHT
ONLY FOUND WAS HIS SCENT
THAT HAD BEEN FILLIN' UP A DOME
LAID-BACK MUSIC WAS SO SLUMBEROUS
PLAY BACK WORDS OF A MAN WHO WOKE UP

SNOW LIGHT CAST SHADOWS ON SECRETS
ONLY ONE SIP OF RUM
THEN SHE HAD LEFT THAT TURNED-OFF DREAM
OLD PRAYERS WOULD HAVE NEVER MATTERED
A CHECKERED LIFE OF A MAN WHO WOKE UP

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