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vintage

The Sting

The sting of the past
clutches my scar like it's
been burnt by a Cohiba cigar
can't change my past
but I could outlast it
shelter is a house on G street
encounters with the angel of Long Island
tea with my Lady of Queens
picnics on the P street beach
with the Blonde Light of Brooklynn
ice cream with Baltimore baker's daughter
Oh those bakery girls
they sure know how
faith and destiny are racing in two cars
will they meet further down the road
in reverie or in a fiery crash
where the phoenix rises off the desert floor
and above the red rock cliffs where the
three drummers beat out an otherworldly charm
on another side of town
the whimsical professor is the successor
to the throne of time

the apached kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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