

11/1/22

Crimes of Love

A cold January day

In the middle of May

The songs sung the national anthem

And business-booming Colorado said you could plant them

Alaska was in there too, singing their own tune

And Alabama was blown away by the moon

The drums beat for September sun

And in the middle of April confess to no one

The crimes of love

No one to stare down from above

This was justice on Earth

And when the baby walked and fell in the dirt

December had saved Jerusalem

And India pursued no one

And the story-teller

Just wishes somebody would tell her

Then there was ice cold warm and heat

And as Dylan infidels walked away in bare-feet

The story-teller secluded

And in memory she always included

A song without a chorus

Arkansas may bore us

And Minnesota gave birth to Bob Dylan

And John Lennon said I don't believe in mantra

And the ending eludes me

From the beginning to the beginning

From the beginning to the beginning

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From the beginning to the beginning

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