

A.C. Newman, There Are Maybe Ten Or Twelve

There are maybe ten or twelve
Things I could teach you
After that, well, I think you're on your own
And that wasn't the opening line
It was the tenth or the twelfth
Make of that what you will
Make of that what you will
Once there was a haunted loop
Of your deep, fallen tears
A forehead resting on a record shelf
Amid moving boxes stacked
I'm still waiting for the right words
Make of that what you will

Make of that what you will
And the eyes they were
A color I can't remember
Which says more than the first two verses
And it is the devil you know
That will slam the door harder
Make of that what you will
Make of that what you will
Make of that what you will
Make of that what you will