

Ellis Paul, Here She Is

If you could paint her, she'd be a Picasso.
She's got a few things out of place.
Like when she smiles, it's slightly out of line.
It's half awkward, yet half grace.
While you're unraveling this mystery
Of where she fits in time and space,
She'll drag you into this lover's tale,
Though she will not give a reason.
And if you fight her tooth and nail,
She won't give up until you lose...

She wants the last word, the last dance.
She thinks it's absurd that you believe in second chances.
You're a lost cause, yet here she is.
And that's the mystery. Here she is...

She's a poem by Ferlinghetti.
She's the angel from a nursery rhyme
She'll set you a place at your table,
Then fill your cup till you're drunk on red wine.

She don't believe in stars or in miracles,
But she reads your horoscope daily.
And if your response is too cynical,
She'll say, "Who are you to know?"
While you're unraveling this mystery
Of where she fits in time and space,
She'll memorize your history
And decorate your place.