

Fat Amy, Early November

(R.J. Johnson/Guiney/Reedy)

Feel the glow from the lampshade, its the shadow that shows his age
He's an old man with a weathered soul, who burned to live before he got
far too old

he tells stories to fill the space

Once he said, "it's so cold in early November... and all the sky and trees
are a rust colored

Grey

I know her eyes still smile when I bring her flowers... I took them
yesterday"

we put her down not long ago... close enough to keep something to hold,
and far away from what she knew then...

on further out he stands alone, by the only thing he seems
to call his own

his eyes fill up again

He's an old man with a weathered soul who burned to live before he got far
too old

he tells stories to fill the space

Once he said, "it's so cold in early November... and all the sky and trees
are a rust colored

Grey

I know her eyes still smile when I bring her flowers... I took them
yesterday"

..gets farther on his own.. it's the only thing he still has to hold...

he's got stories to fill the
space

Now he says... "it's still cold in earl November.. she keeps the sky
and trees their rust colored Grey

I know her eyes still smile when I bring her flowers, I took them yesterday."