

Fish, Beaujolais Day

I went to Morrison's grave at Pere Lachaise cemetery
The stony flowers and the matching graffiti were guiding me to the steps inside of me
And what will you do if I got down on my knees to you
What will you do if I lied to your face
Could you still hold your dreams
Could you live in your silent face
So what would you do, would you walk right through me
Would you stand in the way like the others before
Get in the way
Would you drink to me next Beaujolais day
Tell me the truth, save a prayer for me
I would love to leave you but you would cry all night long
Eternal romantic, victory failed on Beaujolais day
I heard a wheelchair whisper across a stale silent gymnasium
Trailing an ivy league jacket like a matador
Through the jitterbug steps of the night before
Through the chalk white chill and the tear fandango
Heading away to the inner wrangle
Do we cry for a cell
Do we need for a sell
What would you do, would you cry for me
Could you set off (?) could we go gently
Blame it away
Do you really want to head for the open door
Got to crack a bottle while you dream for me
Just an absent friend and a misery
Laying awake do we stay right there
'Till Beaujolais day
On Beaujolais day
So what will you do, would you lie to me?
Would you sit right back in a victory
Would you play for me
Could you die for me
So what would you do, would you walk right through me
Heading away saying it's just another victory
This is Beaujolais day