

# Frank Black, Bartholomew

Bartholomew  
How'd you end up in the coffee?  
Bartholomew  
Were you going down in flames?

Was it a girl?  
And did I hear you call her softly?  
No, this world of lunacy made me insane

Once I lay beside a stream  
And I looked into it  
A dandelion next to me  
And then I blew it  
My life was scattered in the breeze

I lay me down  
Won't you stop it with your talking?  
They closed the town  
Won't you let me go to sleep?

Bartholomew  
I'm sorry for my squawking  
Bartholomew  
I'll let you go to sleep

And I will lay beside a stream  
And I'll look into it  
A dandelion next to me  
And then I'll blow it  
And watch it scatter in the breeze