

Huntwork Hewitt, The Thief

I suppose you've never seen me
Dressed in black from head to toe
Hear my words now and believe me
Lest you hear I told you so
Call the merchants to behold me
I write my name between their sheets
I feed sugar to their ponies
How I love to be the thief
Now the sunflowers in the pavement
Turn their backs upon my deeds
Even though I know I'm pretty
They just stare down at the weeds
Tell the trees they ought not shade me
I will pilfer every leaf
Even in the highest branches
You can find the lowest thief
I am laughing at the funeral
While the mourners weep and sing
You confront me by the body
And ask me where I've put his things
So come and crush my tiny fingers
Make a necklace of my teeth
Mail my ear to Barcelona
I will always be the thief
For some things you are not born with
And some things you can't achieve
Life is full of stolen moments
And I will always be the thief