

Jude, Paper Towel

I'm not immune so I commune
With the objects in my home
I am caressed by my razor
And so am not alone
I spoon an oversize pillow
Which I bought for just that use
And to the flowers in my garden
I am lover, not recluse

If you my dear were such a flower
You would stay and only grow
And I would tend to you and water baby
And straight up would you go
You would spread and maybe blossom
With each passing summer's day
And not the suitors from a hundred hives
Could draw your love away

Then as Autumn
Shut the light down in advance of winter's bite
According to true lovers' creed you would not die
But go to seed

For so it is with Paper Towels
And other things about my place
The old begets the new
And the things I need keep up to pace
But you, my dear, you're gone forever
You left no silly seed behind
Save a rotten pit it lingers
Cherry (tomb)stone in my mind

You're not a Paper Towel
No
You're like the wind go howling
Ooo

You fled as if the autumn greys
Were the heralds of final days
Uprooting with your seeds and all cruel harvest
Of love's first fall

You're not a Paper Towel
No no
You're like the wind go howling
Owoooooo
Can't wrap you around my dowel
No no
You're like the wind go howling
Owoooooo

Bring her back for me little bo peep
I gotta find her I can't go to sleep ...