

Magazine, The Operative

You were never found to be backward
or wanting in any way
you were hidden so cleverly in love
what scheme did you obey!

And I know why you go so slow

You had such strange disappointments
too bare against the paint
you knew the handle was broken
and your strong arm was faint

And I know why you go so slow

Your tired empire's fallen
victim to your unease
you could make yourself so useful
if you'd get on your knees

And I know why you go so slow