

# Me Without You, Nice And Blue (Pt. Two)

You were a song I couldn't sing  
caught like a bear by the bees with its hand in the hive  
who complains of the pain of the sting  
when I'm lucky I got out alive!  
a life at best left half behind,  
the taste of the honey still sweet on my tongue  
and I'd run (Lord knows I've tried)  
but there's no place on Earth I can hide  
from the wrong I've done

then I saw a mountain and I saw a city  
steadily sinking but suspiciously calm  
it wasn't an end, it wasn't a beginning  
but a ceaseless stumbling on  
there, strapped like a watch on my wrist  
that's finished with gold but can't tell the time  
was all or what little pleasure exists  
seductively sold and uselessly mine

our horse was fast and first from the gate  
with the lead of a length at the sound of the gun  
and the last of our cash laid down to fate (at 17 to 1)  
but by the final stretch in the rear of the pack  
that nag limping bad in the back  
we reluctantly gave all the money we'd saved  
1/5 to the commonwealth and the rest of the track  
then I saw a forest grow in the city  
& a driftwood wall of birdhouse gourds  
and I'm still waiting to meet a girl like my Mom  
who's closer to my age  
the true light of my eyes is a Pearl  
equally emptied to equally shine  
and all or what little joy in the world  
seemed suddenly simple and endlessly mine

I was once the wine and you were the wineglass,  
I was once alive when you held me,  
but G-d became the glass,  
all things left are emptiness  
but oh, you're just a little girl  
if you look out and see a trace  
of a dark red that was once my face  
in the clarity of such grace,  
you'll forget all about me