

# Paul Westerberg, Bookmark

Father left  
You were crushed  
Like the petals of a flower  
Between the pages of a novel  
A long forgotten bookmark  
The end of a sad chapter  
When he left her she read no more  
And so left all trust  
Of any man that wants you  
To dress in black plastic  
Or sing with your eyes only  
As though you were autistic  
Whisper diamonds and insolence  
Enter misadventure  
Neither tawdry or resplendent  
In clothes that hide your figure  
She was daddy's little sparrow  
He was a dirty picture window  
Mister Inappropriate  
Who washes his hands after  
He things someone is watching  
Too restless for education  
Craves only entertainment  
And to this day  
There is no one you trust  
Father left your mom  
They say you were crushed  
Like the petals of a flower  
Between pages of a novel  
A long forgotten bookmark