Poi Dog Pondering, Big Beautiful Spoon

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Wrap around me and curl, you big beautiful spoon
The thought of your touch and smell just makes me swoon
When you lay me down, my heart is still as a pond
Together like two spoons until dawn.
Sometimes I live in the past, I know that it's true
I'm romantic to melancholy, you know that's true too.
The past is a shoe box of old songs and photographs,
I dig in and wade through, I learn from my past.
I'm helpless and doomed, sad and ashamed
The mistakes that I've made, will I make them again?
Feet are made for walking, and hands are made for love,
And for the longing and the lonely, the moon and stars shine above.
Well there's a time and a place, a river and a bridge,
a kitchen and a hallway, a stove and a fridge.
A clock on the wall, and there's a telephone call,
songs to be sung, and work to be done.
Well you rub two sticks together and sparks start a fire,
and I'm longing and I'm lonely, and for you I desire.