

# 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.