

# Rickie Lee Jones, The Unsigned Painting

There must be a golden frame  
Coming to me  
Cuz where are you?  
Where are you?  
Where are you?

The very day when you first heard  
Your heart beat  
Listens for you still  
So I think  
it's not so much the painting  
As what you give yourself  
By what you leave

Your signature...

On Sundays the ladies  
Took off their wiry, old hats and  
Made donuts in the back of  
The church. I can  
Smell them cooking in middle of mass

Cakes are prizes at carnivals  
Holding hands-that's a gift  
Of our landscapes  
For the heart is always  
That one summer night  
you stretch it from face to face  
Like chewing gum. You can rig it up  
And hear each other thru a tin can  
Now it bakes and hardens like an old  
Dream under the front porch  
Where the air is talcum  
Mamma's eyes are blue  
And Father took the weird beast  
We're walking next to you

That is the picture that I see