

Snow Phoebe, Poetry Man

You make me laugh
Cause your eyes they light the night
They look right through me
You bashful boy
You're hiding something sweet
Please give it to me yeah, to me
Talk to me some more
You don't have to go
You're the Poetry Man
You make things all rhyme
You are a genie
All I ask for is your smile
Each time I rub the lamp
When I am with you
I have a giggling teen-age crush
Then I'm a sultry vamp
Talk to me some more
You don't have to go
You're the Poetry Man
You make things all right
So once again
It's time to say so long
And so recall the cull of life
You're going home now
Home's that place somewhere you go each day
To see your wife
Talk to me some more
You don't have to go
You're the Poetry Man
You make things all rhyme
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