

# 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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