Swan Lake, The Partisan But He's Got To Know

Oh the partisan said "there are photos in your head I want to know what they are" And he was wise in many matters of the bruised and the battered And the cold in your car

He said that "I want berries the Apollo-weary citizen has some behind his bar." Who blows the sky? Who blows the sea? Who puts the Myriad in the grass in front of me?

In the lofts they would pull and they would tear upon their seleves and the tinkling is a symphony of And the rent becomes a myth because the photograph is diseased For the matriarch has slipped and hurt her blessed knee: "Oh when's she going to slow down? Wil Wendy ever slow down?"

Oh the partisand said there are photos in your head I want to know what they are; And he was young but still terrific through the burning barn's horrific It was done all the same And with his bat and his bullies he's going to stalk the hills of mercy and lay waste to their name it's the violator's aim

And I called the love from everyone to testify that I am as stupid as a lord on a skewered palace sw " So dumb (the person), I called your name in verse

to the masked poled opponents of partisans and sentiments and cake-holed second verse and I are but the fall of the palace was from cold and not malice it was winter in the Tallahassee port with the

wild blood, oh do you still run around with wild blood?