

Tom Verlaine, Anna

(Verlaine)

The passion of Anna
Kept her awake
But not aware of things
That easily break

The darkness determined
To burn and to free
Anna wonders
Will this exit please

A serious song, she said
Of my heart and in my head
Sometimes I think to let this go
This serious song I hear
Telling me my love is near
I must lay down but I'm not tired

The passion of Anna
So full of doubt
Watches her lead her love
From drink to drought

Makes it her fellow
Some kind of goat
The passion of Anna
Must remain remote

A serious song, she said
Of my heart and in my head
Sometimes I think to let this go
This serious song I hear
Telling me my love is near
I must lay down but I'm not tired

She makes up schedule
From five till five till five till five
Somehow the train never arrives

The passion of Anna
That statue will fall
And reappear with shadows
As they call

And take it to dry out
Like rules or a lie
They lay up on a hill
Where no sun shines

A serious song, she said
Of my heart and in my head
Sometimes I think to let this go
This serious song I hear
Telling me my love is near
I must lay down but I'm not tired

Just the rhythm
The rhythm of the rain on the roofs tonight
It's got me seeing funny things
Thinking all kinds of things
Tonight I'm thinking of petrified wood
It's funny,
It's funny, isn't it?

