

Tom Verlaine, Coming Apart

(Verlaine)

Cliff-hanging time
Fingers and stone.
Holding and holding
hurts to the bone.
It comes on the dark
these ridiculous dreams
I'm coming apart
apart at the seams
I'm coming apart
I don't know what it means

I choke on my voice
it ain't the right words
It's always the sound
of something I heard
Don't know if it's hard
Don't know what redeems
I'm coming apart

There's too much to move
and nothing to save.
Oh, ain't it sweet
back in the grave?
It clutches my heart
This yearning and dreams,
I'm coming apart