

# 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