

Tom Verlaine, Song

(Verlaine)

I think of you, I think of you.
I had this friend who told me that
coincidence cannot articulate the best
events. She said she'd rather think of
everything as accident, after all, it's
all heaven-sent. She said I don't think
good but i know how to wait as if when
you wait it is not hours but some forgotten
sense of time. It's very kind of all those
powers to feature love without design.
Letters arrive, spelling out the wish so
clear, making a language of desire and fear.
You said it's not that way... God is not the
name of God... you'll send a drawing of the heart
I don't draw well but i know how to wait as if...
I think of you listening to your father's voice...
those endless speeches on 'The Gift of Choice'.
Love's not a story I could ever read or write...
I guess you'd say I'm not so bright. Show me
how you wait... as if...
I am so fond of you, so fond of you.
These difficult questions tell me a joke.