

Vert, Waiting For His Lady

Well as the mourner
Yeah, that's how he met her
Well as the porno'
Yeah, that's how he kept her
And he says that he stared
That he stared at her figure
'Till he was close to her next movement
But never could he be sure
And no, no one wants to hear him say
The thoughts on his mind that he'd share with you anyway
'Cause no, he don't want to lose her
Though he's never even known her
He knows that she's bleeding and all he wants is to help
And maybe some day she'll turn to his way
He's saying...
No, I don't want to fall inlove with your face
Oh no, I don't want to love your dress
Girl, I don't want to feel your waist
'Cause your mouth it tastes so pleasing
But to love I need a reason
And there's more but I don't want to tell you the rest
So if you'll step out of the photograph
I'll try to be worthy of what's left
If you'd only give honesty a try this one time
She told him that she'd meet him there
Go to the grave that is bair
And he thinks that maybe she fell in and
Was covered up by the wind
But in the graveyard he still stands
Just watching alone as the lillies growe from old hands
And through the years he's never cried
He's saving his tears for the final goodbye
So when the rains falling just toss him a coat
Don't run to him for there's a spiritual moat
But if you'll just reach out with your hand
I'm sure he'll hand you her picture he carved from this land
No more air for men to breath
Returned to dust are they so we'll grieve
And over each grave is laid a frame
inside's a women with no true name
I asked him once wich girl was the one
That had taken his heart away yet he said "Son,
If I were to show you the way
Would you show it to her or just let her return to clay?"
..And so I walked away.