

# 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 &quot;Son,  
If I were to show you the way  
Would you show it to her or just let her return to clay?&quot;  
..And so I walked away.