Shiny

Jazzfinger

By the bumper cars, in the pretty twining light, I may have gone too far, I may have gone too much too long. I'm a dull and witless boy. In the after bars, think I was sullied by a dream: in the killing jar, you and me at war at arms all falling in embrace.

Tell me why you lied and what it is you do to keep your eyes all shiny.

A tawny gypsy girl, sleeping blanketed by stars beneath the tilt-a-whirl where we were coyly caught alone all fumbling with your blouse.

Tell me why you lied and what it is you do to keep your eyes all shiny.

In the rollercoaster din, by the parachutes in saddle shoes you break your shin. But I have never seen two eyes so shiny.

And the sullen beery swine who try to tangle you in sullen beery balls of twine, have they ever seen two eyes so shiny?

The boys in denim vest, smoking cigarettes between their bootblack fingertips, sweetly tipsy by the half-light. The light and the half-light.

Tell me why you lied and what it is you do to keep your eyes so shiny

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