

# Frank Sinatra

## I Believe

We know of an ancient radiation  
That haunts dismembered constellations  
A faintly glimmering radio station  
While Frank Sinatra sings stormy weather  
The flies and spiders get along together  
Cobwebs fall on an old skipping record  
Beyond the suns that guard this roof  
Beyond your flowers of flaming truth  
Beyond your latest ad campaigns  
An old man sits collecting stamps  
In a room all filled with Chinese lamps  
He save what others throw away  
He says that he'll be rich some day  
We know of an ancient radiation  
That haunts dismembered constellations  
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