Red Leaves

Tom Verlaine

We shuffled our faces
Laughing like fish.
Really flip flappin'
We had not a wish.
You said, "Look, the ceiling's down,"
You said it five times
With that beautiful frown

Red leaves whirling
Across my lawn

I see you weaving.
What dost thou sew?
You look at the floor.
You say, "I really don't know"

I asked my darlin'
Why she talks so slow.
She said, "It's the mud above
And the stars below."

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