The Fog

Moonface

He dreams that Neptune is a prophet
And Jupiter a healer
And so wakes up thinking they are more than stars
And he cannot tell the difference
between a heartbeat and a wave
He has a bad, bad sense of timeAnd she's a queen
She gives beyond her means
Too pure to see through his raggedy disguise
She cannot tell the difference
between a photograph of lovers on a beach
and a man in rags and feathers in the treesShe says:
Don't tie the blindfold quite so tight this time
He says:
Don't love me to death
and I won't love you death
She says:
I won't love you to death
if you don't love me to death
He says:
I won't tie the blindfold quite so tight this timeAnd then he takes her by the elbow
back down towards the sea
where they become
two very old and senile sailorsGoing in
and going out
(And) going in
and going out
...
of the fog

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