

Bookmark

Paul Westerberg

Father left
You were crushed
Like the petals of a flower
Between the pages of a novel A long forgotten bookmark
The end of a sad chapter
When he left her she read no more
And so left all trust Of any man that wants you
To dress in black plastic
Or sing with your eyes only
As though you were autistic Whisper diamonds and insolence
Enter misadventure
Neither tawdry or resplendent
In clothes that hide your figure She was daddy`s little sparrow
He was a dirty picture window
Mister Inappropriate
Who washes his hands after He things someone is watching
Too restless for education
Craves only entertainment
And to this day There is no one you trust
Father left your mom
They say you were crushed
Like the petals of a flower Between pages of a novel
A long forgotten bookmark

Songwriters
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