Bookmark

Paul Westerberg

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

Songwriters
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