

# Polaroids

## Shawn Colvin

Please no more therapy  
Mother take care of me  
Piece me together with a  
Needle and threadWrap me in eiderdown  
Lace from your wedding gown  
Fold me and lay me down  
On your bedOr liken me to a shoe  
Blackened and spit-shined through  
Kicking back home to you  
Smiling back homeSinging back home to you  
Laughing back home to you  
Dragging back home to youAnd I was so wary then  
The ugly American  
Thinner than oxygen  
Tough as a whoreI said, you can lie to me  
I own what's inside of me  
And nothing surprises me anymoreBut forests in Germany  
Kids in the Tuileries  
Broken-down fortresses  
In old ItalyAnd claiming his victory  
Shrouded in mystery  
He went running away with meBack in our home New York  
Walking these streets forlorn  
We all in our uniforms  
Black and blackDoing that slouch and jive  
The artist must survive  
We've got all we need we cried  
And don't look backAnd thinking we had it made  
Poised for the hit parade  
Knee deep in accolades  
The conceptual pairBut ever the malcontent  
He left without incident  
Vanished into thin airNow I am always amazed  
Words can fill up a page  
Pages fill up the days  
Between him and meBut the vows that we never keep  
From bedrooms to business-speak  
Make me remember how cheap  
Words can beAnd the letters I wrote you of

Were those of the desperate stuff  
Like begging for love in a suicide threatBut I am too young to die  
Too old for a lullaby  
Too tired for life on the ledgeBut I had a dream last night  
Of lovers who walked the plank  
Out on the edge of time  
Amidst ridiculeThey laughed as they rocked and reeled  
Over the mining fields  
Coming to rest on this ship of foolsBut he just took Polaroids  
Of her smile in the light  
Of the dawn of the menacing skyAnd before they went overboard  
She turned and held up a card  
And it said Valentine

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