

Strange Combination

T Bone Burnett

He was a strange combination
Part what fathers in movies call a romantic little fool
Part what fathers in Russian novels call a depraved egoist
He won't be missed, I'll persist
First he would fall in love like a building imploding
And not be able to control his emoting
Then he would spend a few speechless weeks
Goggling his beloved and reading Keats and reading Dante's
Next if she gave him a sign, he'd send flowers for a
time
Then in one magnificent gesture
He could transform himself into a Bluebeard
But not just an ordinary run of the mill Bluebeard
One who was a lecher then he'll put her out to pasture
What does this have to do with the future?
I'm not too sure
What does this have to do with the present?
It doesn't

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