

No Poetry

Gary Jules

"There's no poetry between us"
Said the paper to the pen
Something's burning in the attic
That her tongue will not defend
Through the arc of conversation
Past the teeth behind the smile
Down the miracle mile
To the bottom of the ladder
Paint your eyes and hide the tatters
What's the matter baby?
Could we go downtown
To the middle of the world?
You were always such a pretty girl
And you told me I was beautiful
"There's no poetry between us"
Said the paper to the pen
"And I get nothing for my trouble
But the ink beneath my skin"
If your clothes are getting weary
And your soul's gone out of style
Blame the miracle mile
And the bottom of the ladder
Paint your eyes and hide the tatters
What's the matter baby?
...I'm coming too

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