John the 23Rd

Sarah Slean

Inside a heart
Of freezing boys
Searching for the answer
In a shiney dimeWho beg for sleep
And piece of mind
Why must the aging page
Decide?Me and John the 23rd have
Tasted these sour words and I
Just can't shake this belief that it's not a
Test of devotion or something you readFrom the dawn of time
They taught her why
Not to ask those questions
And never cryA plate of stars
Could never take the place of the
Boy who swore to catch me
As I run through the ryeI know it's been quite a long time since I
Sang a hym without guilt in my eyes
And I know he truly wouldn't care
'Cause if you really tried, he'd save a place for you thereMy weary heart
Is looking, restless
Not for a pardon
But just one promiseAll the faith that one can deserve, it's
Enough to wonder why you punish your girls
Sure he's facing you now, and not the wall, but isn't that
Better than facing nothing at all?

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