

# Of Raymond

## Lambchop

I have stood here in this garden  
Where you placed me in the spring  
I have held my arms gracefully from my side  
A dog dish and an afro pick  
You laid beside me as a trick  
Of compassion that comes through the night  
In fields of green this field of straw  
There ain't no telling what we saw  
As we stand together on this hill

I used to be a part of a more complicated scheme  
As furniture with glass upon my head  
You paint me white you clean me off  
You say my name each time you cough  
It's a pattern as old as it gets  
I'll stay right here till you get back  
I'm concrete white you're plastic black  
I'm a statue of the Virgin Mary

I am free from all decisions  
I am free from all despair  
You can see there's not a wrinkle on my face  
Looks pretty good from where I stand  
No crying fields no sins of man  
All for the love of Raymond  
All for the love of Raymond

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