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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