

Orleans Parish

Pete Krebs

Make believe me a crescent
Moon
Built by our fathers
As we waltz in their tombs
With your life before you
And my life that's past
A girl like her mother
A boy who's a man
In Orleans Parish I left you
Sleeping
In the arms of a man you
Already knew
Icicles chilled from a heart
Stopped beating
As I walked with the memories
I was too proud to lose
Blackbirds descending
In fields of magnolias
The brush of a smile
That's deadly to me
With eyes like agates
And hands like glass statues
That melt like the night
In the town of Orleans

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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