Being a Mockingbird

Bobby Long

And the night it rests like a hammer blow
And breaks the morning it brings
The mad men are down on the crypt floor
Sleeping through their favours and sins
And I trained myself to be hardened
And greet the bird like the day
And I soared to greet lusty gamblings
And I drenched myself in the dusk where they layAnd though I exchanged the dark for the darkness
And I hung the belt from the wing
So the traitors may part with their malice
But I'll remember everythingAnd I gave up myself to the heckles
And I planted the leaf from the book
And I admit I love my romances
The blackbird, the wren, the rookThe church house won't harbour the coffins
But the docks they whittle their ships
And To the pleasure the feast
And the memory and soar of kissing her lips

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