Mr. E. Leon Rauis

Rasputina

I keep pictures of him in my mind
Yeah, you know the kind they curl up on the edges
The corners are bended into a trick pulled from behindPhysically he is serene, he looks good he looks clean
Yeah, I know he's dead and I know what he said
But I think I know what he might meanWith many thanks for your well, well wishes he says
Believe me, sincerely yours
Mr. E Leon Rauis would say it's sentiment which he abhorsSeventeen Union Square North
Did he walk back and forth in the glass at the shop?
Did he smile? Did he stop for a while? Did he question his worth?Seventeen Union Square West, dressed up looking his best
Mr. E. Leon Rauis could never know how this would seem
His one small requestWith many thanks for your well, well wishes he says
Believe me, sincerely yours
Mr. E Leon Rauis would say it's sentiment which he abhorsRegretfully so he still wants you to know
Of the things in his heart he can't say
His penmanship does a disservice
It's illegible to this day
Oh, Mr. E. Leon Rauis believe me
I hope it all turned out okayPicking a shop for the shoot, did he buy a new suit?
Was he tall? Was he kind? Did he finally find it that day?
Was his end absolute? He got old like everyone, was he somebody's son?
Did he fail?
Did he try to succeed or deny what he knew or things he had done?With many thanks for your well, well wishes he says
believe me, sincerely yours
Mr. E Leon Rauis would say it's sentiment which he abhors

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