

Old Jaw

Pianos Become the Teeth

You're about what you're about,
let me tell you what I found,
you're about what you're about,
you can tell me how it sounds,
you're about what you're about
let me tell you I have my doubts,
every word in your mouth
always lifted these lashes,
every word in your mouth
got the lashes out,
every word in your mouth,
those stories so warming, so profound,
I guess I marked my life with your lines more than I ever did mine,
my eyes couldn't hide from the old you and I,
my face rusted like those wind chimes in rust light,
well I've never easily risen,
I've never had those old jaw jokes,
I've never had that old Ed size,
I've never had Robert's prison guard skin,
I've learned it's the fingers and the placement,
something about that always stuck,
and I'm just stubborn enough,
but those years were the weight giving way,
so you'd startle awake,
just a time, just a place,
just a name remembered with the photo and the frame,
you're about what you're about and so on...

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

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