

Five Fingers

Peter Kingsbery

Five fingers and one tough
Start the fire that I miss so much
A hard laugh and a cool smile
Frightened eyes like a runaway child
She's the darling of your dreams
That disappears without a trace
And such a pretty young thing
A good kid
The precious kind
Daddy's baby
Is doing fine
A split lip from a fist fight
She paints her face for a Saturday night
White bracelets and black hose
Stepping out like a real Jackie-O
Not a man that's on the make
It's gonna be a slow burn
Got a habit got to break

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