

# Manhole

## Karry Walker

I'm holding here a book, notable, but not the greatest  
Stolen for me by the latest in a long line of thieves  
And I'm just about to drop it down that manhole of memories  
When I realize it doesn't bother me like love's mementos usually do  
And I look up to see who's different here, the latest me or the latest you  
'Course, you're the kind of guy who doesn't lie, he just doctors everything  
Chooses some unassuming finger and quietly moves his wedding ring  
Who rewrites his autobiography for any pretty girl who'll sing  
But you can't fool the queen, baby 'cuz I married the king  
And maybe it was I who betrayed his majesty  
With no opposite reality, like a puddle with no reflection  
Of the sky or the trees, but after my dreaded beheading  
I tied that sucker back on with a string  
And I guess I'm pretty different now, considering  
I kissed you on the street that night on the far side of four  
But I didn't like the taste in my mouth or yours  
And ignoring the persona you wore for my benefit  
For once I had the balls to call it, just call it  
But a lesson must be lived in order to be learned  
And the clarity to see and stop this now that is what I've earned  
And maybe it was I who betrayed his majesty  
With no opposite reality, like a puddle with no reflection  
Of the sky or the trees but after my dreaded beheading  
I tied that sucker back on with a string  
And I guess I'm pretty different now, considering  
I'm holding here a book, notable, but not the greatest  
Stolen for me by the latest in a long line of thieves  
And I'm just about to drop it down that manhole of memories  
When I realize it doesn't bother me and heartache not so dire  
'Cuz I looked up to see integrity finally won over desire

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