

# Cellophane

Clifford T. Ward

I'm insane over Cellophane  
She knows how to entertain me  
I'm inane over Cellophane  
She knows how to really sustain me  
She keeps me warm like counterpane  
She wakes me up like summer rain  
She elevates me like a steel crane  
But then in the same machine like way  
She drops me back down again. I'm so vain over Cellophane  
She knows how to picture frame me  
It's all the same to Cellophane  
She knows how to window pane me  
She strains my nerves in a funny way  
She drains my energy away  
There's not a grain of truth in what she says  
But if she don't remain I'll stain my reputation. I may not be twenty one but I'm not done with  
yet. INSTRUMENTAL (Cellophane) (Cellophane) She keeps me warm like counterpane  
She wakes me up like summer rain  
She elevates me like a steel crane  
But then in the same machine like way  
She drops me back down again. She's the tear me up and throw me down  
A delicate see through summer gown. She the things appertaining (Things appertaining)  
To things unremaining (Things unremaining)  
She's the same (She's the same)  
A Cellophane (Cellophane)  
Hard to restrain (Hard to restrain)  
She's so hard to contain (Hard to contain)  
Discards me like cellophane (Cellophane)  
We hear the cellos playing.

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