Manhole

Docetism

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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