

Vic Chesnutt "Ladle"

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You file me with the libertines
I fold in line
My monthly dole of magazines
Beaming bistro shine

In my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbs

I saw you at the snazzy din, din
You made me sad that I watched
I must say you truly packed 'em in
Nearly dearly debauched

In my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbs

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