

Warren Zanes "Scrapbook"

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let's put it all in
there from your favorite words to the tired

stare that only you can do let's put it all in there for you
let's put
the things you stole when you thought no one saw and
something strange
took hold your little fingers grew

let's put the pictures that you drew let's put the day we
met the way
the trees were bent because the wind that blew let's put
it all in there
let's put the faces that you knew let's

put dark and let's put light the car we bought you bent
it apartment
rooms with fatal flaws why even think that we should
pause let's really
lay it bare let's put it all in there

let's put the kitchen sink the times you ran away or
when the neighbors
came because of all the noise let's put their faces at
the door let's
put the lids we'd drop on the

things we'd say though it was late to stop let's put it all
in there
let's put their faces at the door let's put dark and let's
put light the
car we bought you bent it apartment rooms

with fatal flaws hey, you know if everything is through
let's really let
'em stare let's put it all in there

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