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He saw your bike chained to a tree
Right outside the library
Pulled over to go inside
To see if you might need a ride

But his head started thinking
His confidence shrinking
He couldn't make up his mind
Behold the king of indecision
He chooses nothing with precision

Ambivalent tight rope walker
He's such a vague and shady talker
But if he comes to you
Then you know his love is true

Up and down the rows, he looked
Among the shelves of ancient books
At last in fiction q through r
Found you cross-legged on the floor

Eyes transfixed to a page
You were in some other time and some other place
He left a note on your handle bar
Before getting back in his car
And drove straight into the setting sun

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