

Fat Amy

"Early November"

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(R.J. Johnson/Guiney/Reedy)

Feel the glow from the lampshade, its the shadow that
shows his age

He's an old man with a weathered soul, who burned to
live before he got

far too old

he tells stories to fill the space

Once he said, "it's so cold in early November... and all
the sky and trees

are a rust colored

Grey

I know her eyes still smile when I bring her flowers... I
took them

yesterday"

we put her down not long ago... close enough to keep
something to hold,

and far away from what she knew then...

on further out he stands alone, by the only thing he
seems

to call his own

his eyes fill up again

He's an old man with a weathered soul who burned to
live before he got far

too old

he tells stories to fill the space

Once he said, "it's so cold in early November... and all
the sky and trees

are a rust colored

Grey

I know her eyes still smile when I bring her flowers... I
took them

yesterday"

..gets farther on his own.. it's the only thing he still has
to hold...

he's got stories to fill the

space

Now he says... "it's still cold in earl November.. she
keeps the sky

and trees their rust colored Grey

I know her eyes still smile when I bring her flowers, I
took them yesterday."

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