

## **Frickin' A**

### **"Threnody"**

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Lilacs blossom just as sweet  
Now my heart is shattered  
If I bowled it down the street  
Who's to say it mattered?  
If there's one that rode away  
What would I be missing?  
Lips that taste of tears, they say  
Are the best for kissing  
Eyes that match the morning star  
Seem a little brighter  
Arms held out to darkness are  
Usually whiter  
Shall I bar the strolling guest  
Bind my brow with willow  
When, they say, the empty breast  
Is the softer pillow?  
That a heart falls tinkling down  
Never think it ceases  
Every likely lad in town  
Gathers up the pieces  
If there's one gone whistling by  
Would I let it grieve me?  
Let him wonder if I lie  
Let him half believe me

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