

## **Gordon Vincent**

### **"Enchante"**

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I don't mistake you for a rolling stone  
Wearing your sailor's overcoat  
Up in the crow's nest getting high from all that rain  
Holding the lines in your own hurricane

I don't mistake you with your flickering tongues  
Spreading your wings above the trees  
Back down on Delaney with your sketches and poems  
And my hands upon your knees

I'm falling,  
Falling through you  
I'm falling,  
Falling through you

Oh Chante,  
What was that song  
I used to sing it all day long  
I used to sing it all day long  
Oh Chante,  
Oh Chante,  
Enchante

I'm two rungs down and coming up slow  
You're pushing off,  
I'm letting you go  
And your lost  
And I'm free

I don't mistake you speeding in reverse  
Honking the headlights trying to signal the hearse  
Coming up lame on an overnight haul  
I'm waiting for you with my balls to the wall  
I don't mistake you, woe, and mercy me  
For being less than you wanted to be  
It's no mistake, baby, I know your name  
O Chante, enchante

I'm two rungs down and coming up slow  
You're pushing off,  
I'm letting you go  
And your lost

And I'm free

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