

## Grass Roots

### "Althea"

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I told althea I was feeling lost, lacking in some  
direction.  
Althea told me upon scrutiny that my back might need  
protection.  
I told althea that treachery was tearing me limb from  
limb.  
Althea told me better cool down boy, settle back, easy  
jim.

You may be saturdays child, all alone, moving with a  
tinge of grace.  
You may be a clown in the burying ground, or just  
another pretty face.  
You may meet the fate on ophelia, sleeping and  
penchence to dream.  
Honest to the point of recklessness, self-centered in  
the extreme.

Aint nobody messing with you, but you, your friends  
are getting most concerned.  
Loose with the truth, baby, its your fire, but baby dont  
get burned.  
When the smoke has cleared, she said, thats what she  
said to me.  
Gonna want a bed to lay your head and a little  
sympathy.

There are things you can replace, and others you  
cannot.  
The time has come to weigh those things.  
This space is getting hot, you know this space is  
getting hot.

I told althea Im a roving son, and I was born to be a  
bachelor.  
Althea told me, okay, thats fine, so now Im trying to  
catch her.  
Cant talk to you without talking to me, were guilty of the  
same old thing.  
Been talking alot about less and less and forgetting the  
love we bring.

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