

## Jeffrey Foucault

### "Stripping Cane"

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There's no more room for angels  
To dance or even stand  
Upon this pin entangled  
Bleeding sugar from our hands  
Bleeding ashes from our feet  
Won't you help me count my sheep  
Won't you help me count my sheep tonight

You make your heart a decoration  
It's like a broken violin  
So carefully made empty  
Taking only silence in  
Taking saccharine to kill your pain  
Won't you help me stripping cane  
Won't you help me stripping cane tonight

Stripping cane for something sweet  
Stripping cane a man complete is born  
His heart a thing to hold both dark and light  
Stripping cane no tongue can tell  
The silent ring of this empty bell  
Won't you tell me fare thee well  
Fare thee well tonight

I've got nowhere to go now  
I'm like a bird in an eclipse  
And the grammar of our bodies  
Breathing poems to our lips  
Breathing verses out of rhyme  
Won't you help me killing time  
Won't you help me killing time tonight

There's no more room for angels  
To dance or even stand  
Upon this pin entangled  
Bleeding sugar from our hands  
Bleeding ashes from our feet  
Won't you help me count my sheep  
Won't you help me count my sheep tonight  
Won't you help me count my sheep tonight  
Won't you help me

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