

## John Gold "Cactusflower"

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you phone around, but everyone's staying home  
another night alone can make your head go spin  
but the needles on the phonograph must be cursing:  
"you gotta let it be"

in the brown of your wall you can hear another way  
to make the west coast ladies do the eastside shake,  
as long as the one across town just can't wait  
turns on her stereo

we can find something finer  
than some coins in a wishing well  
all in good time, when wrong is right  
and i'm another one, that's what i mean

she said her soul is torn and her thinking not straight,

her patched up heart becoming worn and frayed  
i got my needle and thread going all the right ways  
put on your party dress

all this time, it flies by mine  
let's spend our whole life in a waiting room  
only to find your palm was right  
there was no line for apologies

i am rain on  
the dusted desert summertime  
we will, we will  
not have to wait for long

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