

Juliet Turner

"Call Me Green"

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You make me think of dark December with all your
secrets in the ground
You own extensive tracts of property, I think that
shouldn't be allowed.
And I can sense your inhibitions - I make you cringe on
the dance floor.

Foreign films on rainy evenings, your front hallway
stacked with art.
Sunday papers, light conversation, I see you live a life
apart.
Though I've been slow to get the message, I don't
regret the way we spent the hours.

Oh would you dance close to me? Over here it doesn't
mean a thing.
Oh, my mouth is open, so it is, at all the places that
you've been,
All the movies that you've seen, all the famous people
that you know.
Call me green.

I'd make you think of early springtime, I'd melt your
winter with my charms.
I'd read the papers, know my politics, I'd even learn to
park the car.
Might take a crash course in the Beatles but there's
love and then there's trying too hard.

Oh, would you dance close to me? And oh how we
squirm at fate,
Maybe you were born too early or I was born too late.

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