

Little Comets

"Bayonne"

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Fate dances on a pliable line
That keeps love apart
From all that enmity bear
He feels the ache of her effulgent heart
And so resolves to disappear

And so I carry on to Bayonne
Where my anatomy could
Sooner find alacrity to set me apart
From it all
For feeling far too much too young

You slip
And put another rubber bullet
In my back again
You slip, you slip

Always be suspicious
When they put their arms around you
And tell you they're delighted to see you

You slip
And put another rubber bullet
In my back again
You slip, you slip

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