

Patricia Barber

"Snow"

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Do you think of me like snow
Cool, slippery and white?
Do you think of me like jazz
As hip as black as night?

Do you think of me like linen
Summer sheets on which you sleep?
Do you think of me like ink
Skinny words you want to keep?

Do you think of me like fat
Irresistible as cream?
On your lips, on your hips
Like chocolate or like a dream

Ohh, to be the moon
A diamond you can't resist
The space between the stars
Do you think of me like this?

Do you think of me like crack
Illegally refined?
Sunglass for your eyes
Do you think that love is blind?

Do you think of me like salt?
Do you taste me in your tears?
Do you think of me like oil?
Filthy rich, my dear

I think of you like food
I think of you like wine
I shouldn't lick my fingers
I'm drinking all the time

I think of you like paint
Flesh tones and pink
I think of you like rhyme
So much it makes me think
I'm mad about you

Do you think of me like sand

Warm southern fire?
Take me with you in the dark
And secret in your mind

Do you think of me like snow
School starting in the fall?
Do you think of me in spring
Do you think of me at all?

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