

## Paul Westerberg "Bookmark"

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Father left, you were crushed  
Like the petals of a flower  
Between the pages of a novel  
A long forgotten bookmark  
The end of a sad chapter

When he left her she read no more  
And so left all trust  
Of any man that wants you  
To dress in black plastic  
Or sing with your eyes only  
As though you were autistic

Whisper diamonds and insolence  
Enter misadventure  
Neither tawdry or resplendent  
In clothes that hide your figure  
He was daddy's little sparrow  
He was a dirty picture window

Mister Inappropriate  
Who washes hands after  
He thinks someone is watching  
Too restless for education  
Craves only entertainment  
And to this day  
There is no one you trust

When your father left your mom  
They say that you were crushed  
Like the petals of a flower  
Between the pages of a novel  
A long forgotten bookmark

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