

Posies

"Mrs Green"

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Miserable Mrs. Green sit by yourself and think awhile
Of all that once could have been instead of what is now
Well how does it even feel, you're no longer Madame
Butterfly
And yesterdays operas have quickly passed you by

Mrs. Green, you're older
But you're really no more cleaver
Things that you were thinking
I am thinking I will never think at all

Volumes of photographs held in your Eisenhower
hands
Newer world intellect could never understand
You tore yourself apart all for the neighborhood and
kids
And never forgave yourself for acting as you did

Mrs. Green, you're older
But you're really no more cleaver
Things that you were thinking
I am thinking I will never think at all

Where is your family and why did they lock you up
inside
And what will they talk about after you have died
Who scared the birds away by lining the nest with
demands
And using an iron first but not a helping hand

Mrs. Green, you're older
But you're really no more cleaver
Things that you were thinking
I am thinking I will never

Mrs. Green I know
You're not as happy as you can be
As you watch my next leaf turn
You're turning green with envy over me

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