

## **Robert Pollard "Port Authority"**

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I can't know the song of the south  
when my needle points north.  
the blue south elegant with lovely lake  
eyes in a smiling river on fire look at me

Ape, the tailor whose fine linens he knows  
makes a man out of safety pins  
proud as an Indian  
I figure in future years I'll be stained by the tears  
of desperate clinging

Miracle girls commercially perfect  
excel at Port Authority  
shall I run out to meet your hopes  
of liquor, tobacco & chocolate?  
up on chalkleg mirror mountain  
subtle and juicy

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