

Will Dockery & Henry Conley

"Sidewalk Spinner"

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Sidewalk Spinner

Can I tell the difference
was she the dreamer or the dance?
All her eyes can see
is melancholy happenstance.

In twilight's color and hue
I mistook her for my muse.
Mirrored rooms of this crazy house
No choice but to be confused.

Split the twirl,
ain't no news
you'd feel the same
if you were in my shoes.

I court to two,
ambivalent to who's.
Sidewalk spinner
shaking off my blues.

A lap dance pirouette
could start a new romance,
but it might just leave my eyes
begging for a chance.

But I know the prison
separation's flawed
and where divisions
might occur within the law.

But my vision's
mesmerized and awed
She scratched my back
with monkey claws.

Dreamer and the dance
that I pursue.
Sidewalk spinner in memory
I still can't shake you.

Can I tell the difference
dreamer and the dance.
A fever in my pockets
burns a hole in my pants.

If I try to count to two
I give up and get confused.
Spinner come sit by me
I paid the bartender my dues.

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