

Spoon

"Theme To Wendell Stivers"

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When i do count the clock that tells the time
and see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
when i behold the violet past prime
and sable curls all silvered o'er with white
when lofty trees i see barren of leaves
which erst from heat did canopy the herd
and summer's green all girded up in sheaves
borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
then of thy beauty do i question make
that though among the wastes of time must go,
since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
and die as fast as they see others grow,
and nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defense,
save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Primary

(all right now!)

The primary means of motivation,
walks onto her place on thirteenth street.

The primary means of motivation,
paints a picture on her lover's face

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