

P J Loughran

"Tea at Mogador"

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The dry caf invites me in
Im soaked through from no protection
And the weathers washed away the regulars
Thats just fine with me

and the women waltz past my view
And I catch a glance or two or seven
And sitting cornered in my uneasy chair
I find comfort in counting my lovers

Im in flux
I need definition
Im susceptible to song

St. Marks is running gray today
And The Mojo man turns my way
He recognizes me, he may
But his policy prohibits

6 years before, Im sure he cant recall
those accessories I bought for nickels
and I wonder if that shop was his decision
Does our cold cool keep us warm?

Im in flux
I need definition
Im susceptible to song

So I sit and drink my tea all afternoon long
And the rain pours strong

My dear friend confides in me
That he never did find his center
He says, "I sometimes feel much older than I am"
and I confide in my dear friend that I clearly
understand

Im in flux
I need definition
Im susceptible to song

I need love
I need my ambition
I need constitution to keep me strong
Because Im way too susceptible to song

Oh, waiter please,
Another kettle for me

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