

## Book Of Poems

Old 97's

Rowboat lightning, I kissed her yeah, it didn't mean a thing  
Seems like years ago, it was yesterday  
Fire drill, yell freeze, don't hang around, long face disease  
I got a book of poems that's gonna set you free

Well it's bad luck and it's a hard luck story  
And I'm sorry I ain't sticking around  
I got a real bad feeling that a book of poems ain't enough

Well it's a sick world and in sixteen days  
I got nightmares every night  
I got a real bad feeling that a book of poems ain't enough

Hardcore uptown, not the kind of place you wanna settle down  
I only walked her home but that was bad enough  
Two trains, yell freeze, it was a head-  
on cold, now it's a love disease  
I got a book of poems, you gotta see to believe

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