

# There Are Maybe Ten or Twelve

A.C. Newman

There are maybe ten or twelve  
Things I could teach you  
After that, well, I think you're on your own  
And that wasn't the opening line  
It was the tenth or the twelfth

Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will

Once there was a haunted loop  
Of your deep, fallen tears  
A forehead resting on a record shelf  
Amid moving boxes stacked  
I'm still waiting for the right words

Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will

And the eyes they were  
A color I can't remember  
Which says more than the first two verses  
And it is the devil you know  
That will slam the door harder

Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will  
Make of that what you will