

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