

A Knock Upon The Door

Cass McCombs

"Hell!" sang the young minstrel, "hang tightly to your purses!
Bitter winter on this blonde city and utter curses!" The song ended
and the onlookers did roar Were I sincere, you bet I'd hear
A knock upon the door

"Hell!" went the Muse, intent, "you take me for granted!" You've
made me a harlot, if I may be candid!" The label dropped her,
not before they shopped her in a bidding war Were I sincere, you
bet I'd hear A knock upon the door

The tired minstrel, leaving town, heard the Muse's weeping He turned
up the Elvis tape in his grey car, creeping "Sex and Death! Was I not
the breadth among the two?" she poured "Were you sincere, I bet
you'd hear my knock upon your door!"

He said, "Dear Muse, Come here! Need a lift somewhere? You've got
the wrong man, I was only kidding back there. I worship you!
Forgive me for behaving like such a boor. I am sincere: I hope
to hear Your knock upon my door!"

"The Causeless Cause of Flawless Flaws has video on you." She
corned. "Evidence, in none defense, should I have you burned,
deformed. Hey! Hell is real and so will be your sores! Heck with
sincere, hark, I hear A knock upon the door."

The derisive Muse said "your therapy isn't working, is it?" Memphis
huckster-Hitler-hustler! Aren't you a Clear yet? Always brooding
the meaning of sex, pretending to be poor. Klock is here!
Hark, I hear A knock upon the door?

His head throbbed under her voice, ubiquitous and soft Beads streamed
from his hair, soaking his black t-shirt's cloth gut feeling was
to leave her words on the cutting-room floor he thought, "If I stay
here, I'll never hear That knock upon the door"

Muse, exhausted, peered and accosted, her hand on her abdomen A
human voice to her songs, she could not condemn Because of a
communion they had had of yore The blessed day is near, soon
you'll hear A knock upon the door