

# Here In The Going Going Gone

Greg Brown

Dark laughter on the teeter-totter,  
an old song floats across the water,  
I know I should pack up and move on.  
One-note Johnnies proliferate,  
the wind rises, the hour is late  
here in the going going gone.

My heart ain't mine, my heart is yours -  
or else I left it out-of-doors  
like a baseball glove out on the lawn.  
I'd walk through fire to retrieve it,  
but still you never would believe it  
here in the going going gone.

Everywhere you look you see  
more of you and more of me  
scrambling for the goods, the lines are drawn.  
peace and quiet - is there any?  
We are the beautiful too many -  
here in the going going gone.

Modern Love's loaded gun.  
I live alone and love everyone  
and I feel pretty good. Is that so wrong?  
Passion called and I would blow it.  
Now I'm an old Chinese poet  
here in the going going gone.

Porch full of winter squash and pumpkin,  
Summer's always really somethin',  
but one day fall arrives with a chilly dawn.  
While lovers make love in warm beds,  
the forsaken sit and scratch their heads  
here in the going going gone.

The rain keeps falling on the flood.  
The flower closes to a bud.  
All my gifts you say are just a con.  
But I'll always want to be your friend.  
That is my prayer until Amen -  
here in the going going gone.