

## Virginia Clemm

### Katzenjammer

He was a child, I was a child  
Sentimental and wild  
Now we're resting  
Now we're resting

For twelve short years, we lived out of health  
And of prosperous wealth  
Oh, my dearest  
Oh, my dearest

My only portrait to remind you  
My wine on your old cloak  
My voice sustained in our piano  
Comme les carillons de notre nuit de noces

Heir of my illness, writer of all  
The stories and the words  
That I'm wanting  
That I'm haunting

When your heart is on your sleeve  
Then I'll bid you my sweet adieu  
Don't forget me  
Don't forget me

The other woman to explain  
Her letters I deplore  
I'm the flare inside your sorry dark eyes  
And I'll leave you nevermore