

## Bayonne

### Little Comets

Fate dances on a pliable line  
That keeps love apart  
From all that enmity bear  
He feels the ache of her effulgent heart  
And so resolves to disappear

And so I carry on to Bayonne  
Where my anatomy could  
Sooner find alacrity to set me apart  
From it all  
For feeling far too much too young

You slip  
And put another rubber bullet  
In my back again  
You slip, you slip

Always be suspicious  
When they put their arms around you  
And tell you they're delighted to see you

You slip  
And put another rubber bullet  
In my back again  
You slip, you slip