

How did it feel to twice become a saint?  
How did it feel to twice be burned at the stake?  
Did you fly too high like icarus?  
Did you run too fast?  
Did you give too much love to a world that would never understand?  
We are the flowers that grew from the sod.  
How dreary to be somebody.  
I too, have no country.  
And I know how it feels.  
If you were shining down on me, I wouldn't kneel.  
I would stand upright the way you did.  
All your life and everything you dreamed of, so short the kiss.  
Forever on the silver screen.  
Forever in our hearts.  
Forever in these humble streets.  
Forever like you were in the start.  
Dancing in your stockings to your 45's.  
Forever Innocent. Too full: your heart. Too wide: your eyes.  
In strange places. In the company of strange men.  
And you said goodbye. And I understand.