

# TEACHERS

Omnia

I met a woman long ago  
Her hair the black that black can go.  
Are you a teacher of the heart?  
Soft she answered no.

I met a girl across the sea,  
Her hair the gold that gold can be.  
Are you a teacher of the heart?  
Yes, but not for thee.

I met a man who lost his mind  
In some lost place I had to find  
Follow me the wise man said,  
But he walked behind

I walked into a hospital  
Where none was sick and none was well,  
When at night the nurse left  
I could not walk at all  
Morning came and then came noon,  
Dinner time a scalpel blade  
Lay beside my silver spoon

Some girls wander by mistake  
Into the mess that scalpels make  
Are you the teachers of my heart?  
We teach old hearts to break

One morning I woke up alone  
The hospital and the nurses gone  
Have I carved enough my lord?  
Child, you are a bone.

I ate and ate and ate  
No I did not miss a plate, well  
How much do these suppers cost?  
We'll take it out hate

I spent my hatred every place,  
On every work on every face  
Someone gave me wishes  
And I wished for an embrace

Several girls embraced me, then  
I was embraced by men,  
Is my passion perfect?  
No, do it once again

I was handsome I was strong  
I knew the words of every song  
Did my singing please you?  
No, the words you sang were wrong.

Who is it whom I address  
Who takes down what I confess?  
Are you the teacher of my heart?  
We teach old hearts to rest

Oh teacher are my lessons done?  
I cannot do another one.  
The laughed and laughed and said  
Well child, are your lessons done?  
Are your lessons done?  
Are your lessons done?  
Are your lessons done?