

Fraulein

Pale Young Gentlemen

Our glasses are made ale
with a lift to the table
from the barman

Whose patrons are growing
restless for the showing
'fore the show.

Handsome ladies
make grown men babies
tonight.

Brother
see her
drink her
milk white glory.

She will turn me down,
but then at least know that I'm around.
So I pine
for my fraulein.

Piano player lingers
backstage with the singers
poor piano
(more piano)

Weeps without a sound
so silent he is found at the fort line.

Handsome ladies sing swooning maybe's tonight.

Brother
see her
drink her
milk white glory.

She will turn me down
but then at least know that I'm around.
So I pine
for my fraulein.

Milk white.

A perfect concentration,
an object of elation
is a fraulein.

She flirts without knowing
A fiction of a growing
fool's smile.

Young and unable
yet kings upon our table
tonight.

Brother

see her
drink her
milk white glory.

She will turn me down
but then at least know that I'm around.
So I pine
for my fraulein.