

Bookmark

Paul Westerberg

Father left, you were crushed
Like the petals of a flower
Between the pages of a novel
A long forgotten bookmark
The end of a sad chapter

When he left her she read no more
And so left all trust
Of any man that wants you
To dress in black plastic
Or sing with your eyes only
As though you were autistic

Whisper diamonds and insolence
Enter misadventure
Neither tawdry or resplendent
In clothes that hide your figure
He was daddy's little sparrow
He was a dirty picture window

Mister Inappropriate
Who washes hands after
He thinks someone is watching
Too restless for education
Craves only entertainment
And to this day
There is no one you trust

When your father left your mom
They say that you were crushed
Like the petals of a flower
Between the pages of a novel
A long forgotten bookmark