

Poetry Man

Phoebe Snow

You make me laugh
Cause your eyes, they light the night
They look right though me.
You bashful boy
You're hiding something sweet
Please give it to me, yeah, to me.

Oh, oh
Talk to me some more
You don't have to go
You're the Poetry Man
You make things all rhyme.

You are a genie
And all I ask for is your smile
Each time I rub the lamp.
When I am with you
I have a giggling teen-age crush
Then I'm a sultry vamp.

Oh, oh, talk to me some more
You don't have to go
('Cos) You're the Poetry Man
You make things all rhyme.

So once again
It's time to say, "So long,"
And so recall the lull of life.
You're going home now
Home's that place somewhere you go each day
To see your wife.

Oh, oh
Talk to me some more
You know that you don't have to go
You're the Poetry Man
You make things all rhyme.