

Big Beautiful Spoon

Poi Dog Pondering

Wrap around me and curl, you big beautiful spoon
The thought of your touch and smell just makes me swoon
When you lay me down, my heart is still as a pond
Together like two spoons until dawn.
Sometimes I live in the past, I know that it's true
I'm romantic to melancholy, you know that's true too.
The past is a shoe box of old songs and photographs,
I dig in and wade through, I learn from my past.
I'm helpless and doomed, sad and ashamed
The mistakes that I've made, will I make them again?
Feet are made for walking, and hands are made for love,
And for the longing and the lonely, the moon and stars shine above.
Well there's a time and a place, a river and a bridge,
a kitchen and a hallway, a stove and a fridge.
A clock on the wall, and there's a telephone call,
songs to be sung, and work to be done.
Well you rub two sticks together and sparks start a fire,
and I'm longing and I'm lonely, and for you I desire.