

Mr. E. Leon Raus

Rasputina

I keep pictures of him in my mind yeah you know the kind they curl
up on the edges, the corners are bended into a trick pulled from
behind.

Physically he is serene he looks good he looks clean yeah I know
he's dead but I know what he said and I think I might know what
he
mean.

With many thanks for your well, well wishes he says believe me,
sincerely yours Mr. E Leon Raus would say it's sentiment which
he
abhors.

Seventeen Union Square North did he walk back and forth in the
glass at the shop did he smile did he stop for awhile did he
question his worth?

Seventeen Union Square West dressed up looking his best Mr. E.
Leon Raus could never know how this would seem his one small
request.

With many thanks for your well, well wishes he says believe me,
sincerely yours Mr. E Leon Raus would say it's sentiment which
he
abhors.

Regretfully so he still wants you to know of the things in his
heart
he can't say.
His penmanship does a disservice
It's illegible to this day.

Oh, Mr. E. Leon Raus believe me
I hope it all turned out okay

Picking a shop for the shoot did he buy a new suit? Was he tall
, was he kind, did he finally find it that day, was his end absolute?
He got old like everyone, was he somebody's son? Did he fail, did he
try to succeed or deny what he knew or things he had done?

With many thanks for your well, well wishes he says believe me,

sincerely yours Mr. E Leon Ravis would say it's sentiment which
he
abhors.