

The Wishbone

Second Person

Face to face, in a crowded basement
You were all amazement
That I should hate the way that I am just a replacement
I said, don't rebound on me, I am not a tennis court
This is not Monopoly or a spectator sport
Maybe it used to be but I've been through too much
Talk, but don't touch, just

Give me the wishbone
Give me the wishbone and I'll make a wish
I'll wish for mutual love and happiness
I'll wish for friendship free from artifice
Just give me the wishbone
Give me the wishbone

Side my side in virtual contentment
My resentment self-evident when I pleaded the 5th
amendment
'Cause I can't talk about things I can't abide
Specially when we're mix and matching wrong and right
Let's quit the physical while we're still ahead
No damage done, no blood shed and I said

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I sashayed away in my elegant stilettos
Like a hundred different women who had walked that way
before me
I inflected my invective will all these self-reflexive
echoes
And I said I just didn't want somebody who could not
adore me
Oh and you stood and you stared and you were rooted to
the spot
Was it the brutal truth or the rudeness you saw in my
parting shot
Ah and your eyes kind of liquidised and you were like,
but I do
Honey, science dictates I do nothing without proof

So why don't you
Give me the wishbone
Give me the wishbone and I'll make a wish
I'll wish for mutual love and happiness
I'll wish for friendship free from artifice

Just give me the wishbone
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