

Interview

Simon Carly

A sweet young man sat on my chair
With a tape machine and a face of fear
He asked how does it feel to be who you are
I thought, this boy really thinks I'm a star
I answered him with humility
And then asked him if he'd like some tea

Interview, who's interviewing who
Are you interviewing me
Or am I interviewing you

He asked if the rug was some ancient, lovely thing
I lied and said "Yes a gift from a king"
I watched his arms and how his lips moved
He asked me if my parents approved
He asked to see my Ruby ring
And if as a child I had liked to sing

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I said yes, Oh yes 400 times
"You're so open" he said "do you always tell the truth?"
"Never," I said, "What's that?"

But how would it feel to hold me in your arms
You could get to know me down on the farm
Then you could see me as the child I've become
'Cause being grown up can be so lonesome
Baby, how would it feel to hold me now
Baby, how would it feel to hold me now

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