

Girls Of The Market Square

The Ergs!

Steel pyramids bear the load
Of a secret girl that I just saw
Her naive eyes dart forward
The red lights read segmented black

She's always changing her mind
She's giving advice or giving out signs
The cigarette smoke is rising and
The coffee rolls off her lips

Oh, girls of market square
Can't help but hide my eyes

Apathetic look in her eyes
I'd like to see what she has seen
A stick figure in a painting of
Fat ladies barking this and that

She's reading my favorite book
And funny, last night I dreamt of her
We were at some religious function
Who knew her and I shared a god?