

## 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?