

## Poems Written With a Borrowed Pen

Tom Paxton

Holdin' on till the morning comes  
Holdin' a mug between two thumbs  
I'm gonna pay for this coffee with some awful nerves  
Writing the same old lines again  
Using a borrowed ball-point pen  
The poet mostly gets the poem he deserves  
But poems written with a borrowed pen  
Won't bring you back to me again, oh darling  
I'm stuck here for the rest of my life, oh darling  
It's so hard without you, day by day by day  
Thinking about the best of times  
Didn't we hear the midnight chimes  
Didn't we grow together; didn't we have it all  
Sometimes life can seem insane  
You woke up in a little pain  
Next thing the head-nurse wakes me with a midnight call  
And poems written with a borrowed pen  
Won't bring you back to me again, oh darling  
I'm stuck here for the rest of my life, oh, darling  
It's so hard without you, day by day by day  
A hundred times a day I do familiar things  
I start to read the paper and the telephone rings  
I listen for your footsteps, wondering who it can be  
Then the pain comes down like a blanket, there's no  
-one here but me  
There's no-one here but me  
Reading the papers through again  
Trouble for the president's men  
Revolutions out there, shaking the old regimes  
Spilling coffee on the table top  
I know these tears have got to stop  
I know they see me as a man who lives in his dreams  
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