

August

Tom Verlaine

(Ah, shucks...
I should have brought my raincoat,
I knew I should have brought it.)

My illusions disappear,
At the very thought of you,
Like last night's rain from the rooftops.

Now it's August twenty-fourth.
Cool as the lining of your coat,
I read the sign but do not stop.

A quiet room, not long ago;
Beneath the silent blue delivery.
No metaphor, no memory.
Above the hours, always shining through.

Just the sweetest...
Just the sweetest...

Goodness gracious, my, oh, my.
I'm really off the hinges,
Thinking of time as something tight, so tight.

But you've made a garden from,
A single tulip on the bed.
I count my blessings all the night.

A quiet room, not long ago;
Beneath the silent blue delivery.
No metaphor, no memory.
Above the hours, always shining through.

Course I know that it's not wise,
Gazing into sunlight.
Just the things it falls upon.

But the final vision has
Grown at least a hundred-fold.
I see your disillusion gone.

A quiet room, not long ago.
Beneath the silent room, deliver me.
No metaphor, no memory
Above the hours always shining through.
A quiet room, not long ago,
Beneath the silent room, deliver me.
No metaphor, no memory.
Above the hours, always shining through.