

One Time At Sundown

Tom Verlaine

my sweetheart wrote me this little poem
about rocks and gemstones and things and I'd
like to share it with you now.
'jim said it's trouble deep
it's nothing new to him
he said he follows up those dreams
they're chapters in a book
he said now listen I shall read
"One time at sundown, I looked upon the rocks
knowing I'm going back to pick up what I dropped
so long ago. It's not a price I have to pay.
It's not some kind of dance away." jim told me:
Over and over as I walk home from work
that's when the sweet things come to life
Watchin the planes come down,
thinking of paradise... jim told me
"One time at sundown...
... I only mention it to say
that love is a savage thing... must have its way
... my room's a window, a window like the wind.
It's hard to explain these things."
(jim's feeling far removed from words like
these.) I listen close... he said
"...must have it's way over and over and over"
One time at sundown, one time at sundown.'