

Then it's your business
A modern piece of glasswork
Down on the corner that
You walk each day in passing
The elderly sales clerk
With eyes full of suspicion
The whole corporation's giving it permission

The little stairway
A little bit of carpet
A pair of mirrors that
Are facing one another
Out in both directions
A thousand little Julias
That come together
In the middle of Manhattan

You waited since lunch
It all comes at once

Around the corner
The house that modern art built
I ask for modern art
To keep it out the closet
The people who might own it
The sins of pride and envy
And on the second floor
The Richard Cera Skate Park

Waited since lunch
It all comes at once

Along the park walk
Ask all of our questions
While all the horses
Race taxis in the winter
Look up at the buildings
Imagine who might live there
Imagining you're walking
On a bowl upon the sing there

You waited since lunch
It all comes at once