

Queen of the Mountain

As a man sits on the corner talks about candles as the sun
It gets shorter, wax poetic, lacks his ice cold ambition
Scratches teeth upon the pavement as he looks for anyone
To pick a bone with

As the angel of forgiveness is forgetting all her lines
Checking out of her hotel room, credit shattered and declined
Takes the first wrong turn of many picking grapes up of the vine
To be alone with

As the stars to light up, all but shadowed by his clumsy faults
You can tell he lost the way among the left foot robot waltz
He's stumbling in masculinity his brain still somersaults
It's you he's thrown with

It's just a loaded deck of jokers around you, the queen of the mountain
It's just peace and those who broker all the war, that still surrounds it
And in those misty shades of ochre it comes through, in fact it resounds it
It's just a loaded deck of jokers around you, the queen of the mountain

As the moon sets up a swan song interrupted by the cries
Of a panicked, startled middle class with degrees to wipes their eyes
Mid tempo rock and roll bands do the same but their disguise
Still hasn't struck them

As the drill machines are quiet, 'tween law and keeping jobs
With the pin-ups and the jokers, who behind the scenes still rob
All the dignity from bankers, all the charm from their heartthrobs
It must be luck then

'Tween the lightning bolts, the thunder and the silence in between
It's hard to tell the difference between you and what you mean
It's hard to tell the difference between you and what you've seen
They'll come unstuck then

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Definitively cautious I'll now explain just how it works
With false prophets and the icons behind whom they all must lurk
Must hard to tell who's lying and who runs between the clerks
And I don't want to

Don't think me bitter, loving hating, pretentiously inane
Think I sort of swear it to you through my poetry migraine
You can't be even listening to my stuttered rhyme refrain
And I don't blame you

With the angel of forgiveness and her passion back to shine
She was all the people, objects and was way before her time
Still she moves on her nostalgia singing all her other lines
Until she came through

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