

A LOVE SONG TO MABEL

Don't you go worrying about this old gun here,
I swear it's not loaded,
if we were kids, Mabel, I'd bowl a hoop for you.
I've been fighting in saloons out on Gospel Way
where working girls lie back in cars taking men like bullets.
The soft rain on the fanlight is whispering your name,
be my faith, be my Eros, my sacred and profane.
So please lighten the fuck up, Mabel,
I'll put the gun down here on the table
if it makes you feel better

And me, I'll change my ways, I swear,
I never could say sorry not in a million years
but Mabel I was born in love with you
There's this café I know off Beggar's Roost,
the jukebox rocks like 1966
and I'll show you those pretty saints in St Anne's window.
We'll be Jean-Paul and Simone drinking brandy and vermouth,
and you'll tell me I'm handsome, it don't have to be the truth.
You can be as shameless as you want to be,
your scars are like lines of poetry to me, Mabel ...

I've heard it said that one plus one
sometimes just makes twice the solitude,
but if we felt like being happy
couldn't we just be it?
Here, go buy yourself some nice summer tops,
I'm just feathers to your hurricane
and I wish I hadn't grabbed your arm so hard
I bruised it.
The heart wants what the heart wants
and time can wring you dry,
but the pull of the stars and the love I feel
are gonna win you by and by,
I'm the sandcastle and you the wave,
I'll be true to you to the grave, Mabel ...
Oh Mabel
Oh Mabel
Oh Mabel

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