

A SCHMALTZY HEART

She said "You and your schmaltzy heart, you're the worst man in the world"
that she'd loved me once, now she loved me not.

But my love for her is all I've got.

The hello's so long ago, the goodbye so close,
I'm drenched in these breakers of pain lashing my coast.
Now she says less and less, she's as quiet as the moon,
she just sits upstairs watching old black-and-white movies

Did I find my life in a skip with Help Yourself scribbled on,
did I slip it on, see if I'd fit the part,
with all the desperate longing of a young man's heart and it seemed ok?
She once tried teaching me to dance, gave up in vain,
waved goodnight from the last train's window, blurred with rain.
That autumn pinned down the world like a cat's paw squashing a ball
and all the lights were green and all roads open.

She shimmers like a faraway place, but here's the only truth I know ---
there is no why and no because and time is short, it always was.
A gypsy turned a card to reveal my fate,
she saw a monster kneeling to be petted at the city gate.
It sounded bad to me, I curled up on a bench outside
and a busker chugged out a tune on a pawnshop banjo.

So that's just how it goes, it's just people living lives ...
My flesh is sagging, my tail's done wagging,
maybe I'll just lock up the drawer I keep my old weed bag in and call it a day ...

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