

The Troubadour

A.C. Newman

You walk the broken stones alone,
Sunlight calculates its form,
Some quick shadow you didn't want,
Ideas spinning in your arms.

Could it be we won
And all the various wraps of promise have been verged
The troubadour is here, you heard,
The youngest son alive, it's first,
About to learn, about to burst.
I'm still turning from the worst.

Going right to your flight,
It was too late one night,
Stop me at the door, stop me at the door
Too late to be what you were just before.
Stop me at the door, stop me at the door,
Or you couldn't know that you've been there before.

The trap being reckless since he failed,
Hold lock gold a certain trail,
The lesson's taken all away,
Been all and counting what you may.

And there's nothing left been paid,
A kid is gone, a kid is gone,
For to one day and makes me smile,
It will take time along the while
The country in is from the old.
You're flashing, growing old.

Going right to your flight,
It was too late one night,
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Too late to be what you were just before.
Stop me at the door, stop me at the door,
Or you couldn't know that you've been there before.
Stop me at the door, stop me at the door
To let you be what you were just before.

Stop me at the door, stop me at the door,
Stop me at the door.
Stop me at the door, stop me at the door,
Stop me at the door.