

Riverbed 6

Buck 65

A deaf violinist plays on the docks He's missing a tooth and he
stands on a box His gestures are feverish, his cheeks wet with
tears He sleeps in his jacket, or so it appears He plays from
the late afternoon through the evening And bows with his hat in
his hand before leaving He plays for the angels themselves I'm
convinced of it Because no music at all comes out of his instr
ument