

TEACHERS

Omnia

I met a woman long ago
Her hair the black that black can go.
Are you a teacher of the heart?
Soft she answered no.

I met a girl across the sea,
Her hair the gold that gold can be.
Are you a teacher of the heart?
Yes, but not for thee.

I met a man who lost his mind
In some lost place I had to find
Follow me the wise man said,
But he walked behind

I walked into a hospital
Where none was sick and none was well,
When at night the nurse left
I could not walk at all
Morning came and then came noon,
Dinner time a scalpel blade
Lay beside my silver spoon

Some girls wander by mistake
Into the mess that scalpels make
Are you the teachers of my heart?
We teach old hearts to break

One morning I woke up alone
The hospital and the nurses gone
Have I carved enough my lord?
Child, you are a bone.

I ate and ate and ate
No I did not miss a plate, well
How much do these suppers cost?
We'll take it out hate

I spent my hatred every place,
On every work on every face
Someone gave me wishes
And I wished for an embrace

Several girls embraced me, then
I was embraced by men,
Is my passion perfect?
No, do it once again

I was handsome I was strong
I knew the words of every song
Did my singing please you?
No, the words you sang were wrong.

Who is it whom I address
Who takes down what I confess?
Are you the teacher of my heart?
We teach old hearts to rest

Oh teacher are my lessons done?
I cannot do another one.
The laughed and laughed and said
Well child, are your lessons done?
Are your lessons done?
Are your lessons done?
Are your lessons done?