

She's All Mine, I Think

Pale Young Gentlemen

I often think on early days
and why I never left this place.
All my young ambitious plans
are buried in these callused hands.

As giant trees so strong and sound until
the lightning brings them down, I don't
bend or lean or sway, and all the rest
remains the same.

Then one morning I took a walk like
I always do. Along the bank, like I
always do.

I saw her swimming in the river. We met so
unexpectedly.

She's all mine, I think.