

Meter And Line

Tennis

Some things just slip from my mind
Sweet memories leave me blind
Just like a love song meant for the dead
How should the rite be read

I remember the warm embrace
I remember the way you taste in my mouth
Speak to me in three quarter time
Oh my love is a slave to meter and line

Oh glorious, oh glorious, oh glorious

Hope of my heart a'trembling
Like a winter flowers cold springing
I see her lying there unchanged
Drifting along the astral plane

Even as she was growing thin
You could still find her
Looking into my mind
Heavy voice with a velvet look
There's a stillness
In place of breath that she took

Closer to me than my anatomy
Some things just slip from my mind
Closer to me than my anatomy
Some things just slip from my mind