

Distance

WHY?

You wanted an effigy of me so true it bled
Each hair a filament of glass formed while heated
Assumed you'd see bright blooms and fruit trees
With the root things weeded
What your new scene needed
So that's what we did
What was unclear was played and sung
Then framed and hung till lame and numb
And then repeated
Cause that's when the fame will come
And the game is won
And your name is rung in every ear like a secret

I gotta keep my distance to withstand the silence of you missing
When you're not there to listen to listen to this nonsense
Keep my distance to withstand the silence of you missing
When you're not there

Now I'm pushing past 30
If I bow out as the years close in
Abandon my sound man and band and them
I'll give no blushing curtsy
To the proud shouts of close kin
I ground it into ground and then some, friends
Just drop a dusty curtain on the loud crowd when the show ends
And end the whole thing where no men found me
I'm so fucking thirsty
In a cold cloud only of my own
And lonely worsens, surrounds me

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Men and women might yet quote his modicum of the truth
But never will they get right close to Jonathan Avram Wolf

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