



Song

We had sailors all over town
Living hand over fist upon their royalties.
I would eventually break their key,
Accidentally & by my own foot
There was one beauty there to sing
& another to divorce me,
Tell me I needn't fear, be kind.
He still taps one foot across the Nile
Too much acclaim in my own mind
Had the nerve to lay a matchbox
On my clothes, on my sink in my bedroom,
My good life and hard times.

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