

# Tom Verlaine, Anna

(Verlaine)

The passion of Anna  
Kept her awake  
But not aware of things  
That easily break

The darkness determined  
To burn and to free  
Anna wonders  
Will this exit please

A serious song, she said  
Of my heart and in my head  
Sometimes I think to let this go  
This serious song I hear  
Telling me my love is near  
I must lay down but I'm not tired

The passion of Anna  
So full of doubt  
Watches her lead her love  
From drink to drought

Makes it her fellow  
Some kind of goat  
The passion of Anna  
Must remain remote

A serious song, she said  
Of my heart and in my head  
Sometimes I think to let this go  
This serious song I hear  
Telling me my love is near  
I must lay down but I'm not tired

She makes up schedule  
From five till five till five till five  
Somehow the train never arrives

The passion of Anna  
That statue will fall  
And reappear with shadows  
As they call

And take it to dry out  
Like rules or a lie  
They lay up on a hill  
Where no sun shines

A serious song, she said  
Of my heart and in my head  
Sometimes I think to let this go  
This serious song I hear  
Telling me my love is near  
I must lay down but I'm not tired

Just the rhythm  
The rhythm of the rain on the roofs tonight  
It's got me seeing funny things  
Thinking all kinds of things  
Tonight I'm thinking of petrified wood  
It's funny,  
It's funny, isn't it?

