

# Tom Verlaine, Red Leaves

(Verlaine)

We shuffled our faces  
laughing like fish.  
Really flip flappin'  
We had not a wish.  
You said, "Look, the ceiling's down,"  
You said it five times  
with that beautiful frown

Red leaves whirling  
across my lawn

I see you weaving.  
What dost thou sew?  
You look at the floor.  
You say, "I really don't know"

I asked my darlin'  
why she talks so slow.  
She said, "It's the mud above  
and the stars below."