

## STREETS OF IVY

I'll bring you to the streets of ivy  
where sitters peek-a-boo in ranks  
pets do wrestle in the clover  
I'll wrap you up and keep you dark  
within my palms

Did you sneak away from Tyros  
rattle dust pipes in your bag  
you would be clad in old vermillion  
lanky lizard goes on a jag

filthy kettle homebrew for the madhatters  
laid out stricken in claws of cryptic patterns  
I was another guy  
the dyeworks of this life  
climbing up to plateaus  
vacant lots in hazard times

Jenny likes pendulum/rocking chairs  
if she's lying still/go diving in her hair  
little miss voyager  
cherry fire cherry pie  
will you go on trading  
for sticking banners into bluish ice?

