

Picture of You: Song

by Jerry Ratch

Here's a picture of you
Lit up by the internal light
Of the moon. It was a
Super moon that night

And the story of God
Had not been told
And we had to wait a good
Long time to hear it out in the cold

And I was the King of Fishers
And I was the king of song
But did I ever really get it
Or only get it wrong?

And look at all the people, Charlie
Look at all the drugs
Look at the bullet casings
On the Turkish rugs

I knew you would come
Because even the beggar chooses life
Yes, even the beggar chooses life
And I knew you would come

