

Poems Written With A Borrowed Pen
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

Holdin' on till the morning comes,
Holdin' a mug between two thumbs,
I'm gonna pay for this coffee with some awful nerves.
Writing the same old lines again,
Using a borrowed ball-point pen,
The poet mostly gets the poem he deserves.
But poems written with a borrowed pen,
Won't bring you back to me again, oh darling.
I'm stuck here for the rest of my life, oh darling.
It's so hard without you, day by day by day.
Thinking about the best of times,
Didn't we hear the midnight chimes?
Didn't we grow together? Didn't we have it all?
Sometimes life can seem insane,
You woke up in a little pain,
Next thing the head-nurse wakes me with a midnight call.
And poems written with a borrowed pen,
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I'm stuck here for the rest of my life, oh, darling.
It's so hard without you, day by day by day.
A hundred times a day I do familiar things.
I start to read the paper and the telephone rings.
I listen for your footsteps, wondering who it can be,
Then the pain comes down like a blanket, there's no-one here but me.
There's no-one here but me.
Reading the papers through again,
Trouble for the president's men,
Revolutions out there, shaking the old regimes.
Spilling coffee on the table top,
I know these tears have got to stop,
I know they see me as a man who lives in his dreams.
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