

## Boogie Street

O Crown

of Light, O Darkened One,  
I never thought we'd meet.  
You kiss my lips, and then it's done:  
I'm back on Boogie Street.

A sip of wine, a cigarette,  
And then it's time to go.  
I tidied up the kitchenette;  
I tuned the old banjo.  
I'm wanted at the traffic-jam.  
They're saving me a seat.  
I'm what I am, and what I am,  
Is back on Boogie Street.

And O my love, I still recall  
The pleasures that we knew;  
The rivers and the waterfall,  
Wherein I bathed with you.  
Bewildered by your beauty there,  
I'd kneel to dry your feet.  
By such instructions you prepare  
A man for Boogie Street.

*O Crown of Light, O Darkened One...*

So come, my friends, be not afraid.  
We are so lightly here.  
It is in love that we are made;  
In love we disappear.  
Tho' all the maps of blood and flesh  
Are posted on the door,  
There's no one who has told us yet  
What Boogie Street is for.

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And then it's time to go . . .