Drum

oh where,

my love,

have you left my heart this time?

i swear, it was only a hour ago

that i placed the beating nexus of my life

in your hot little hands

yours to shape, to mold

to cure with the salt

of your tears and sweat

i can live on a while

i can wait

maybe you should phone the laundromat

how could you forget?

my blood grows cold

lonely for the rhythm that drives our days

ah, thank you

my pulse is restored

and the solar winds may blow