

IT WON'T BE LONG

So pick it up again: this same reduplication, reiteration.
So fill the cup again, and drink to starting over, to four-leaf clover.
So take the medicine. Await the same prescription; the same conniption.
So take it on the chin in hopes that we won't listen; that we can kiss it all
away.

It won't be long; it won't be long before we're right back at the start.
It won't be long before we find that only love can break a heart. It won't be
long.

So where do we begin? This love is where we left it, but can we heft it?
So call your next of kin and say "we're going under," so they don't wonder.
So pick an alibi: the crime has been acquitted; the glove refitted.
So say "hello, goodbye," and use the proper greeting, or try repeating
memories.

One of these days we're gonna forget. One of these days we'll end up inside
of it.

One of these days we're gonna forget. One of these days we'll ask the
question of who this sequel's for.