

LEE WARNER BROOKS

*Wanting*

Bejesus gone, the customs of the clan  
Look crazy. Woman, she just ain't the same—  
She lost what once belong to make a man  
Get up and make a song about her name.

It used to be bejazzments in the air  
Romagnetizing woman's hair, and eyes  
Electrolyzing bone; and just a flare  
Of hip be like a hook to hypnotize.

That woman, just a girl. It ain't your voice  
She listen for, but Momma, and her friend.  
That thing you wanted—that don't be her choice;  
She want a baby, and the coin to spend.

That woman on the far side of the river—  
What she want you can't no more deliver.