

Action in the World II

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Robert Edgar

Lord old Samuel's layin' low
Waitin' for storm clouds to blow
Through and leave the sky just so...
Old stone Samuel's layin' low.

Reena's got a soul so deep
If it opened out would creep
Truths of life so bittersweet
Hoping only makes her weep.

A wet brush isn't a painting
A scale just isn't a song
Checks against a bank of promise
Can't be cashed except by action in
the world
Action in the world.

Sandy plans to write her book
Once she has the time to look
Exhaustively through words that
shook

All her heroes to their knees.

Michael bends and puts his nose
To the grindstone, holds the pose
Swears he'll deliver like a fucking
hose
Soon as someone spins the wheel.

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