

Make a List, Put Her Out of Your Mind

(Henry Hipkens January 1993)

Now and again I talk with myself
Just to keep it between the lines
Keep it in place - like books on a shelf
With dust up and down their spines

Make a list put her out of your mind
Make a list and the world will be fine
Fold up the heart, the tender words
Put all the dreams away

Then comes tapping like rain - the wondering
Knockin' me off my stride
And I slip and I fall
Should I give you a call?
Is there anything I could say?

Make a list put her out of your mind
Make a list and the world will be fine
Fold up the heart, the poetry
Put all the dreams away

These are the days, the mechanical days
Of getting from here to there
And ignoring the heart
Which is breaking apart
And falling in flames through the air

Make a list put her out of your mind
Make a list and the world will be fine
Fold up the heart, the memory
Put all the dreams away