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| A Well-Worn Story by Dorothy Parker  In April, in April  My one love came along,  And I ran the slope of my high hill  To follow a thread of song.  His eyes were hard as porphyry  With looking on cruel lands;  His voice went slipping over me  Like terrible silver hands.  Together we trod the secret lane  And walked the muttering town.  I wore my heart like a wet, red stain  On the breast of a velvet gown.  In April, in April,  My love went whistling by,  And I stumbled here to my high hill  Along the way of a lie.  Now what should I do in this place  But sit and count the chimes,  And splash cold water on my face  And spoil a page with rhymes? | A Well-Worn Story by Dorothy Parker  In April, in April  My one love came along,  And I ran the slope of my high hill  To follow a thread of song.  His eyes were hard as porphyry  With looking on cruel lands;  His voice went slipping over me  Like terrible silver hands.  Together we trod the secret lane  And walked the muttering town.  I wore my heart like a wet, red stain  On the breast of a velvet gown.  In April, in April,  My love went whistling by,  And I stumbled here to my high hill  Along the way of a lie.  Now what should I do in this place  But sit and count the chimes,  And splash cold water on my face  And spoil a page with rhymes? |
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