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| A Well-Worn Story by Dorothy ParkerIn April, in AprilMy one love came along,And I ran the slope of my high hillTo follow a thread of song.His eyes were hard as porphyryWith looking on cruel lands;His voice went slipping over meLike terrible silver hands.Together we trod the secret laneAnd walked the muttering town.I wore my heart like a wet, red stainOn the breast of a velvet gown.In April, in April,My love went whistling by,And I stumbled here to my high hillAlong the way of a lie.Now what should I do in this placeBut sit and count the chimes,And splash cold water on my faceAnd spoil a page with rhymes? | A Well-Worn Story by Dorothy ParkerIn April, in AprilMy one love came along,And I ran the slope of my high hillTo follow a thread of song.His eyes were hard as porphyryWith looking on cruel lands;His voice went slipping over meLike terrible silver hands.Together we trod the secret laneAnd walked the muttering town.I wore my heart like a wet, red stainOn the breast of a velvet gown.In April, in April,My love went whistling by,And I stumbled here to my high hillAlong the way of a lie.Now what should I do in this placeBut sit and count the chimes,And splash cold water on my faceAnd spoil a page with rhymes? |
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