

# Picture of You: Song

*by* Jerry Ratch

Here's a picture of you  
Lit up by the internal light  
Of the moon. It was a  
Super moon that night

And the story of God  
Had not been told  
And we had to wait a good  
Long time to hear it out in the cold

And I was the King of Fishers  
And I was the king of song  
But did I ever really get it  
Or only get it wrong?

And look at all the people, Charlie  
Look at all the drugs  
Look at the bullet casings  
On the Turkish rugs

I knew you would come  
Because even the beggar chooses life  
Yes, even the beggar chooses life  
And I knew you would come

