

Poe's Nevermore

There is a creaking in the floor,
Like a knocking on the door.
I ask, who is there?
The floor creaks, nothing more.

I am sure that someone is creaking the floor,
Like a knocking on the door.
I ask who is there?
The creaking persists, nothing more.

How can I fall to sleep,
And dream galore,
When there is a creaking,
A creaking in the floor,
Like a knocking on the door?

Please, I say, let me sleep.
Let me rest my weary soul,
From the trial of this earthly toll.
Creaks the floor, nevermore.

Nevermore! How can that be?
I need to sleep,
To dream of my lost Lenore,
Creaks the floor, nevermore.

Nevermore, nevermore!
I exclaim, nevermore shall you creak,
Like a knocking on the door,
And torture me with your nevermores.

Says the floor creak, creak,
Like a knocking on the door,
Just like before,
A creaking of the floor.
Creaks the floor, nevermore.

Nevermore, nevermore.
No more nevermore!
I yearn to sleep and dream
In the arms of my lost Lenore.

I get out of bed,
And stamp on the floor,
To knock the creaking out of the door.
And end this nevermore.

I stamp harder and harder,
To reek out this creaking
That is in the floor.
A creaking that I am sure
Is intent on keeping me from Lenore.

My Lenore, that gentle kind soul,
Who lost her way in some big moor,
But wants me like before.
And creaks this floor, nevermore.

Nevermore, nevermore.
Enough of nevermore.
My Lenore, she came tapping on my window pane.
I peaked out and she smiled in.
Says the floor, this and nothing more.

Nothing more, nothing more,
I do exclaim, no nothing more.
From ages of yore,
Surely, this is my Lenore,
I opened my window.
And touched this Lenore.
Says the floor, this and nothing more.

This touching ignited a burning,
A yearning to be with my Lenore.
Like in the last days of yore,
I love and want to soar.

She tugged on my shirt,
Gave me a hug.
And said I love you.
Says the floor, this and nothing more.
This and nothing more.

Simply ignore,
She's still lost in the moor.
For it is this and nothing more.