

Holly Throsby, Some Nights Are Long

Look for a sign in a window
An ad in the paper, a job waiting tables
Tie on an apron for change in my pocket
Spend at the shops and study the docket
I can be honest, I can respond
Hold my own and take on what comes
Save it for later, be restrained
Make up my mind and then want to change it

Nights are long
They creep up upon us
Like a storm when nothing's in order
These little thoughts they buzz like a train
Find my page and turn them again and again

I guess I got lost, I must've forgot it, it's just been so hot
I make all my choices on coins I can toss
On coins for the washing, to slide in the slots
I can be honest, I can be strong
And wait for all those letters to come
Peel off the labels, check the dates
Order my days and then rearrange them

Nights are long
They creep up upon us
Like a storm when nothing's in order
These little thoughts they buzz like a train
Lock the doors and wait for the sun to come up again