

Mark Eitzel, Three Inches Of Wall

Once I knew come when I was three
saw the sun spilled across my house
Heard it try and speak to me
like a cat talks to a mouse

There is a song in the next room I can't quite hear
and only three inches of wall separates me from my fear

In the next room just beyond the wall
are shelves filled with cheap plaster dolls
who gave up speech, but if they could talk would say,
Come in this room, throw your bodies away.

There is a song in the next room we can't quite hear
and only three inches of wall separates us from our fear

Like dead leaves that huddle high from the wind,
we flash by and speed high and thin skinned
Hear the bows bend, hear the cellos play
Come in this room, throw your body away

There is a song in the next room we can't quite hear
and only three inches of wall separates me from my fear

There is a love in the next room I can't quite hear
and only three inches of wall separates me from my fear