

Me Without You, Paper Hanger

Not one motion of her gesture could I forget
The prettiest bag lady I ever met
Pushing her cart in the rain
Then gathering plastic and glass
She watched the day pass
Not hour by hour
But pain by pain
If I was a basket filled with holes
Then she was the sand I tried to hold
And ran out behind me
As I swung with some invisible hands

I stopped believing, you start to move
She was like wine turned to water then turned back to wine
I stopped my leaving and the better man bloomed
And you can pour us out and we won't mind

I was dead, then alive
She was like wine turned to water and turned back to wine
You can pour us out, we won't mind
A scratch around the mouth of the glass
My life is no longer mine

If you're still looking for a blanket
Sweetie, I'm sorry, I'm no sort of fabric
But if you need a tailor
Then take your torn shirt, and stumble up my stairs
And mumble your pitiful prayers
And in your tangled night's sleep, our midnight needles go to work
Until all comfort and fear flows in one river
Down on the shelf by the mirror where you see yourself whole
And it makes you shiver

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Our lives our not our own
Even the wind lays still
All I felt was fire and cold
And movement, movement
If they ask you for a sign of the Father
Tell them it's movement, movement and repose