

Red House Painters, Down Through

i walked down the hill
sluggishly and frail
the wind blew hard
hard on me
i imagined it your ghost white body
making love with me
i walked down the hill
found you crying at the window sill
there lies the bridge
of our lost dreams
i want to see it once more before i leave
i still feel the sting in my hand
from when i hit you
i keep your picture
tidy and safe in a shrine
and hope that in time
we'll have a house on the shore
that showers my soul
washes away the violence that
runs in my blood
drains the pain that i caused you
down through