

Red House Painters, Over My Head

some odd door
some blooming tree
senseless and awkward
feeling hard uneased
sleep in rooms where people leave
dry of gentleness
of life
of breeze

sometimes you get so alone without a friend
it's hard to know who you are
and to pretend

little lights reaching over my head
shiny sinks to let myself out in
and you won't call to say it's all right
'cause you know it lasts all night

you know you should be at home
where it's good to be tired
under a roof that you know
that we're inside

some odd door
off-white painted sills
faded pictures gathered round me still
and i know what you face in the night
and i know you'll be alright