

# Scott Walker, Rosemary

Voices from a photograph  
Laughed from your wall  
Screamed through your dreams  
Wake up rosemary and wipe your teary eyes

Rise and cross the cold bare floor  
And watch the moon through frosted glass  
Damn that photograph  
I&#039;ll have to take it down

She hears the boats as they move down the river  
She sees a dog straining hard on his leash to get away  
She hears the clock and it strikes like a hammer  
Pounding the nails one day further in the coffin of her  
Youth

Evenings with your mother&#039;s friends  
Pregnant eyes, sagging chins  
Swollen fingertips  
Pour antique cups of tea

Who are you and where you been?  
Suspended in a weightless wind  
Watching trains go by  
From platforms in the rain

Look at the photograph  
Dream back last summer  
Dream back the lips  
Of that traveling salesman, mr. jim

He smelled of miracles  
With stained glass whispers  
You loved his laughter  
You tremble beneath him once again

That&#039;s what i want  
A new shot at life  
But my coat&#039;s too thin  
My feet won&#039;t fly

And i watch the wind and i see another dream blowin&#039; by