

Arid, At The Close Of Every Day

At the close of every day
there's a woman passing.
Lover did you hear her say
her one last word?
"We're all doing time"
Something's closing
Haven't you heard?
The woman that we've tried to stop
now sits alone just waiting till forever,
forever makes me cry and I don't know
why all you people, put that into my head
I can't see why this conversation
is looking kind of dead.

At the close of every day
There's a woman passing.
Lover, did you hear her say
her one last word?
I'm often doing time
and I don't know just
why you reckon it would be
this day and

Don't you see
that my heart's on fire?
your wicked wings that you
spread around me sometimes.
All I know is we've got to aim higher
Babe, I wish that we'd go
for the great escape.

So you do praise a different light
and I am blinded by it, so sorry
that I made you cry
your faith in me it had to die
I guess that, that it's too late,
the lights are out,
the party's over, baby
and now I wish I'd told you

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In your shade I'll shape my life
Then I know it's alright
And I'll take one last look at you
Then I know it's alright.