

Elysian Fields, Passing On The Stairs

In the hall lights flicker hum
With her buckles still undone
She hides beneath her blue trench coat
Gaze so soft, yet so remote
In that dusty uniform
The outline of her lovely form
And more than once I've brushed her hand
Passing on the stairs
In the hall lights flicker hum
His dark lashes always hung
With a look so weary and so wise
When he passes he gently sighs
In his work-worn boots he leans
And I wonder what it means
Whatever does it mean
Passing on the stairs
Up the stairs every night
Up the stairs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight
Who is she with that misty look
Every night a different book
With the scent of violets in her hair
Who's this angel on my stairs
A distant time comes back to me
The wild reeds, the salty sea
My father calling 'don't go far'
I gathered sea glass in a jar
And built a castle with a mote
As the wind blew sand into my hair
In the rustling of your over coat
Passing on the stairs
Up the stairs every night
Up the stairs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight
And I wonder if she thinks of me
Is it just a boyish fantasy
Speak dear lady wont you speak
Can't you tell you make me meek
So in silence once more we pass
Another night I walk on glass
And I dream that she thinks of me
Passing on the stairs
And I wonder if he thinks of me
If this could be our destiny
Oh haven't you a word for me
If only you'd misplace your key
So in silence once more we pass
Another night I walk on glass
And how I dream he thinks of me
And our passing on the stairs
Up the stairs every night
Up he climbs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight
Up the stairs every night
Up the stairs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight
Down my stairs and out of sight