

Everything But The Girl, Horses In The Room

and who is this man standing at my door?
is he lying or is he true?
is this how I see you?
like a rolling pebble on the deepest ocean floor
life has rubbed me smooth.
but you cup me in your hands
and you roll me in your pocket.
how many men, unhappy, crammed inside their skin,
wordless to explain, stand at someone's door?
Am I too old for this?
is there kindness in his face?
a good man or a weak man?
there are horses in the room pulling me through fences
I throw the window open
and the light hits the pavement.
come in, come in, whoever you are.
I will know you, if only from afar.

once I saw a dry dock
and the rustling hulks of ships and trawlers
with a wind that could cut steel
it was so cold.

and I don't have to think that hard
and it all comes flooding back.
there is so much that neither of us will ever know.
come in, come in, whoever you are.
I will know you, if only from afar.