

# Hawksley Workman, Alone Here

Oh  
A sedge or siege of cranes  
Risk their hearts to love again

Oh  
A float of crocodiles  
Tears that wash away your smile

And I say  
That I'm alone here  
With the sound of  
Conversations neatly placed in tired mouths

Oh  
To be a murderer of crows  
Hide the blood stains in the snow

Oh  
Lamentation gentle swans  
The night will cry for you at dawn

\*And I say  
That I'm alone here  
With the sound of  
Conversations neatly placed in tired mouths  
I'm alone here  
I cut my heart off  
I'm keeping lists of all the things that I should be scared of\*

Oh  
And drove a flock of sheep  
To where the secrets hardly keep

Oh  
A barren span of mules  
Trade their hands for broken tools

Oh  
Unkindness ravens sing  
Whose sorrow songs will bring