

# Hem, Curtains

I found a well  
Lost for many years  
It tasted sweet I soaked my feet  
And I was on my way

I could see him from the Main Road  
In the flames of the hotel  
A darkened sky  
That carried my farewell

I traveled south  
Across the Iron Bridge  
I passed the signs and tangled vines  
And I was on my way

Sent him voices on a postcard  
So he would not know I'd gone -  
A folded bird that all my words fell on

Said: "No sunlight on your window  
No movement on your wall  
Strip away these sad old curtains  
And hear me call"

It was a year  
When I thought of him  
Where I had gone what I had done  
And I was on my way

In the fall I've dreamt of rescues  
And my eyes began to burn  
One final lie  
That swallowed my return

Where there's no hero at your window  
There ain't no postcards on your wall  
But I'll strip away these sad old curtains  
And hear you call