

Janis Ian, Billie's Bones

billie's tears fall like dust
from the air into my eyes
seeping in before they rust
spilling secrets words can't hide
i am standing on the bones
of a mound too high to climb
selling secrets to atone
for a song that is not mine

billie's bones are white and bleached
piled high and hard to reach
and the top looks cold and bleak
but i see farther when i stand
on billie's bones in billie's land

there's an orchid in her hair
there are bruises on her lips
i would worship if i dared
kneeling at her fingertips
i would tell her how i've yearned
to be worthy of the grail
all these years and all i've learned
is just how brilliantly i fail

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now the flesh of earth has passed
now the joints have come undone
all that's left of her is ash
scattered on the air like crumbs

there are voices on the wind
stolen whispers, sacred moans
you can hear them through your skin
and the singing of the bones
when the wind blows from the east
i can taste her on my tongue
and the grave is lined and paved with
all the songs we never sung

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