

Jeff Buckley, Jolly Street

slow birds
no breeze
iron hearts
rust in streams

long march
small crimes
soft words
whisper
it's time to come home - your eyes

to bring back - your charms
to sit real still
in my arms

clocks tick
trees pound
lions roar
on empty streets

long lists
in black and white
(s h h) red words
that read like the fourth of July
you're home
uhuh, you're home, in my arms