

Joe Henry, Struck

I've been having wicked thoughts
Terribly wicked, selfish and cruel,
Imagining I stood high on a ledge
And fell just out of the reach of you;
Just then, we are together alone
As I fall, you look up
Looking for all the world like for once
It was you, not me, who had been struck.
Should I love you more than I do?
Or pray to love you less?
Or learn to live with the little you give
Believing it all for the best?
Will I ever see your heart
Open wide and your eyes shut
Looking for all the world like for once
It was you, not me, who had been struck.
The trees are angry, toss in the wind
Devour small planes going by,
Dropping wreckage, bags and gloves
Down around us where we lie;
I hear your uneasy breath
As you stir but don't wake up,
Looking for all the world like for once
It was you, not me, who had been struck