

Karine Polwart, Azalea Flower

There's a whisper at the window
I don't know what it is
Maybe it's the sound of the wind in the azaleas

Matt's away on business
And he calls me on the phone
But it's hard to get to sleep at night when I'm alone

I pull the sheets around me
And I hear the sound again
Maybe it's the sound of the wind in the azaleas

And when I was young I used to leave a note upon my bed
And it said, "Dear Mister Robber Man
Don't shoot me and my sister dead";

I double locked the door downstairs
I do the same each night
And I turned out the light
I turned out the light
I'm sure I turned out the light

The lights are on at number five
They've been on for days and days
It's the middle of the afternoon in August

And Billy Marshall checks the porch
Sees the mail has not been read
And someone's cut off all the azalea heads

Matt's on television and he's looking quite distressed
He says he cannot understand
The kind of man who would have done this

He says he didn't call on Tuesday
'Cause he was working long hours
And now she's lying
Now she's lying
Now she's lying like the azalea flowers

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