

Robert Grenier, Roaming Song (Ergot)

I've committed a crime
But it has eased my mind
All the chemicals wash off
What I've left behind
I close my eyes
And the colors inside
They are paintings of light
And of saints who have died

Laugh at the seasons
They've witnessed your treasons
And cover your head
In a blanket of dirt
Grass that is growing
Is hardly all-knowing
It lives out its days
Til its moment of hurt

It's snowing flower petals
And speckles of gold
But I cannot stay here for long
I have forgotten
The things I was told
I do believe they were wrong

We were once children
You cannot deny
And we slept through the night
With a light on beside
And if you think
That you wrote this yourself (my friend)
Half of it comes
From the book on the shelf

(chorus)

If you conquer your senses
Abandon pretences
And cut down the fences
That circle your home
Cut all your losses
And shake off your mosses
Then pick up your crosses
And set off to roam