

Shearwater, Sung Into The Street

Good morning to the empty street: I'm like a dresser full of leaves, my eyes as dry as dust.
There is a curtain in my mouth, it opens and a song comes out.
I've sung the loneliest
words into your listening stones.

Moss curled and songs have twirled their tunes around your bones.
Good morning Uncle with your pen, the furniture was born again
at night while you slept in.
The room it wrapped around your body, double pillows held your head.
I watched your shrinking skin,
and all the lines that fill your face in
were falling into space.
There is a light that is so dim and a hand that pulls you in
when you can't swim anymore.
The freezing water fills your lungs, the weight of waves surrounds your skin,
and the outside comes all the way in.

Your heart is held inside this box and we've got to turn it off,
so please don't be afraid.
The love you gave us will go on, we'll hold your memory when you're gone,
your self just can't be saved.

So close your eyes and I'll turn off your heart.
Watch the sick room fall apart.
This machine's counter restart.

Uncle, if I could hold your open, never-broken heart,
I would have held it from the start.