

# The Waifs, Fourth Floor

On the fourth floor of the building  
In a shallow window box  
She's digging in the soil with a silver spoon  
Her hands inside rubber gloves  
Planting seeds pulling out weeds  
The cycle of life is complete  
Who would've thought it in a city of stone  
Four floors above the street

I cannot tell what kind of flowers they are  
I'm too far below on the street  
But the colour they add to the building so drab  
Brings a warm splash of welcome relief  
Something worthwhile for the sun to shine on  
A reason to radiate heat  
Well that small window box puts a skip in my feet  
Four floors below on the street

For every good seed she plants in the soil  
There's a dozen bad waiting to grow  
To strangle the goodness she's trying to nurture  
And kill all the seed that she's sown  
Every time you water the garden you also water the weeds  
A profound illustration of sin and temptation  
Four floors above the street

Some people don't understand why she does it  
Some people look for a reason  
Maybe she just likes the feel of the soil  
Or keeping in tune with the seasons  
Maybe she has so much pride in herself  
Got to keep it all visually pleasing  
A small paradise in a world of concrete  
Four floors above the street

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