

Before the Leaving

Alela Diane

There are four white walls in every damn hotel
A light by the bed, stains on the floor
And it's here I will wait out the storm
Killing time on the fringes again
Before the leaving, before the leaving

There are big trucks that wind and I'd trade them for ours
Side by side, we pass through towns we'll never see
And it's here I will wait out the storm
Killing time on the fringes again
Before the leaving, before the leaving

There are red velvet seats in the windowless rooms
A curtain to draw, and faces to please
And it's here I will wait out the storm
Killing time on the fringes again
Before the leaving, before the leaving

Tarmac the freight, fortress the fate
Scarlet red leaves, the cobblestone streets
The city, the field, the channel, the cape
The smell of cold smoke tunnels through slate
It's all brought us back

Now there's wood that you stacked
And it's on our front porch
And it's staring me down
And it tells me you left...