

There's a gold shadow seeping through the door  
There's a cold sparrow lying still upon the floor  
Dead and true as lipstick  
Slow as the speed of skin  
There's a gold, gold shadow growing from within

There's a bent willow in the moonlight painted blue  
There's a spent window silhouetting you  
Deep and true as whiskey  
Soft and sure as lies  
There's a bent, bent willow reflecting in your eyes

But now there's a girl out in a boat  
Her arms are outstretched and she's barely afloat  
There's a man on the shore, a rope in his hands  
It's tied to the boat, and he's pulling as hard as he can  
Not to bring her to him, but to pull the whole sure  
and the whole world with it to her open door  
All his voices are her  
All his voices are her  
Has he been here before?  
Nobody's sure

There's a silver distance, a luminescent glimpse  
There's a river of resistance, dried to cracks upon your lips  
Brittle as believing  
Sticky as betrayal  
There's a silver distance opening up like a trail

There was a time before all the leaves  
covered the beauty of Adam & Eve  
And they were blind, and they were free  
To be whatever they wanted to be  
But now they are just a prayer in a song  
And he is so sorry for all that went wrong  
All his voices are her  
All his voices are her  
Has he been here before?  
Has he been here before?