

# Vladimir Vladimir

Jane Siberry

I wouldn't call it dark, one spade, three spades  
I wouldn't call it light either, four spades pass, oh  
Oh, there go all my coins  
There's someone at the door, what was that?

There's water nearby, I can tell  
Drop down to or pass on by?  
Pass on by and after the meeting they asked me  
If I would like to become the conductor of their choir

I couldn't believe it, isn't it fantastic?  
It's not art, it's self-defense it, it captures him  
He has to capture it back, it's a power struggle, self-defense  
It's not art, not art, are these your coins? Oh, yeah

Did you sit down? Are you cold? No, I'm cold  
I mean, yes, grainy, I was thinking of something else  
Pretty cold, no, don't sound like you're reading  
It just sort of say it

There are mountains nearby, like you're moving through the night  
I can tell and it's grainy, I can hear the coins dropping on them  
Drop down to or pass on by?  
Pass on by has nothing to do with the church  
Because it is a choir from the church

But they say it doesn't matter  
We sing other songs as well beauty without scrutiny  
That's a true definition of it, I could tell it was beautiful  
Before I even saw it and I pressed through

The tourists swimming, swimming through  
The freezing pins to see and I couldn't see you  
Could say one more silent something  
Pressing through the graininess of night

I'm really longing forward to see you  
Now, let the music play for a while  
Grainy, grainy, this time I remembered to say I love you

And then we moved through a dark valley  
And then up into the sky and I said, look, look  
But there was not a speck to be seen  
But there's water nearby

There is a man, standing in a field  
Leans on his hoe, stares down the furrows  
Counts on his fingers, one more endless flight  
Of the inarticulate soul that he borrows

Vladimir, Vladimir, standing in the field  
Till he lines his sight along the furrows  
Waiting for the, waiting for the  
Waiting for the flight

Set against the fading light  
Waiting for his hand to put the hoe down

Waiting for the, waiting for the  
Waiting for the flight