

Your Side Of My World

Joe Henry

Thought that bell was in my dream,
All in my head,
Until the trucks were in the yard
And the fire was in my bed.
Oh, can you hear the ringing bell,
Telling time like time was to tell?
Can you see the smoke rise and curl
All the way from your side of my world?

Hush your talk, here comes the boss
Down off of his perch.
He walks the floor in cream-white shoes
Like we were piggin' iron in church.
Oh, can you hear the furnace hum
Above the shouts and all the chewing gum?
Hear the union priest lead the factory choir girls
Singing out to your side of my world?

I could dance when I was young
And I was pretty good,
I'd do all the tricks and such
But back then everybody could.

I should have seen how this would be,
But nothing's true till I've seen it on TV.
Yet there you were, in your high heels and curls
Coming in as big as life, from your side of my world.

Let's pretend we've never loved
Let's pretend our hands are clean,
Free of all the spit and shine
And the smell of gasoline.
Cause here come the planes and the tambourines,
The funeral march, and the beauty queens,
The circus freaks selling lemonade
From the back of an open-air motorcade.
Here come the heart machines and the baby shoes,
The ship-to-shore relay of the sporting news,
That mail-order brides --fake tits and pearls
All making way from your side of my world