

Lily, tell your mother I've been thinking:
Winter changes nothing.
The frost east can bring the highways down.
I went to a movie I want to believe in.
The actors were all looking at me.
Stupidly, I sat struck dumb.
Would feel alright with the lights on?
Would it all be right with the lights on?

Lily, there's a picture of your mother.
I'm sickened when I see it.
It must be something to be her kind.
I saw a movie I think I believe in.
The actors all fell back and they were laughing.
The frame stopped and I started thinking,
Would this feel alright with the lights on?
Would it all be right with the lights on?

There is no sign to be discreet,
To clutter up the clearings.
This is casting out and waiting,
Hanging lines to stay up late with.
The cold that holds the corner
Cannot be more boring.
Startled now that there's all these lights on.
God, it pays to be shortsighted.

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