

## 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...