

Gold Shadow

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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?