

Always An Ear To Bend

Bowerbirds

Indecisive I walked out on the porch
and gave the night one last try.
A strange figure, an owl in the oak tree,
just when you thought you had your privacy.

Always an ear to bend, always a friend around,
as slow death creeps a little closer.

But dear we are quite wild still.
We have the fire built
and a parade of years to pass right by.
And when our bodies fade, when we lose our shape,
I'll meet you with grace in the free ether.

There's always the ghost life, always the fire's light,
and always a friend on the other side.
Always an ear to bend, always a friend around,
as slow death creeps a little closer.