

Rusty and Blue

David Crosby

How can I sweep these words into a cluster
Put 'em in a pile like feathers on your floor?
Voyages and sea forests deep blue and rusty
Sew 'em in a satchel 'n leave 'em at your door

People's lives, people's whose lives
They fascinate me
All my life, all my life
I've wanted to understand

There's a man on the corner he's got the moon in his eyes
He just comes here to visit and he wears a disguise
And I wonder if he's looking for friends or for truth
I think he's calling for some in that telephone booth

And the smiling woman answers
She defeats fear with her eyes
She thinks life's fine so I think she's wise
And my heart wants to give her a gift so grand
That it will speak for me and tell her just where I stand

And I stand on a pillar and it's melting like ice
Of years that I've lived and some I've lived twice
And I have all these feathers and leaves on my floor
That I don't want just blowing around loose anymore

And I feel a need to gather to rummage and fetch
To shake out my life and give it a stretch
To bring shells to the surface, give 'em to you
Gifts from the sea floor rusty and blue

Now these two lives hold my attention quite well
You see lives almost never run parallel
Like the boards in the flooring all deep grained and worn
Fated and fitted long before we were born

People's lives, people's whose lives
They fascinate me
All my life, all my life
I've wanted to understand

Understand