

Passing On The Stairs

Elysian Fields

In the hall lights flicker hum
With her buckles still undone
She hides beneath her blue trench coat
Gaze so soft, yet so remote
In that dusty uniform
The outline of her lovely form
And more than once I've brushed her hand
Passing on the stairs

In the hall lights flicker hum
His dark lashes always hung
With a look so weary and so wise
When we passes he gently sighs
In his work-worn boots he leans
And I wonder what it means
Whatever does it mean
Passing on the stairs

Up the stairs every night
Up the stairs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight

Who is she with that misty look?
Every night a different book
With the scent of violets in her hair
Who's this angel on my stairs?

A distant time comes back to me
The wild reeds, the salty sea
My father calling 'Don't go far'
I gathered sea glass in a jar
And built a castle with a moat
The wind blew sand into my hair
In the rustling of your over coat
Passing on the stairs

Up the stairs every night
Up the stairs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight

And I wonder if she thinks of me
Is it just a boyish fantasy?
Speak dear lady won't you speak
Can't you tell you make me meek?
So in silence once more we pass
Another night I walk on glass
And I dream that she thinks of me
Passing on the stairs

And I wonder if he thinks of me
If this could be our destiny
Oh haven't you a word for me
If only you'd misplace your key
So in silence once more we pass
Another night I walk on glass

And how I dream he thinks of me
And our passing on the stairs

Up the stairs every night
Up he climbs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight
Up the stairs every night
Up the stairs seven flights
And down she goes into the night
Down my stairs and out of sight
Down my stairs and out of sight