

# Shadows On A Dime

Ferron

This window makes a perfect frame  
For New England leaves like painted rain  
They hold me as I hold this train  
All shadows on a dime.  
You move forward fast by holding back  
You gauge your steps and you don't look slack  
Me I'm looking backward down the track  
To see us dreamers in our prime.

I poured my soul in Santa Cruz  
I ached all night,  
Next day I lost my shoes  
It's so optional what you may or may not lose  
in this pattern we call time.

Fifteen years ago I worked the line  
With a thousand more all doing time  
While a foreman smiled complicit crime  
We were strangers to the plan.  
An old old woman ran the gears  
She couldn't move  
They said she'd been there forty years  
...I think that's rude...  
'Cause forty years is forty years  
And I was only fifteen then.  
The work waged war upon our backs  
But we gauged our steps and we didn't look slack  
One day the old woman didn't come back  
I couldn't work so well and they let me go.

But I don't forget about the factory  
I don't expect this ride to always be  
Can I give you what you want to see?  
Can we do it one more time?

Ten years have worn this guitar down  
Its ivory whites are now mustard brown  
Its face bears cracks from every town  
Still it resonates with age.  
Where would I be without its ring?  
Who would I be if I didn't sing?  
For half a chance you spare nothing --  
A tethered bird to a tethered cage.

I sing to you to feed the dream  
I call to you 'though it's a muted scream  
We're one on one projected beams  
Translucent future be our sage.

Five years have blazed since she warmed my side  
She is my gift I've loved and cried  
With her level look she is my guide  
A spirit on the wing  
Our love has jostled like this train  
Or like the moon to wax and wane  
But to know somebody worth the strain --  
Me I have one gift to bring

I cried for here then I let her down  
She let me go and then we came around  
I felt us new and I felt the ground  
And I felt myself believing.

And now a tired conductor passes by  
He takes my ticket with a sigh  
I don't think he meant to catch my eye  
But he doesn't turn away.  
He says "I have a daughter as old as you  
And there's really nothing anyone else can do  
Do you play guitar...well good for you  
Me I play the violin"  
I imagine him with his hair jet black  
Does he hide his fiddle in the back?  
He gauged his words as the train went slack:  
The New York train stops here

But I don't forget the factory  
I don't expect this ride to always be  
Can I give them what they want to see  
Let me do it twice --  
The second time for me.

'Cause these windows make a perfect frame  
For New York buildings like upright trains  
They hold me as I hold the rain  
Fleeting shadows on a dime.