

Repeating

James Vincent McMorrow

Soon as the storm hit, struck on the hull.
Hand in the hallway, here was the soul after soul.
Then in a waste end way they call them home.
Take it through the footstep in the hearing call.

Then no one from the roll up call you.
Where you are, arms length, tumble light it goes, I hardly knew
.
Still awake in the heart's, they're not true.

When the lay in the horse and the clear dawn.
We defer til we float to the sea fall.
And I stare at the room in the send off.
To repeat every word as it seems, oh.

Then no one from the roll up call you.
Where you are, arms length, tumble light it goes, I hardly knew
.
Still awake in the heart's, they're not true.