

# The Squirrel Crossed The Road

Jane Siberry

The squirrel crossed the road  
like a ribbon on a fan  
and the afternoon cicada  
threw a spell across this land  
and the waves rolled off the Georgian rocks  
and threw a friend upon the sand

Oh None  
now I understand  
that the searching never stops  
until you have a man in mind  
second booth the King's Head  
leave the ordinary men behind  
go ask them to play  
all the glorious love songs they can find

As for you, Dewar  
now I understand  
that the searching never stops  
until you have a drink in hand  
drinking to your gloom  
in the slow-whirl licensed room  
ah, yes - she was lovely  
you told us (many times)  
'neath the moon

The squirrel crossed the road  
like a ribbon on a fan...

Oh Madam  
now I understand  
that the searching never stops  
until things are out of hand  
then you jump up to heaven  
pull down the wrath of God  
you're alive when men are falling down  
suspended when they're not

And oh Thomas  
now I understand  
that the searching never stops  
until you are a man  
whether early morning hunting deer  
or women in the sand  
that measured raging overdrive  
makes you feel alive  
a man

The squirrel crossed the road  
like a ribbon on a fan...

Oh Sal  
now I understand  
that the searching never stops  
until you're in a foreign land  
haunting yourself at Delphi  
or melting in Lausanne

or good times in Marbella  
(yes - you have a lovely tan)

And Oh Little One  
now I understand  
that your searching never stops  
until you leave your head  
you want peace  
thank God you laugh at what your friends said  
they said - barefoot in the Himalayas  
he'll just find his feet have spread  
but in you I have greatest faith

The squirrel crossed the road  
like a ribbon on a fan  
and the afternoon cicada  
threw a spell across this land  
and the waves rolled off the Georgian rocks  
and threw a friend upon the sand