

She is my Escape

John Smith

The crowd at the gate is hanging on late
Like posters from some lost campaign
Suits loose and frayed, their hats blown away
Sails catching nothing but rain
I stand with a rope tied firm to the hope
That we'll leave a good night where it fell
And that light bursting free is coming for me
Let's love and let's do loving well

Now I woke in a cloud after speaking aloud
To a vision of you in the street
Back in my room, the heat in full bloom
I see lilies grow wild at my feet
And so down the line I'll keep your heart in mine
And our lungs ring an hourly bell
It's as clear as the moon as it follows and
Taps on my shoulder; I'm under her spell

Out here in the night where I once lost the fight
And abandoned all hope for a home
I seek out her shape, you know she is my escape
And I'll follow wherever she goes
The hinge of her door well it groans and roars
And what stands between us like a veil
Is my fear and my doubt, but I turn and sing
Darling, let's love and let's do loving well.