

And not one motion her gesture could I forget,
The prettiest bag lady I ever met...
Pushing her cart in the rain, then gathering plastic and glass
She watched the day pass,
Not hour by hour... but pain by pain.
I was a basket filled with holes, and she was the sand I tried
to hold
That ran out behind me as I swung with some invisible hand.

I stopped believing, you start to move
(She was like wine turned to water then turned back to wine)
I stopped my leaving and the better man bloomed
(And you can pour us out and we won't mind)

I was dead then alive,
She was like wine turned to water then turned back to wine;
You can pour us out, we won't mind,
As scratch around the mouth of the glass, "My life is no longer
mine."

And if you're still looking for a blanket, sweetie,
I'm sorry, I'm no sort of fabric;
But if you need a tailor... then take your torn shirt, stumble
up my stairs,
And mumble your pitiful prayers and in your tangled, knotted sl
eep,
Our midnight needles go to work until all comfort and fear flow
s in one river
Down in the shop by the mirror where you see yourself whole...
and it makes you shiver.

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(She was like wine turned to water then turned back to wine)
I stopped my leaving and the better man bloomed
(And you can pour us out and we won't mind)

I was dead then alive,
She was like wine turned to water then turned back to wine;
You can pour us out, we won't mind,
As scratch around the mouth of the glass, "Our lives our not ou
r own."

Even the wind lay still,
Our essence was fire and cold and movement, movement...
Oh, if they ask you for the sign of the father in you,
Tell them it's movement, movement, movement and... repose.