

I steal a look between the blinds  
I unwind  
She sleeps in comfort in my arms  
She is plain, but she is mine  
Our child is silent but awake  
I run my hand through his hair  
I teach him manners and how to stick up  
For himself when things get bad  
I tell him, "Son, never throw the first punch,  
And if you must fight, make it clean"

Shiola, Shiola, will all be forgiven?  
Shiola, Shiola, am I strong enough to start again alone?

The taste of home is filling up my mouth  
Is it wrong to love a family of ghosts?  
Her door is open, the windows are all up  
She says, "Come inside"

I live alone, more or less  
I summon wife, child, and happiness  
Build them up from the dirt and clay  
I have to believe that all will be forgiven

Shiola, Shiola, will all be forgiven?  
Shiola, Shiola, am I strong enough to start again alone?  
Shiola, Shiola, my heart is overflowing  
Shiola, Shiola, the love and anger coiled into one

They take and take, but never get their fill  
I try and try, but fail against my will  
I wait and wait, for that hand to sweep me up  
And take me down the road home