

Brown Arms In Houston

Orpheus

Names have held me in the gray light of dawn.
Before morning had come, after night time had gone.

They held me with hands, that hadn't a claim.
A claim to my life, a right to my name.

Brown arms in Houston, that called after me.
Soft words in Georgia, that rose from the sea.

Names twist like vines, all windy and green.
That climb on the fence post, that reach after me.

There's Denver, Jackson, there's Tulsa and more.
There's none that said home. There's none with a door.
Brown arms in Houston, that called after me.
Soft words in Georgia, that rose from the sea.

The wind's calling me.
Like I've heard it before.
I'll leave you one morning.
I haven't much more.

Listen tonight
To the soft falling rain.
And think of my song.
Remember my name.

Brown arms in Houston, that called after me.
Soft words in Georgia, that rose from the sea.
Brown arms in Houston, that called after me.
Brown arms in Houston, that called after me.
(Musical ending)