

Chain of Keys

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Fifteen keys hang on
Fifteen keys hang on a chain
The chain is joint
The chain is joint and forms a ring
The ring is in
The ring is in a woman's hand
She's walking on
She's walking on the dusty ground

The dusty ground's a dead-end track
The neighbours won't be coming back
Fifteen gardens overgrown
Fifteen houses falling down

The woman's old
The woman's old and dressed in black
She keeps her hands
She keeps her hands behind her back
Imagine what
Imagine what her eyes have seen
We ask but she
We ask but she won't let us in

A key so simple and so small
How can it mean no chance at all?
A key, a promise, or a wish
How can it mean such hopelessness

"A circle is broken", she says
"A circle is broken", she says