

Blue Stockings

Sea Wolf

Open the window up
The one besides the armoire
I need some cool autumn air
In this baroque hotel room
While you put on your stockings
Cause on the rocker by the mirror
"Put on a record," You say
We're both relieved at the idea
We're both relieved at the idea

It crackles like a fire
The sounds caress our fears
And we've put off the silence
That hung so long in stale air
That used to be a mystery
A secret book to unlock
But we've stopped writing in it
Or thrown away the key

And as I watched you sitting there
In the chair that you're rocking
I can see that there's a tear
In your new blue stockings
As I watch you sitting there
In the chair that you're rocking
I can see that there's a tear
In your new blue stockings

Shapes dance on the wallpaper
Headlights through yellow leaves
Just like they did last June
The first night we hared a room
Back then they were alive
A lively jitterbug in bloom
But now they're dancing in slow waltz
And they'll be gone tomorrow afternoon

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