

## A Hush

Shearwater

There was a hush inside the air  
When you were lying on the stairs  
Feeling the world had scattered there  
Like little feathers on the air

And as the people filed away  
The men in suits of black and gray  
Each with his hands inside his coat  
Each with that hush inside his throat

And this concrete cold  
And this cruise control  
And the drops of blood in the shaving bowl  
Are the lovely things  
Bright and hovering  
That can pull you up  
With a thousand wings  
Let me through

They're thinking, "How did we arrive?  
Was it by fortune or design?  
Or was there something else in mind?  
Let there be something else in mind"