

Near a Garden

Shearwater

Near a little garden flowers wild grasses
A body's in the casket
Milk is in the carton
Coffee's on the brew
And cars quietly pass
As people hear from last respects
Collective view

The face of the deceased
All emptied of emotion
Waiting for distortions
Of it's perfect features
In a little clearing
Where they'll put the coffin
And then shuffle off
And afternoon is nearing

You were once alive, body
Then you died
And I'll sing your name with my instrument
But one day it will leave my hand

I'm skipping like a stone
Just a couple skips then gone
To the bottom of a pond
Where sun can never go
And resting at the bottom
Who knows what I'll find there
No one can divine where
Friends go when we've lost them

The movie on the plane home
Said, "Life is for the living"
As I sat slowly living
Paralysed with boredom
Flying through the thin air
Skimming over cities
And isn't it a pity
That we can't grow old there?

Doesn't it feel strange
To wait on this change?
Well, the pilot tips his instruments knowing
One day they will rust upon land