

The blue house at the corner
Of twilight instinct
Four stories floor in Terrence
Floors of wood parquet

And now so many owls
Snowy, horned and screech
Thousands of owls
All flapping their wings

How I love the marble staircase
The claw footed tubs
The room of rare orchids
The glass hall for my guns

Statue the pharaohs
20 feet tall
Crystal chandeliers
Rare paintings of clowns

But we have so many owls
I'm never alone
The owls make this blue house
A home

How peaceful it is
To watch them soar
Through the palm tree ballroom
With its gold panel doors

And as I sit by the fire
And slip off my boots
They purge all harpoons
And the stuffed heads of moose

The apothecary closet
Is like my shelves
But deeper than expected
And slammed it as well

How long have I been here?
Searching for my pills
As the ceiling grows upward
And the walls start to swell

Oh the owls, the owls
With their feathers of silk
The owls, they mock me
And have stolen my pills

But the owls, the owls
With their shiny green eyes
The owls, they will save me
If not today, then tonight