

Hour

The Saints

I found out I was in another town
didn't know they had to send out
I was waiting by the telephone
looking out from the top floor
Now this rain is not something I adore
but I was standing there hoping to open up the door
I looked around
put a hand into my pocket
& found a book that I had lost
I was dressed in black
feeling out of time
just waiting for that shiny caddillac
baby send one out to bring me back
There was no one there to tell me
& I myself I couldn't see
that the hour hadn't come
So it's left with only roses
& an uphill climb in sight
no more dancing in the wasteland
I was too wasted anyhow
I placed one hand on my forehead
I shook the other one and sighed
in the now dead room
& the only child
listen....
No one was there to tell me
& I myself I could not see
that the hour hadn't come