

Crash

February 2010

And so I'm coming back to you
like I have done so many times
bearing weepy dreams of Paris
dreams of lions at the door
We haven't got much time I know
but still we've got to take it slow
and make it last
until we cannot stand it any more

I've grown so very tired of waiting
sweet anticipation's drained me
and my patience took the Greyhound
to the airport hours ago

Across the weary years we've come
the muddy flooded miles behind
trailing gamely ever after
some mirage scent in the air
leaving all we loved abandoned
and alone before the waters rose
the compass dark, the path I chose
made it seem like I don't care

but you have become my inspiration
like the magnet pulls the needle
navigating by the field lines
them what took so long to show

And it all comes rushing back to me
like jet planes into buildings
like a rocket launch played backwards
we have seen this all before
only this time it's in slow-mo
like it's just before the crash, you know
when seconds stretch to hours
of an endless afternoon

Call a brass band for the innocent
and a Kaddish for the king
We have suffered so and right out loud

and still not learned a thing

It's not easy growing older
sliding down this snowy slope so
pack me up my black umbrella
slap a sticker on my passport and
and I'm gone