

Down Through

Red House Painters

I walked down the hill, sluggishly and frail
The wind blew hard, hard on me
I imagined it your ghost white body
Making love with me I walked down the hill
Found you crying at the window sill
There lies the bridge of our lost dreams
I want to see it once more before I leave I still feel the sting in my hand
From when I hit you
I keep your picture tidy and safe in a shrine
And hope that in time, in time, in time We'll have a house on the shore
That showers my soul, washes away the violence
That runs in my blood
Drains the pain that I've caused you
Down through

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