Among the Leaves

Sun Kil Moon

A pillow lays on cold cement
A blanket by a broken vent
She's there a while
And then she's gone

I'm away for weeks
Arrive at night
She hears my steps
Turns off the light and runs

No mind at all, more space than I need
It's just me among the weeds
Among the ghosts
Among the leaves

We've never met but she's a girl
Romance paper books
The floor is covered
In long blonde curls

On afternoons I walk the graves
The rusted cars, the mine shaft caves
See a girl sadly unkempt
A child of neglect

Under moons I pass the tombs
Cross the highways, smell the fumes
See a girl frighteningly gaunt
Somebody didn't want
How do I tell her I don't care
If she sleeps downstairs?

I see her on my errand runs
Looking nervous like a young Mia Farrow
Walk along the gas stops
Window browsing pawn shops
Guns, bows and arrows
Up on past the Halfway house
Past the signs Eighty South
Buttercup and Carrows

Drinking Wild Irish Rose
At the dead end of the road
Sleeping with the sparrows

When evening comes I play guitar
For the planets and the stars
I leave the porch light on
Like I do when I'm gone
Winter, spring, summer, fall
Basement's yours, have a ball
There's always room for you there
Really baby I don't care

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