Funeral Song

Laura Gibson

If these bare walls could sing
They would sing us a funeral song
Push their wooden words into your mouth
They would not wish to be
A burden to your tongue
Would not wish to carry on
Too longWith no sorrow
Ask no greater pardon
Than the pattern
Time is carving in your skin
If these pale bones could sway
They would march to a funeral song
And pull their milky way across the yard
They would not wish to keep
You tethered to their arms
They would not wish to carry on too farWith no sorrow
Ask no greater pardon
Than the pattern
Time is carving in your skinWell if I could stretch my ears
Into a grand procession
And circle 'round your wisdom
Like a song
I would not wish to be
The fire in your belly
I would not wish for
Holding you too long
With no sorrow
Ask no greater pardon
Than the pattern
Time is carving in your skin
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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