

Your Fight Will Not Be Long.

The Wooden Sky

When the doctor came to see us
He said your fight will not be long
And thought it pains me so to say it
It's seldom that I'm wrong
My name and my position
They hang proudly on my wall
And I hated him for being here
I wished that he would go But I just sat there unaffected
You know I'd been brought up right
And I stayed that way for three whole weeks
They came for you one night
And in the darkness of November
Although I could hardly see
I swear I saw Saint Peter offer you relief You just went to him in silence
Those doctors had been wrong
Yes time had left some marks on you
Tonight all that is gone
As you moved towards the doorway
Oh I begged you not to leave
But your tired lips said nothing
Your eyes shone with relief And all at once it came to me
And I fell down on my knees
See every man must build a life
And someday watch it leave

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