

# Rusty and Blue

David Crosby

How can I sweep these words into a cluster  
Put 'em in a pile like feathers on your floor  
Voyages and sea forests deep blue and rusty  
Sew 'em in a satchel 'n leave 'em at your door  
People's lives, people's whose lives  
They fascinate me  
All my life, all my life  
I've wanted to understand  
There's a man on the corner he's got the moon in his eyes  
He just comes here to visit and he wears a disguise  
And I wonder if he's looking for friends or for truth  
I think he's calling for some in that telephone booth  
And the smiling woman answers  
She defeats fear with her eyes  
She thinks life's fine so I think she's wise  
And my heart wants to give her a gift so grand  
That it will speak for me and tell her just where I stand  
And I stand on a pillar and it's melting like ice  
Of years that I've lived and some I've lived twice  
And I have all these feathers and leaves on my floor  
That I don't want just blowing around loose anymore  
And I feel a need to gather to rummage and fetch  
To shake out my life and give it a stretch  
To bring shells to the surface, show 'em to you  
Gifts from the sea floor rusty and blue  
Now these two lives hold my attention quite well  
You see lives almost never run parallel  
Like the boards in the flooring all deep grained and worn  
Fated and fitted long before we were born  
People's lives, people's whose lives  
They fascinate me  
All my life, all my life  
I've wanted to understand  
Understand

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