The List

Thea Gilmore

He was a clubland caller, he was younger than he felt
Settled like a moth down in the east-end Neon belt
Well he used to be a believer, til the city got its grip
Now if theres any holiness left, Well he cant remember itShe was a high-rise butterfly, crashed in 92
Into some veiled little suburb that they bulldozed through
Where the little fat angels guard the harvest like they should
Well its downtown now but it used to be the woods
It used to be the woodsAnd, oh its a lonely little town
And oh, its a lonely little tune
And if my name is on that list I guess Ill see you soonFirst he heard her voice and then he saw her face
She shone just like a crucifix, an instrument of grace
And they got on like children, they got a hotel room
They got a new religion, a needle and a spoonAnd they gave thanks to the heavens, but the devil held their hands
And they walked that great divide between Disciples and partisans
And the brown and the Bible, they were never quite enough
But the life that grew inside her well that felt a bit like love
felt a bit like loveAnd, oh its a lonely little town
And oh, its a lonely little tune
And if my name is on that list I guess Ill see you soon
And if my name is on that list I guess Ill see you soonThe seasons are a metronome, the rhythm and the wild
The winter took his heart away, the spring it took her child
And the honeyed breath of summer is sweet and overgrown
But its always autumn sings its not too late To find your way back home
To find your way back homeAnd a bell sometimes reminds them, or the singing in the wind
The striking of a match, the smell of Paraffin
And some folks are drawn to the flames, and some just want to hide
But the lonely are the prettiest of all, they burn from the inside
They burn from the inside
Yeah, the lonely are the prettiest of all, they burn from the inside

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/