

# 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 there's any holiness left, Well he can't remember it  
She 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 woods  
And, oh its a lonely little town  
And oh, its a lonely little tune  
And if my name is on that list I guess I'll see you soon  
First 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 spoon  
And 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 love  
And, oh its a lonely little town  
And oh, its a lonely little tune  
And if my name is on that list I guess I'll see you soon  
And if my name is on that list I guess I'll see you soon  
The 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 home"  
And 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

Songwriters

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