Babies Falling

The Magnetic Fields

Where the workers stand in querulous rows awaiting dislocation
I will be there too
When you're cashing in your food stamps
When you're sleeping in a cattle train
I'll be with you
Pushing up against the ticket counter window face against the glass
Bleeding from the waist and kissing to be chaste
It is said that those who will not rest have been cursed
To tramp like soldiers through the marshes
Or that blessed are the ones who leave the stage
Like babies falling fast asleep
So I twice am cursed and twice am stuck
Affixed to this corner of the earth.
That old river keeps on rolling but the old man doesn't see it,
He just stands there with his eyes closed
Asking "where'd you go?" "where'd you go?"
So wherever you may sleep tonight,
Be it bed or bedrock, home, or open field:
When you begin to yield, then, whatever you have taken as your pillow,
May it serve as mine as well.
Underneath the weeping willow I will wait for you forever,
My eyes forever closed, asking "where'd you go?" "where'd you go?"

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