A Small Clearing

John Ralston

Used to be surrounded
By a forest of pine
But I made a small clearing
I called it mineThere was mist every morning
It hung suspended in air
Diffusing rays of the sunlight
Making a glow of the glareIs it a funeral for heart and soul?
Is it a funeral for heart and soul?One day some strangers stopped over
And so I wasn't alone
They started to like it out here
They started calling it homeRetreated into my bedroom
I was locked, barred and bored
And now the bird at my window
She doesn't sing anymoreIs it a funeral for heart and soul?
Is it a funeral for heart and soul?I need you, sing to me
At the top of your lungs
At the top of your lungsYou never cared so why would you start now?
You never cared so why would you start now?
You never cared so why would you start now?
You never cared why would you start now?

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