

# A Small Clearing

[John Ralston](#)

Used to be surrounded  
By a forest of pine  
But I made a small clearing  
I called it mine There was mist every morning  
It hung suspended in air  
Diffusing rays of the sunlight  
Making a glow of the glare Is 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 home Retreated into my bedroom  
I was locked, barred and bored  
And now the bird at my window  
She doesn't sing anymore Is 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 lungs You 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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