

# Within Hours

## Dappled Cities

Time is on our side, sleep is slow  
And underfoot is only the world  
That chimes cued by man-time but we have a soul  
So we don't need a face, we just need a home

No eyes to see the smile above the chin  
And no nose to smell the breath within  
And no ears beneath the receding hairline

Climb with all your ropes tied in a bow  
And curdled down to the white bone  
Which fray and whip till they sing and slip in the line  
We don't need a face, we just need a home

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