Young Glass

Hey Rosetta!

From under your sheets out into the hall
You sleepwalk through the rooms where you grew up
Out through the porch and the old front doors
Carried by words that you learned when you were small
Down the stone steps and into the night
It's the boulevard and the hum of her hard lights
And when you open your eyes you're in central park
Carried by the words that you learned when you woke up:Even though - I thought I was - all alone - I was wrong
Even though - I thought I was - all alone - I am not
You can hurry home to mama and to your house of doors
Get the bolt in the hole and you can close all the windows
But keeping out the killers and keeping out the creeps
Isn't keeping out the doubt and your disbelief
As they look for god in them ivory halls
You can see her on the porch listening to the radio
Singing that wanderer's song:Even though - I thought I was - all alone - I was wrong
Even though - I thought I was - all alone - I am not
Even though - I thought I was - I was wrong - I am not
I am not
I am notAnd even if
You're scared stiff
You can trust in this
You can trust in this
You can trust in this
You can trust in this

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