

# Nightwatchmen

## Bell X1

To the girl among nightwatchmen  
My other, my joy with your oil-drum fire  
You were my gentle unfolding  
The wool and the dye, the needle and eye These songs you sing as you waltz her up the stairs  
And the boy smiles at the wheels of the chair  
We are loved for these things that pass us by  
All we're good for As the sand flows into the hourglass  
You hold every grain that it might remain  
Part of me wants to see you crumble  
Like those toys on a plinth Pool of alabaster limbs into my arms  
So that I might have my place  
Although the crutch may just serve  
To dull the only blade That you brought to this fight  
Let's go another round  
Let's go another round To the girl among nightwatchmen  
The long fingers of morning  
Will take you by the hand Precious stones, they're all spoken for  
You've chosen the tunes  
Everything is just so, is just so And now birdsong, ice clinking in the sun  
Drip feed of gentle talk and pleasantries  
And I wait for a gap in the traffic  
To tell her I'll always hold you close  
It's all I'm good for

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