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 eyeThese 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 forAs 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 plinthPool of alabaster limbs into my arms
So that I might have my place
Although the crutch may just serve
To dull the only bladeThat you brought to this fight
Let's go another round
Let's go another roundTo the girl among nightwatchmen
The long fingers of morning
Will take you by the handPrecious stones, they're all spoken for
You've chosen the tunes
Everything is just so, is just soAnd 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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