

The Squirrel Crossed the Road

Jane Siberry

The squirrel crossed the road like a ribbon on a fan
And the afternoon cicada threw a spell across this land
And the waves rolled off the Georgian rocks
And threw a friend upon the sandOh none now I understand
That the searching never stops until you have a man in mind
Second booth the King's Head leave the ordinary men behind
Go ask them to play all the glorious love songs they can findAs for you, Dewar now I understand
That the searching never stops until you have a drink in hand
Drinking to your gloom in the slow-whirl licensed room
Ah yes, she was lovely you told us 'neath the moon
(Many times)The squirrel crossed the road like a ribbon on a fan [unverified]Oh Madam, now I understand
That the searching never stops until things are out of hand
Then you jump up to heaven pull down the wrath of God
You're alive when men are falling down suspended when they're notAnd oh Thomas, now I understand
That the searching never stops until you are a man
Whether early morning hunting deer or women in the sand
That measured raging overdrive makes you feel alive a manThe squirrel crossed the road like a ribbon on a fan
[unverified]Oh Sal, now I understand
That the searching never stops until you're in a foreign land
Haunting yourself at Delphi or melting in Lausanne
Or good times in Marbella
(Yes, you have a lovely tan)And oh Little One, now I understand
That your searching never stops until you leave your head
You want peace thank God you laugh at what your friends said
They said barefoot in the Himalayas
He'll just find his feet have spread but in you I have greatest faithThe squirrel crossed the road like a ribbon on
a fan
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