Lena Is a White Table

Jane Siberry

First you go up the hill
(Don't forget to say the church)
The church why? I don't think
(In case they miss the turn)Let me do the talking
(You make mistakes sometimes)
Well, so do you too
(Never let me talk)
Yeah, drink your beerThis is no surprise
They're always arguing
They're from down in
(Darts my friend)And when you reach the top
Out on the scraggy backs just there
Say, you must be new, a movie camera
(Ooh)Well, I wouldn't go
(Darts?)
Don't
(Over his shoulder, as he goes to play darts)
Who is that with you?
(Darts my friend)
How does she hang the clothes climb up on herself?There's a house
(White)
A back porch
(Grey)
Just a table there
(Don't forget the laundry line)Yes, nobody knows how far it goes
(Many men have died)
Baloney, phooey, past the fishing banks
Probably past the edge of the earth maybe
Oh, come onAnd sometimes there is a chair
The table legs they never
Move waiting and pressing
And the clothesline stop don't moveWell, maybe she should go to school
No, no, she's a table
Lena's a white tableAnd in the afternoon, and in the autumn air
The porch is bare and still there is a waiting there
And flint the laundry line, apples rolling down the hillI hope that she's here, what if she's not here?
I don't think she's here, I hope she's not here
Don't you think she's here, I don't think she's hereAnd sometimes there is a chair
The table legs they never move

Waiting and pressing,
And the clothesline stop don't moveWell, maybe she should go to school
No, no, she's a table
Lena's a white tableWell, maybe she should learn to pray
No, no, she's a table
Lena's a white tableWe saw her waiting by the line
Which line? The laundry line
Waiting for the clothes to dry
What if she freezes in mid-air?
No, no, no, no, no

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