Slow Down At the Castle

Saint Etienne

Slow down at the castle
Things to straighten in her head
And she knows it's not a castle
But that's what they've always saidShaded by the tower
As she clambers to her seat
With the ash of last night's party
Clinging grimly to her feetNot for the first time
She's made her bed
Now she leaves that all behind
And turns her mind to playful things insteadDays spent making stories
For the faces that pass by
From the lonely tea shop owner
To the misbehaving wifeNow they're growing ever wilder
As the people start to go
Now she dreams that there's assassins
Hiding in the woods belowNot for the first time
She's made her bed
Now she leaves that all behind
And turns her mind to playful things insteadAnd she knows this must end
As the long shadows start to blend
She must be on her way

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