Jesus' Mother

Busman's Holiday

From the stained glass window, to the back of the room
Sun spread like the last bit of butter
Shading the corners, it flattered the room and I stare at jesus mother
Though I can't remember how I got here last night
By the lords will I am not in the gutter
Tangerine florescent, clouds fill the skyAnd black filled the time to the present
Thank god for old ladies and these highway churches
See highlights of dark nights uncovered
I wish i could tell them with words made of gold
But I stare at jesus's mother
Grandma through the screen door and the daisies of blue
As the pool light turn off with the summer
Me and my brother in the cool waters touch
And I stare at jesus's mother
Sometimes I feel distant as I drift through this wordLike the birds shadow glides 'cross the pavement
There is something in nothing and I know that for sure
For I stare at jesus's mother
Hey I should not complain for its all 'bout the same
There are lonely men all 'cross this nation
Some broadcast their billfold to to see a channel of love
And I have to pay for relations
Two thick yellow ribbon, too answer a questions
But below it is black and uncertain
You are coming of going, that is all that you need
And I think of jesus's mother.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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