

Angel Voyer

Jane Siberry

The hounds are running in the alley-way below
Underlining all her sins
Across the alley, there is a rented room
There is a girl, I watch, I watch herYellow cotton curtains, the tiles are black and white
Why are you home early? Is this another one of those nights?
Straighten up the lilacs, straighten up your hair
Over to the mirror, what do you see there?You know why he is living on a separate street away from you
Usually you can forget, but tonight the hounds, they get to you
The hounds are running in the alley-way below
Underlining all her sinsMagnets in the mirror, usually you croon
But tonight, you are no beauty in your rented room
He knows why he is living on a separate street away from you
Usually he can forget, but tonight the hounds, they get to himThe mirror shows a man in a chair, she sees him
sway
He's falling to the floor, his lines they crack away
Who is this man? You know him, you know him, you know him
His being is your being, his scent is on your skin
His mind is on your mind, his breathing is your breathingSo she goes to her own chair, I see her sway
She's falling to the floor, her lines, they crack away
She shatters on the tiles, like the mirror that she shatters
Like the mirror that she shadowsThe street, it's night, it's dark, I cannot see too well
But a fog descended on her room, that much I can tell
And every drop of water drew salts across her soul, Lord
And every bead of water made the beaded bodies rollA cat stopped by to listen till her breathing ceased to toil
And on a separate street, well, that man, he ceased to moil
Yellow dawn is yellowing, now I can see the girl
Now I can see her face, on the tiles, I see her curledBreeze, it blows the curtains across the wayward tiles
Across the sleeping ones on separate streets, I have to smile
They still will not understand why they awaken so new
But their sleep was close to holy, my darlings, we're watching over youAcross the alley, there is a rented room
There is a girl
I watch, I watch her, I watch I watch her
We watch, we watch her