

Fourth Floor

The Waifs

On the fourth floor of the building
In a shallow window box
She's digging in the soil with a silver spoon
Her hands inside rubber gloves
Planting seeds pulling out weeds
The cycle of life is complete
Who would've thought it in a city of stone
Four floors above the street I cannot tell what kind of flowers they are
I'm too far below on the street
But the colour they add to the building so drab
Brings a warm splash of welcome relief
Something worthwhile for the sun to shine on
A reason to radiate heat
Well that small window box puts a skip in my feet
Four floors below on the street For every good seed she plants in the soil
There's a dozen bad waiting to grow
To strangle the goodness she's trying to nurture
And kill all the seed that she's sown
Every time you water the garden you also water the weeds
A profound illustration of sin and temptation
Four floors above the street Some people don't understand why she does it
Some people look for a reason
Maybe she just likes the feel of the soil
Or keeping in tune with the seasons
Maybe she has so much pride in herself
Got to keep it all visually pleasing
A small paradise in a world of concrete
Four floors above the street

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