

# Listening

## Josh Joplin Group

And she lies quietly amid her empty room  
And probes her open heart to verify the wound  
She receives the phone call, she rewinds the message tape  
She walks to the window, lets her sweat pour down the fire escape I am listening to you, I am listening to you  
You don't say a word, you don't have to Frozen in the hour the thought of going on  
Feels real and unreal until the feeling's gone  
Like a boy who begs for bread, the snapshot is all there is  
To remind us of our place and return us to the hungry masses I am listening to you, I am listening to you  
You don't say a word And she lies motionless beneath the ceiling fan  
The blades become invisible and she becomes intranced  
No one knows the future and no one cares about the past  
When a star is dying we all cling to what cannot last I am listening to you, I am listening to you  
I am listening to you, I am listening to you

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