When She Wakes Up

Will Varley

Circles made of silver
Reflecting sounds of rain
Lights flicker cross the water
Like dreams across her brain
There's trouble in the distance between the full moon
And the storm
Light takes no prisoners
When the darkness comes
And though you know there's nothing
Still you cannot decide
Whether to keep on looking
Or lie down and dieSo when she wakes up
Won't you please tell her
That I had the answersDown by the casino they're still fighting over time
Their shouts drift up to the window
Like birdsong in her mind
Now they've started throwing punches
But there's sadness in their blood
For they both know on a different evening
They could've fallen in love
There's pools of blood on the pavement
And it's dripping through the cracks
Back into the soil
To our destiny of dustSo when she wakes up
Won't you please tell her
That the birds were singing softly at her windowThere's rats beneath the floor boards
And parasites on your skin
They're chewing on your inner thoughts
And nesting upon your sins
And the old man who lives next door seems to know something you don't
First the wallpaper was peeling now there is smoke
Theres a fire raging out in the hallway
And you're supposed to run away
But that old man's slowly walking
Back towards the flamesSo when she wakes up
Won't you please tell her
I thought there was something in there that we neededThe revolution that you've been waiting for happened without you some years ago
And the things that you've been saving for will only make you feel more alone

These shaking televisions
All the notes play out of tune
These dark and twisted visions
Explosions in the afternoon
We know everything about our future
We know nothing about our past
These fires will keep on burning
And nothing we make will lastSo when she wakes up
Won't you please tell her
That there was peace and we were the good who were fighting off the evilWell the rain still hits the window
The morning's making it's kill
And that sunshine runs it's weary tongue
Along my windowsill
This platform was built on the sand
But our headsets are well designed
We still stare out of our chambers like we're kings of ancient times
My eyes are tired from seeing
My head is tired of thoughts
What else is there worth saving?
What else cannot be bought?So when she wakes up
Won't you please tell her
That this is the life that we are supposed to be living

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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