

Recessional

Brent Arnold

"It's so beautiful here," she says,
"This moment now and this moment, now."
And I never thought I would find her here:
Flannel and satin, my four walls transformed.
But she's looking at me, straight to center,
No room at all for any other thought.

And I know I don't want this, oh, I swear I don't want this.
There's a reason not to want this but I forgot.

In the terminal she sleeps on my shoulder,
Hair falling forward, mouth all askew.
Fluorescent announcements beat their wings overhead:
"Passengers missing, we're looking for you."
And she dreams through the noise, her weight against me,
Face pressed into the corduroy grooves.

Maybe it means nothing, maybe it means nothing,
Maybe it means nothing, but I'm afraid to move.

And the words: they're everything and nothing.
I want to search for her in the offhand remarks.
Who are you, taking coffee, no sugar?
Who are you, echoing street signs?
Who are you, the stranger in the shell of a lover,
Dark curtains drawn by the passage of time?

Oh, words, like rain, how sweet the sound.
"Well anyway," she says, "I'll see you around..."

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