

Walkabouts

"The Silent Crossing"

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The sunset reaches to you
With its long talons
The new stars showin' pity
For the fallen
It drags you back up to your feet
Leaves you ready to deceive
Leaves you standing at the silent crossing

Telephone poles race against the cold sky
Your rusty hair covers up your one good eye
The ground expects uncertain rain
Fools have waited, though it never came
Waited in the silence of the crossin'

Hidden in them big armed ponderosas
The crossing obscured
By its own remoteness
Your mouth harp fashioned from tobacco tins
Played "Soldier's Of Joy"
Till your breath went thin
Played for no one, at the silent crossin'

(inst.)

Trouble's ear was cupped,
So he could hear you
Said those that break the silence
Break their own rules
Said fools are those that trust their fears
Sagebrush growin' up around their heels
Fools are those that plant seeds at the crossin'

It was a mile past the dark
When I came upon you
Reservations grave
Expectations humble
You drew upon your corn-skinned smoke
Your jaw was tired, said it's time to go
You said it's time to move beyond the crossing
It's time to move beyond the silent crossing

(inst.)

If there's a darker part of night
We best go find it
If there's a darker part of night
We best go find it
We better find it, we better find it
We'd best go find it

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