

Staves

"Facing West"

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A room with a window facing west
Towards the sea
You, with your hands across your chest
Facing me

Sing me a song, your voice is like silver and
I don't think that I can do this anymore

I'll take the high road that he walked
Once before
You sit and watch me as I come
Through the door

Sing me a song, your voice is like silver and
I don't think that I can do this anymore

Sing me a song, your voice is like silver and
I don't think that I can do this anymore
Show me the path down to the shoreline 'cause
I don't know if I can do this anymore

A room with a window facing west.

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