

Bill Evans Trio**"There Is Only One Of Us"**

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Whispering ghosts. Seduction unlikely.
Just out of reach. The Abduction of Psyche.
The small violences...
The emptiness of chairs and freezing cold silences.
Words that could ruin me. Sharp knives and peeling
paint.
Wanting to be deep inside you and feeling faint.
It's hard. We are lost.
Invisible to each other. On fire and star crossed.
There's a circle around you and caring loves.
It's like I'm touching your face while I'm wearing gloves.
The trees keep our secrets. Eternities curse them.
Evil and pure, the winds try to coherse them.
Echoing stillness, reduced with kisses.
Lower case x's and useless wishes.
Cuts on your skin that are deep but are fast healing.
The edges, the one way streets and the glass ceiling.
This is a sickness that embraces me warmly.
Something obscene. A machine that speaks for me.
It makes me nervous...
I miss you though. I wish that I could kiss you soon.
There's a shadow on my heart and it goes against.
The feuding sea. This house is empty including me.
I don't wish to be alone but what am I supposed to do?
Being sung to sleep each night by the ghost of you.

There's only one of us, parallel, nowhere to dwell.
Valuable and rare as well, thinking thoughts we're
scared to tell.
There's only one of us, far apart, it's hard to start.
Looking for a star to chart. All alone and heart to heart.

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