

Dawes

"Most People"

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If she listens very carefully
To a room of conversation
She can feel the planet orbiting through space
She hears pieces of arguments,
Beginnings of jokes
And the odd lines of a song she cannot place

And it all makes up an image
That resists interpretation
Which is lately how she likes to see herself
How she does not believe in accidents,
Doesn't disagree out loud
And falls in love with every man she cannot help

And she thinks
"Most people don't talk enough about how lucky they
are
Most people don't know what it takes for me to get
through the day
Most people don't talk enough about the love in their
hearts"
But she doesn't know most people feel that same way

If she focuses her energies
On just walking through the neighborhood
With depths and shallows nobody could sound
Like January Christmas lights
Under billion year old stars
She comes up with more of what is lost than what is
found

So by the time that she explains to me
Just a glimpse of what she's understood
She betrays the meaning putting it in words
So she smiles at me lovingly
And says, "just let me hold your hand
So far it's the only way I can let myself be heard"

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