

Hat On, Drinking Wine

"Her Love"

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Ed Whalen

He sits alone in silence starrng at the sky
A stranger to the strung out places he can't hide
goodbye afternoons and letters from the insides
and the days that seem to linger quietly

And all the battered people stop to say hello
hoping for better days where did they all go
and all the innocence that wells from his eyes
are gone from him so quietly

and she said
don't erase
the things inside your head
They're the things that keep you safe when you're all
alone in bed
so he sits with his secrets and his sun up above
and his flowers that will never fade away
like her love

she told him dreams of absolutes and infinities
momentary lapses in the reality of little things
unforgotten hand-holds when he was a better man
are gone from him so quietly

But it's never the same-the howling times
That swirls in the wind and hides-the raging inside
A flower that blooms is a flower that dies
Wasting its breath on the same old lies
It's better to be
alone quietly

He sits alone in silence and dismay
hoping for the rain to come and wash it all away
goodbye afternoons and letters from the insides
and the days that seem to linger quietly

and she said
Dont erase
the things inside your head

there the things that keep you safe when your all alone
in bed
so he sits with his secrets and his sun up above
and his flowers that will never fade away
And the colors that always want to stay
and his flowers that will never go away
Like her love

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