

Bryant Richard

"Still"

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Richard Bryant
Still, the night is black there's
Not a star that's worth its shine
Still, I'm leaning back here
Eating rhythm, sucking time
To my heart beating out sweet tattoos
On the thin skin of my soul
On the near side of the blues
Still, I pound the dents out
Of all the dreams that crash tonight
Still, I might make sense out
Of what went wrong, what didn't go right
And I might get the reason why the sun should rise so
Fast on those who wait to have some
Star fall in their eyes
Still I wave my hammer
To those who wait, who come, who go
Still I might not stammer
On words of love if I speak low
And now the dawn is filling up with birds so high and
Black the sun can't shine its way
Across the feathered sky

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