

## Holly Throsby "Some Nights Are Long"

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Look for a sign in a window  
An ad in the paper, a job waiting tables  
Tie on an apron for change in my pocket  
Spend at the shops and study the docket  
I can be honest, I can respond  
Hold my own and take on what comes  
Save it for later, be restrained  
Make up my mind and then want to change it

Nights are long  
They creep up upon us  
Like a storm when nothing's in order  
These little thoughts they buzz like a train  
Find my page and turn them again and again  
I guess I got lost, I must've forgot it, it's just been so  
hot  
I make all my choices on coins I can toss  
On coins for the washing, to slide in the slots  
I can be honest, I can be strong  
And wait for all those letters to come  
Peel off the labels, check the dates  
Order my days and then rearrange them

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Like a storm when nothing's in order  
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