

Irma Thomas

"Minor Piano Keys"

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Say, say something nice to her
Fragrant and sturdier
Delicate hands for shoulders sliding down
Days, days like a summer rain
Blink and they're gone again
Soaking she sits alone, outside and down

Prays, prays for a soldier boy
In fire and angry noise
Under the thumb of the Lord
And waits, quilting and quietly
Her minor piano keys
Slip through the screen of the door

Say, say what you mean to her
Washing her colander
Eyes on the stranger cresting 'round the bend
Days, days like the winter snow
Linger 'til heaven knows
Naked she sings the table grace and then

Prays, prays for her soldier boy
In fire and angry noise
Under the thumb of the lord
And waits, quilting and quietly
Minor piano keys
Slip through the screen of the door

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