

## Jane Siberry "Map Of The World (Part I)"

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You mentioned La Pieta  
The dotted line  
The holy flapping dress  
White legs carving darkness  
And you traced your thoughts on the tablecloth  
As you were speaking

So when you left  
I grabbed the white and telling tablecloth  
And I carried it out into the empty streets  
And I and I laid it down to see what I could see

I led my horse along the latitudes  
Across the folds and into white  
And somehow along the way  
My my horse slid off sideways and was gone forever

I mourned and then forgot about it  
I resumed the line  
The latitudes and longitudes are calling me  
They're stringing me out across the seas forever

They say  
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da, da da  
Map of the world

I run along the dotted line  
And I grab my flapping dress  
And the global winds rush past me  
Shouting this is happiness  
A quick fling to the global edge  
That spans the vast expanse

To where the mountains meet like relay-runners  
To where the snow caps do and the snow-fleurs try  
I raise one arm up to the sky  
To touch a speck - an eagle flies  
And a stick-figure on the other side  
He waves back to me

He said  
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da, da da  
Map of the world

A stick-figure with briefcase and a business suit and tie  
He walks across the perfect lawn  
(You mean the perfect-perfect-perfect lawn?)  
And he stands there at the foot  
Of the golden office tower

He says, "I must get to work today  
I have to get inside somehow"  
But the golden office tower  
Was just a cliff the sun was setting on  
So he, so he ran up along the cliff and was gone  
forever

He said  
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da, da da

You were with us when we held  
Our meetings at the edge of the plains  
La pieta, broad topics like life and death  
Is dinner ready yet?  
Yes, it's a map of the world

I run along the dotted line  
Beyond the mountain tops  
Past the far-flung ice floes  
And the outlying Tundra  
And I circle down to see what I can see

I can see ten men of the Kremlin  
Ten pegs upon the plains  
Ten men with stony faces  
Facing west where night erases  
Shadows in the places  
Where the faces of the Kremlin used to be

Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da da, da da, da, da da, da da, da da, da da  
Da, da da  
Map of the world, map of the world, map of the world  
Map

