

John Ralston "A Small Clearing"

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Used to be surrounded
By a forest of pine
But I made a small clearing
I called it mine
There was mist every morning
It hung suspended in air
Diffusing rays of the sunlight
Making a glow of the glare

Is it a funeral for heart and soul?
Is it a funeral for heart and soul?

One day some strangers stopped over
And so I wasn't alone
They started to like it out here
They started calling it home
Retreated into my bedroom
I was locked, barred, and bored
And now the bird at my window
She doesn't sing anymore

Is it a funeral for heart and soul?
Is it a funeral for heart and soul?

I need you
Sing to me at the top of your lungs
At the top of your lungs

You never cared so why would you start now?
You never cared
Why would you start now?

You never cared so why would you start now?
You never cared
Why would you start now?

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