

Josh Joplin Group "Listening"

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And she lies quietly amid her empty room
And probes her open heart to verify the wound
She receives the phone call, she rewinds the message
tape
She walks to the window, lets her sweat pour down the
fire escape

I am listening to you, I am listening to you
You don't say a word, you don't have to

Frozen in the hour the thought of going on
Feels real and unreal until the feeling's gone
Like a boy who begs for bread, the snapshot is all there
is
To remind us of our place and return us to the hungry
masses

I am listening to you, I am listening to you
You don't say a word

And she lies motionless beneath the ceiling fan
The blades become invisible and she becomes
intransed
No one knows the future and no one cares about the
past
When a star is dying we all cling to what cannot last

I am listening to you, I am listening to you
I am listening to you, I am listening to you

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