

Juliet Turner "On Short Loan Only"

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on short loan only.

i have no breath left, perhaps i'm drowning.
for sure there are a lot of tears, but i'm not crying.
funny that, being dead.
that i might weep for love, but only in my head.

they take the tray bring round the tea, customs calling.
they've ribboned off a room for eating in and another
room for grieving.
whiskey burns, sheds the coats,
but the ones who need it most are too ragged in the
throat.

chorus.

and they would have me sing of you that you were just
on loan, another flower in the basket of the master.
but if i bite the tongue that speaks of you and i change
your room around,
will i forget you, will i forget you any faster?

you were a weight upon their shoulders, they carried
you so far.
too big for sympathy at school, a bright and lawless
spark.
they're building up your image now and they're playing
by their empty social rules.
chorus

and they would have me sing of you, that you were just
on loan.
another flower in the basket of the master.
but if i bite the tongue that speaks of you, and i change
your room around,
will i forget you, will i forget you any faster?

sometimes i dream that you are back.
imagine what it would be like,
to see how'd we spend the day,
but i think we'd still only fight.
you haven't gone beyond my love, beyond my care.
there has to be a heaven somewhere.

its good to be remembered, but i know you'd hate their
show,
and i wish before you left that they had thought to let
you know.
its good to be remembered, but i shouldn't have let you
go,
and i wish before you left that i had only let you know.

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