

Laurie Freeloove "White Hail"

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(Laurie Freeloove)

Who minds the corners where the dust settles soft
elusive and hardly worth more than a thought?
It falls all night long, all day long
and it hangs on the ceiling there high over head
dust threads together a seasonal web
it grew all night long, all day long
and it fell like a white hail
Falling alive on my windowpane
falling alive on my windowsill
old as starlight in the sky
showering down all through the night
well I must see my way clear of it
Cause it hangs like a madness like a figure of speech
concealing the visions when the words will not speak
it goes on and on, all day long
while I stand in the doorway, there searching for clues
is life dustlike stillborn, just a dust falling through?
I'll wait all night long, all day long

I'll be waiting through a white hail
Falling alive on my windowpane
falling alive on my windowsill
old as starlight in the sky
showering down all through the night
well I must see my way clear of it
Well I'm sweeping up the hallways and I'm wiping the
glass
searching for something buried under these ashes
all life long, all life long
and I'm listening to the ever in a forever clock
ticking off the minutes will the dust ever stop?
I'll wait all life long, all life long
I'll be waiting through a white hail
Falling alive on my windowpane
falling alive on my windowsill
old as starlight in the sky
showering down all through the night
well I must see my way clear of it

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