

Marty Willson-Piper "Sanctuary"

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After the party with wine in your hair
There's a shot in the dark
So you'll fall in despair
And you've chipped your tooth
So you whistle when you speak
And there's tunes in your head
Till the end of the week

The feast in your hair is up to a swing
But whoever you touch
You don't feel anything
So you brush off the cobwebs
That seal you up
To get past the part
With the crack in your cup

Farewell Saturday, love tomorrow
Always the next day
For to find sanctuary
For there's unkept promises
Crimes and jealousies
Always the next day
For to find sanctuary

Then a slice of the silence
Remains on the bed
As the hue of the sun
Whispers heat to the dead
And the glow won't wash off
When you're already gone
And you lock all the doors
Where the silence just shone
A sip of green poison that jades your blood
Till the blue of your veins
Turns as brown as the mud
The continental shift in your
Earthquake heart
It isn't a cure
But at least it's a start

Sanctuary
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