

Mountain Brothers

"Distant Stations"

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I found an old rock
In the dry dirt outside
The door of my hotel room
It was a triangle with soft rounded edges
And a split down the middle of one corner
It was darker than english moss
Green like the soft frill's of a peacock's plume
I waited for you
But I never told you where I was
It was you who taught me how
To write these kinds of equations
I waited on the steps for you
And I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the
parking lot
You taught me how to listen to these distant stations
Distant stations

I saw the sky break
I threw a rock at a crow who was playing
In the rose bushes by the motel office
Missed him by a good yard or two

I sang old songs from nowhere
Los Angeles, Albuquerque
Said a small prayer for the poor and the naked and the
hungry
And I prayed real hard for you
I waited for you
But I never told you where I was
It was you who taught me how
To write this kind of equation
I waited on the steps for you
And I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the
parking lot
You taught me how to listen to these distant stations
Distant stations

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