

Orpheus

"Brown Arms In Houston"

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Names have held me in the gray light of dawn
Before morning had come, after night time had gone

They held me with hands, that hadn't a claim
A claim to my life. A right to my name

Brown arms in Houston, that called after me
Soft words in Georgia, that rose from the sea

Names twist like vines, all windy and green
That climb on the fence post, that reach after me

There's Denver, Jackson, there's Tulsa and more
There's none that said home. There's none with a door

Brown arms in Houston, that called after me
Soft words in Georgia, that rose from the sea

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