

Peter Kingsbery "Helene"

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There is a church bell
That rings on the hour
Filling the streets
Stopping the world awhile
Loud is the laughter
From in the schoolyard
Prickling my ears
Telling me time's passing by
Helene
Comfort me
Helene
I am falling
There is a name
I've replaced with my own
It's taken me years
Now it's dark and unknown
Though I scoff at the things
That I said long ago
I knew what I'd find
C'est toi mon bouchon, mon bouchon
Helene

Comfort me
Helene
I am falling

Try as you may
This is not my real home
And I miss how the sun
Comes up late in the morning
For all that I want
There is really not much you can do
Outside the harbor
The windsurfers ride
Working their sails
As navy ships lag behind
Off to a country
With waves full of grain
A boyhood of mine
And a dream that
Will always remain
Helene

Comfort me
Helene
I am falling

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