

Roches

"A Dove"

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A dove
Settled on the sill
And I called my cat

Love
If looks could kill
And that was that

The glass
Of the windowpane
And away she flew

Over the grass
Glistenin' in the rain
And on out of view

Over the buildings
Stone (w)rote cages
Where people live

Over the gilded
Old outrages
That we can't forgive

The moon
Hangin' in the sky
Like a copper pan

A tune
Welling in her eye
Goin' through Cheyenne

The wing
Of an aeroplane
And away she flew

To sing
Searing in her brain
Your point of view

Over the mountains
Changing seasons

And the falling leaves

Long ago countin'
Damn good reasons
Colors she believes

The phone
Ringin' off the hook
Like a magic wand

My own
Let me take a look
In the polluted pond

Escapes
Aren't all that bad
And away she threw

The tapes
And any chance she had
Of returning to

Over the heartache
Lucid dreaming
Of the lost way out

And if we are awake
Who's that screaming
What it's all about

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