

Mew

"In A Market Dimly Lit"

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The bird that plucked the Olive Leaf
(has) been circlin' like a record 'round the spindle of
my mind
Where the needle's worn the grooves too deep,
And scratched the wax that's blistered from the heat
besides.
From any movement in the room -
If my cat walked by the arm skipped
But to my surprise, my interrupting cat improved
The sound already so severely compromised.

The needle's worn the grooves too deep. (x4)

I'm a donkey's jaw on a desert dune
Beside the bush that Moses saw
That burned and yet was not consumed!
She's the silver coin I lost!
I'm the sheep who slipped away!
We pray the fingers crossed,
But you listen patiently anyway.

I wrote a little song for you
With a melody I'd borrowed put to words that didn't
rhyme
To repeat what you already knew,
As the stones thrown at your window tapped in
syncopation.
You kept a distance out of fear you'd break,
But what good's a single windchime hanging quiet all
alone?
The music our collisions would make
Is the sound that turns "the road that leads us back
home"
Into "home."

The music our collisions make! (x4)

I had a rusty spade, but I'm not the fighting sort!
If I was Samson I'd have found that harlot's blade
And cut my own hair short!
Then, in a market dimly lit, I'd come casually to pay:

"You see, my coins are counterfeit.
Would you accept them anyway?"

So spare me your goodbyes,
Your waving-handkerchief goodbyes!
Given my tendency to err so on the sentimental side,
I will spare you my goodbyes.
The truth belongs to G-d!
The mistakes were mine.

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