

Lex Zaleta "Narrow Bed"

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Centuries of sin
Have done this planet in;
Have left us all
Shaken and afraid.
Too late to begin
To turn to the truth again;
We must sleep in
The narrow bed
We've made.

Pharisees and pharaohs,
And famine's evil arrows
All have fallen
And decayed.
But I fear I see tomorrow
In the fall of the sparrow.
We must sleep in
The narrow bed
We've made.

The letter of the law
Was all you ever saw;
You never saw
The sentence
To be paid.
When you go to bed tonight,
Don't expect the morning light.
You must sleep in
The narrow bed
You've made.

Caught down near the water,
With Pharaoh's daughter,
On a cool, crisp, Cairo day.
He spoke as any father,
Saying, "You broke her;
Now you bought her.
Now take these two away;
They must sleep in
The narrow bed
They've made."

You've never felt the hunger,
Even when you were much younger;
Your billions were all that you displayed.
Now, you'll find your feasting
All is hollow,
And you'll find this
Hard to swallow:
You must sleep in
The narrow bed
You've made.

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