

Clark Kent Phone Booth "Ode To Eva Cassidy"

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I was tryin' to walk Giant's Causeway all alone
You were reading at dawn your Szyborska's
poems
While the autumn would ash
On your mother's carpet
And the idiots' parade
Somehow still raised a blast
Mirror cried, cried, cried
Off a blue room
Off a blue room
As the cello player threw his bow to the sky
Swear I saw the statues cry
Made a paper boat with my father's funeral bill
Heard those cars hiss by your window's eyes
But my glance had no more thrill
You were playin' barefoot in some underpass
Perfect as a morning on the beach of Carmel
And lilies died, died, died
CHORUS
There were more thorns than roses in the
deputee's speech
So we'd get to the garden to kiss our own gravity
But the only four we ever saw breed
Were the ones that we drank from the bottle indeed
I could feel your own breathing in the pause of your
lyrics
I may roam in the corners of your sleep and your
dreaming
Colors cried, cried, every color cried
Off your blue room
Off your blue room
Swear I, swear I, swear I saw the statues cry
Wait for happiness
Was the joy itself

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