

## **Birch Book**

# **"How The Hours"**

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Staring out of the window  
How the clouds are moving slow  
Watching their broken fragments  
As the tea is on the stove

Floor is scattered paper  
And the dishes all undone  
Before I get my life in line  
I'll write me one more song

How the hours sing along  
Their solemn requiem  
Open sky before me  
Behold me now just as I am

Listen here you old big world  
Beyond my own mind's door  
If you come a-knocking  
Mind you ain't no bore

'Cause if you's gonna clamor  
Awake my weary dream  
You ought at least to offer  
For my tea some cream

How the hours sing aloud  
Their solemn requiem  
Open sky before me  
Behold me now just as I am

I have some time for thinking  
When nothing else is mine  
When I got the world to please  
I cannot find the rhyme

Yeah, when I lose my rhythm  
Where that I can float  
Seems without a river  
Ain't much use a boat

How the hours sing along  
Their solemn requiem

Open sky before me  
Behold me now just as I am

The trees just keep on growing  
And the sky still making rain  
When I wake I know that  
For me it is the same

Ask me why I'm living  
I'll say it always was  
Ask why the sun is giving  
And you see it don't need a cause

How the hours sing along  
Their solemn requiem  
Open sky before me  
Behold me now just as I am

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