

Chris Pureka

"Compass Rose"

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Well I'm lost today,
I'm almost wandering
back to the door that slammed in my face,
oh but here I am, here I am,
here I'll stay...

But when will the street signs stop pointing west,
when will my thoughts stop drifting like smoke
over the ridge to the trail we used to walk?...

Oh does it sound familiar?
The whole thing fades to black
and then you're waiting,
waiting for it to burn again...

Well I'm lost today,
I won't deny it,
I'm going to lay down and wait for the compass rose
under my skin to start to glow.

But look how the sun has painted the trees,
all these colors never known to them,
colors never known to their leaves...
I'd like to sing like that.

Oh does it sound familiar?
The whole thing fades to black
and then you're waiting,
waiting for it to burn again....

But I know that someday,
someday, I'll offer up
a song I was made to play
until even the mocking birds
don't know what to say
and the mornings just make sense, sense, oh yeah...

And where the dawn went I don't know...
just hang a white flag out the window,
until the sunlight shines through it,
well is it morning yet?

I'm lost today,
here I am wandering,
it's late and I'm sure noticing
the crook of my arm is lonely...

But look how the snow has painted the town
so that all of the street light is dancing, dancing
around...
I'd like to love like that.

Does it sound familiar?
But I know that someday,
someday I'll offer up
all my Sunday afternoons
until the rocking chairs
have gone and worn right through
the paint on the porch floor
and we're grey and grey and gone, gone, gone....

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