

Cletis Carr

"Footsteps In The Hall"

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Woke up late in the afternoon
Sat up straight and rubbed my raccoon eyes
Only to find the sun stopped shining down I saw the
moon rise
Bobby got killed last Saturday night
And to most of us, it still hadn't sank in
Except to Annie, his bride-to-be well she sank into a
bottle of gin

Still waiting for the cavalry to call, living like a refugee
Still listening for the footsteps in the hall, when she
comes back home to me

Crawled to my feet and grabbed my shoes
I was still in my clothes from the night before
Walked through the house, it was empty and cold
The floorboards creaked as I opened up the front door
Stepped outside and was mystified by the countryside,
it seemed so out of place
Cause everywhere I looked, the only thing I could see
was her face

Still standing underneath the waterfall, trying to fill a
cup of tea
Still listening for the footsteps in the hall, when she
comes back home to me

If time slowed down I could understand
How a breath of air is like a grain of sand
And why it takes so long to make love last, no matter
how well it's planned
Given the time, the friends I left behind would surely
disappear
And I'll wake up once more on the bedroom floor, the
way I've done after all of these years

Still pounding wooden nails in the wall, still gonna paint
my masterpiece
Still listening for the footsteps in the hall, when she
comes back home to me

