

Peter Green

"Wings Of The Ragman"

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It's raining down roses on the stop where you stand
As you wait for the morning train
The woman beside you, her shoulders are smoking
Her eyes are filling with flame

And it's nothing new, happens each day
Everyone turns away

And back on the platform, the wings of the ragman
Are stretching and shaking and shining, shining like
rain

The street that you live on is brush strokes on canvas
You'd see it if you turned around
The sky fell last wednesday and broke into pieces
And every shard made a sound

But it's nothing new, happens each day
And everyone turns away

It's the clock in your kitchen, it's the faces of children
It's the rising, the falling, the lost, the lost and the
found

And it's all around you now
It's all around you now
It's all around you now
Still you don't see
Still you don't see

The boy on the porch swing, he left glowing footprints
On the sidewalk as he passed by
Oh, you can't see it, I know you can't see it
And back then, neither could I

But it's nothing new, happens each day
And everyone turns away

And back in your old yard, the tree from your childhood
Is thinking about you, and shivers a sigh

And it's all around you now
It's all around you now
It's all around you now
Still you don't see
Still you don't see

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