

Proud Simon "Union Chains"

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Pinching pennies as saviors and casting horseshoes.
On the open road the bell jar broke, the storm starting
blowing right through.
It cast my life into orbit, now the world is split in two.

Back home, in a boarded market, stained glass
scattered in the room
The shopkeeper swept the leaves into the street with a
broom.

Every exit was brilliant on this fault line.
Every goodbye, advice worth taking but I never tried.
Every twist was a reason to bring you with me but not
this time.
All that mattered was up those narrow stairs.
Through the darkness, past the girl trapped in the
mirror.
I know there's cardboard boxes suspending time in air.

Back home in your apartment you waited for the rain.
The shopkeeper bound the wreckage with a chain and
walked away.

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