

The Roches

"A Dove"

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A dove settled on the sill
And I called my cat
Love, if looks could kill
And that was that

The glass of the windowpane
And away she flew
Over the grass glistenin' in the rain
And on out of view

Over the buildings stone wrote cages
Where people live
Over the gilded old outrages
That we can't forgive

The moon hangin' in the sky
Like a copper pan
A tune welling in her eye
Goin' through Cheyenne

The wing of an aeroplane
And away she flew
To sing searing in her brain
Your point of view

Over the mountains changing seasons
And the falling leaves
Long ago countin' damn good reasons
Colors she believes

The phone ringin' off the hook
Like a magic wand
My own let me take a look
In the polluted pond

Escapes aren't all that bad
And away she threw
The tapes and any chance she had
Of returning to

Over the heartache lucid dreaming
Of the lost way out

And if we are awake who's that screaming
What it's all about

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