

## Sarah Slean "Eliot"

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Armies and ice and dirty green  
Newspapers, shovels, sand on the breeze  
I think of Eliot when I smell the street and it's  
sometimes wise  
Just to shut your eyes

Workers and lovers make their living space neat  
Bent out of shape over what to eat  
And I dream of Eliot, but I am discreet 'cause it's  
sometimes wise  
Just to shut your eyes

How sure? How right?  
Can anyone be on sight?  
I said I had hope  
I lied

Oh, the city in the winter, the sewage, the steam  
You fill buildings with people and they rip at the seams  
Somebody's suffering infected my dreams and  
Don't they know? It's just my old soul

How sure? How right?  
Can anyone be on sight?  
I said I had hope  
I lied, I lied

So calm, so wise  
Give him the Nobel Prize  
He said he had hope  
He lied

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