

Sheila Nicholls

"Rapunzel"

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I can see you through the red lights.
Around your window seventeen floors above the world.
I can see you through the raindrops.
Staring at the city from your messy pretty bed.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair
('cause) we need you on the front line down here not up
there.
('Cause) a woman with your will is still exceedingly rare.

I can hear your, humming questions to the Hudson
Shadowy soup just flows away.
Across the roof tops inquiring hunger, age old hunger.
Roots without source lead you astray.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair
('cause) we need you on the front line down here not up
there.
('Cause) a woman with your will is still exceedingly rare.

The door is right beside you.
And the bleeding key can't hide you (and),
(and) there is none to confide to,
'cept yourself,
'cept yourself,
'cept yourself..

I can see you.. ..

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