Siberry Jane "The Taxi Ride"

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it's clear to me now i understand a jump of cards in an idle man's hand ohhh... you're sleeping this is the story of your leaving

i can win you with reason
i can make you agree
the way that i love you
it only makes sense
that you love me
but down through the sad facts
i'm sifting
you did not think this
without help from me

i've called a taxi
it's coming a dawn
i said send the best one
it's a long, long lonely ride
to find the perfect lover
for your lover
and the morning light is breaking

i thought i heard someone screaming outside but it was just a bus pulling away

love is a strange thing it depends what one gives and sometimes to give means give someone away ohhhh... you're sleeping the same sad pillow said you're leaving

i move with your breathing i breathe with your beauty

your sweet heaviness yourdeepvoiceyoursoftneckipressmyface ...did you call me?... it's only the trees outside flailing it's only the sirens that are wailing

hurry up driver
you're going too slow
can't you go faster
it's a long, long, lonely ride
to find the perfect lover
for your lover
and the morning light's just breaking

and then you realize you are alone and your skin against the cold metal of awareness you fall into a deeper dreamless slumber and a stranger enters the room and is struck by the transparency of your cheeks and then your arms and hands and wonders at the waxen figure and walks out again the stranger walks out into the street watching cars pass and people cross and scenery change he sees a palm frond thinks how ugly --- is surprised by the violence of the thought looks again at it feels nothing and walks on

a deep and dreamless slumber where only the slow pulse in the waxen temples keeps vigil

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