

David Fridlund**"The Past Floats Like Stones"**

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The past floats like stones in a town up north by the
coast
a deserted apartment
that's where my memory goes
and you are almost gone, you're almost out of my mind
well, you never come to visit
so you'll have to suit yourself
maybe I'm making the story up as I go
but didn't you tell me you were an old man when you
were
only nine years old?
The sun climbs around, scanning the kitchen for life
I'm out of order
looking down on the city
maybe I grab after something that's long, long gone

sad as it may seem, it's those things that keep you
going
and you walk, and you walk and the city grows smaller
and you've heard every sound and you've seen every
corner
and you dream and you dream and you dream of
whatever
and you hope for a hand to come pull you away
and you've heard of a bird, of the greatest white bird
and you start every day start looking out to see if it's
coming your way

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