

The Fatima Mansions

"Purple Window"

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He and she, their empty house / He's awake, she
sleeps
His eyes are for one sight alone--the purple window
Now his desires, his secret wish, he never lets her see
'cause he keeps it here for the shape that lives in the
purple window
The purple window / The purple window / The purple
window
Celebrations and perspiration
and exploration are gone for good now
The end is sometimes hard to see / The way is wide
and clear
but with contrition here, remission there
well, it could take weeks or years
and there's the purple window / The purple window /
The purple window
You know where his love goes / and he can see the girl
dance
Every move, every line / and he can see his own funeral
in the purple window

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