

Thea Gilmore "Concrete"

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November in a rainstorm, the truest truth I ever heard
The sound of babies crying in a hospital ward
Oh, like a bed of rushes, they spread love out on the
concrete floor
Names, and dates, and faces I really can't remember
anymore

We could hardly tell the difference between one year
and another
Sun like pouring whiskey, snow like shedding skins of
lovers
And, I grew up with magic; free and wild as bindweed
Pushing for the boundary, pushing through the edges
of the concrete

I'm the girl that bought a round-trip cross the Rubicon
And I'm not sure that even I know where I'm coming
from

Sentimental tango when I was just fourteen
I could hear Astaire and Rogers tap their way across
the screen
Oh, bullied and belittled, until the sun set in the
concrete
I wore my sister's black skirt, all dressed up for
Halloween
We could hardly tell the difference between the
shouting and the quiet
It was the path of least resistance to stage my own
private riot
And the walls tumbled like Babel, down around my feet
Rhyme came in deliverance rising through the
wreckage and the concrete

I'm the girl that bought a round-trip cross the Rubicon
I'm not sure that even I know where I'm coming from

For a girl who loves her words, yeah, she loves her
silence more
Found a better example of what hearts and tongues
are for
There is truth in your arm's love, there is truth in this

song

There is truth in the concrete and the nails that our
lives are built upon

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