

Next Time Around

Emiliana Torrini

Then came question and it was about time
The answer came back and it was long
The house it was built by so men in rhyme
But whatever came of his talented son

Who wrote me a dialogue set a tune
Always you told me of being alone
Except for the stories about God and you
And do you still live there, in Buffalo

They put up the walls, no more to say
Nobody stopped to ask why it was done
The stream was too far and the rains too high
So into the city the river did run
Because of the architect the buildings fell down
Smothered and drowned all the seeds that you sowed
I wish I was somewhere but not in this town
Maybe the ocean next time around

I seem to remember the face and the name
But if it's not you I don't care
I know of changes, but nothing would change you
To Theo the sailor who sings in his lair

Then I'll turn and he won't be there,
Dusky black windows to light the dark stair
Candles will nod in the musty air
Oh, with the flames for as many as the years