

Leaning

Joe Henry

I can't stay here in my room
I can't hold my own against the heavy lean
Of your perfume;
That tries to keep your pillow down and low
Across my face
As if what lingers here of you could
Take my breath yet still be my saving grace
Lover, if you rise
Lover, if you go
Lover, if you rise
Lover, if you go

There are plenty who would just as soon
Settle all their debt with blond,
Beneath a whoring moon that answers
Every prayer for rain with flood;
And there will always be one more ready
Savior standing tall
Waving from the tower
That looks from here like
It will sway and fall
Lover, if you rise...

I've cut back your roses just to give myself a day
Free of vulgar beauties that I know
Will fade away;
The scene is like a circus chasing
Winners out of town,
Leaving here a wet street of mirror,
And I won't dare look down
Lover, if you rise...

In my room, things can change any hour
That I'm gone
Something will be on a shelf that I know I left
Scattered and undone;
One small thing will be gone,
Or will be moved just so,
The smallest thing, after you, will be changed
I know, I know, I know
Lover, if you rise...