

## Lighthouse

Joe Henry

Oh, my dear,  
I've swallowed the moon,  
And left it dark like a ring  
Burned on a spoon.  
But now all the stars  
They fall around you,  
And land at your feet  
To light up the room

The sign of the times,  
The rules of the road,  
And our coat of arms all scream  
That mercy gets old.  
But your secret heart,  
As still as bloom,  
Waits at the door  
To light up the room

Your bed is a drift,  
It's come loose from the floor,  
The dead float up like dreams  
I push them back with my arm like an oar.  
But your face is alive  
Like a nickel cartoon,  
Shown on the wall  
To light up the room

The siren on top  
Of the library wall,  
The stairs that give way  
At the end of the hall;  
The pawnshop pavilion,  
The newspaper saloon,  
All burn in your wake  
And light up the room.