

## Sung into the Street

Shearwater

Good morning to the frozen street:  
I'm like a dresser full of leaves,  
My eyes as dry as dust.  
There is a curtain in my mouth,  
It opens and a song comes out.  
I've sung the loneliest words into your listening stones.  
Moss curled and songs have twirled their tunes around your bones.  
Good morning Uncle with your pen,  
The furniture was born again at night while you slept in.  
The room it wrapped around your body,  
Double pillows held your head.  
I watched your shrinking skin,  
And all the lines that fill your face in were falling into space.  
There is a light that is so dim  
And a hand that pulls you in when you can't swim anymore.  
The freezing water fills your lungs,  
The weight of waves surrounds your skin,  
And the outside comes all the way in.  
Your heart is held inside this box  
And we've got to turn it off,  
So please don't be afraid.  
The love you gave us will go on,  
We'll hold your memory when you're gone,  
Your self just can't be saved.  
So shut your eyes and I'll switch off your heart.  
Watch the sick room fall apart.  
Watch this machine's counter restart.  
Uncle, if I could hold your open,  
Never-broken heart,  
I would have held it from the start.