

# A Hundred Stories

Aloha

Woods walls and neon signs  
They're all elbows and eyes  
And how they speak makes sense to the sound  
Of the rain outside

They'll make it sound so cheap;  
Like mornings are all this fine  
Sleeping through tears and slippery nights that will soon cake  
and dry  
I'm not asking why

We left a note in your car in a place where you'll look  
And you'll find out on the way back home, the sunset is someone  
's

From fast clouds to clear sky  
No one's asking why  
Through reflections and handprints  
I can still see for miles

I see couches I could sleep on  
And tell a hundred stories  
Of fatherless friends and friendless fathers  
And those who'll notice that some can stay in while some are left out  
And somehow we all fall asleep tonight