

Distant Stations

Andrew Bird

I found an old rock
In the dry dirt outside
The door of my motel room
It was a triangle
With soft, round edges
And a split down the middle of one corner
It was darker than English moss
Green like the soft frills of a peacock's plume

I waited for you
But I never told you where I was
It was you who taught me
How to write these kinds of equations
And I waited on the steps for you
And I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the parking lot
You taught me how to listen
To these
Distant stations (distant stations)
Distant stations (distant stations)
Distant stations

I saw the sky break
I threw a rock at a crow who was playing in the mulch of some rosebushes by
the motel office
And I missed him
By a good yard or two
And I sang old songs from nowhere
Los Angeles to Albuquerque
I said a small prayer for the poor and the naked and the hungry
And I prayed real hard for you

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And I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the parking lot
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To these
Distant stations (distant stations)
Distant stations (distant stations)
Distant stations (distant stations)
Distant stations (distant stations)
I waited on the steps for you; distant stations
(Distant stations)
These kinds of equations; distant stations
(Distant stations)
The naked and the hungry; distant stations
(Distant stations) Aw yeah
I prayed real hard for you; distant stations
(Distant stations)