

The man who owned the heartache
That lived on the stairs...
Passed me in the night whistling "Memories of You"...

I stared, too frightened to move
For fear my eyes shone a light
On the darkness he drew like a cloak
All around his shoulders...

And the church on the corner
Marked the time for the mother
Who was giving birth to a child across the hall...

And I waited half in anger, half in sadness
For an answer to the call for help
I had written on the wall

And the rain fell like jewels
On the heads of all the fools
Who wandered crazed with their souls ablaze for me...

And the blessing of the hour
Was the twilight and the tower
With its golden bell from the bottom of the sea...

And the moon through the window of the bedroom
Where lovers slumbered
Made a silver dance of such dust beneath the bed...

And I waited for a moment in the lamplight,
Crystal gazing
Listening to their hearts
And the changing of their breath.

Listening to their hearts
And the changing of their breath.