

## Night Noises

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

Night noises are my noises.  
and soiled doves are my birds.  
Lost mornings start my days  
and questions rule my words.  
Shame is in the trunk  
it must be somewhere out of sight.  
and I drink without economy  
when I go out into the night.  
There was a man I looked to  
last I heard he'd sailed away  
made home in south Florida.  
but I don't think he's there today.  
The only one I'd known who gave me comfort  
awe and fear all at once.  
while keeping tools of inspiration near  
He taught me to make big thoughts small  
and stay ruled by human hunger  
weakness we should celebrate  
and not let others drive you under  
Nobility ain't much to ask to find coming ever clearer.  
If a man can keep to task when looking in the mirror.