

Stations

Joe Henry

Bring me the head of John the Baptist
Show it round and shine
His cloudy, marble, crossed and final eyes
Once more into mine.

Give me a leg up high enough
To see beyond this wall,
To be the first to see the victors take the gate
Or to be the last one so fall.

I said, "I meant a world of good"
And she said, "I wouldn't doubt it"
Standing where she was,
She kissed the back of my head;
I said, "we could make the woods"
But she said, "how 'bout it -
Let's sleep and let them
Find us here instead."

Every time I catch a good sang
Wouldn't you know - the station starts to fade,
But every step I've ever taken
Has brought me in time just to hear it slip away.

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Once more into mine.