

Windows

John Hartford

On these vacant streets of nightfall
Try to fool myself, I don't know where I'm going

And these gutters that I'm walking
The reflection of a thousand windows glowing

Some are laughing, some are crying
Some are yawning as I quickly pass them by

Something moving back behind
I hear a bumping, or a sneeze, sometimes a sigh

All those windows, pretty windows
Each contain their private dramas
I just pass outside just glancing up in vain

The flowers grow in boredom
And the curtains hang to mock me
Is there not a chance that I might venture in?

But the empty windows of your eyes
The shades are down to block my gaze within

Your door is shut and boarded up
I stand in silence shivering in the rain

And the wind that bangs a garbage can
Just echoes insults deep within my tortured soul

It says "move on 'ye barefoot boy
There are no windows here for you"
The minutes whisper "time for you to go"

All those windows, pretty windows
Fading back into their hallways
I just stand outside and watch them both in vain

The paint just peels in boredom
And the cobwebs hang to mock me
Is there not a chance that I might venture in?