

The Wind

Jonatha Brooke

[Mom was drifting further and further away from us. I would visit her in Maine, take long walks
Vivid images of a shuttered house on the shore haunted me. Shells that no longer offered up the sounds of the sea
The telltale signs were everywhere]

You take the path down to the shore but no one lives there anymore
Your house is shuttered, cupboards bare, papers scattered everywhere
The labyrinth of all your fears, the twisted plot that brought you here
You wring it out year after year with
"More faith, Lord," and lakes and lakes of tears

Hey, the wind just blows right through you
You're hollow as a shell but you still can't hear the sea
Hey, the wind just blows right through you
Scattering your best intentions
It drives you to your knees until it gets to me
But you'll do exactly what you please, and here comes that breeze

You've only got four stories now "sinner, saint, poet, clown"

I run to catch you when you fall
But before you hit the ground there's no one there at all

Hey, the wind just blows right through you
You're hollow as a shell but you still can't hear the sea
Hey, the wind just blows right through you
Scattering your best intentions
It drives you to your knees until it gets to me
But you'll do exactly what you please

On and on, on and on
You're not fooling anyone, you're not fooling anyone

But somehow you'll still get the joke
Ever bent, but you are never broke
Somehow I still love you
And I know you'll leave me laughing when you go

The wind just blows right through you
I'll collect the shells so I can hear the sea
Hey, the wind just blows right through you
So I will hold your best intentions, down here on my knees, I'm praying

"Please, just give me 'More faith, Lord' and shelter from that breeze"