

When the sun is almost out of view  
I see the old man climbing to his roof  
Leans against the sky into the painted distance  
Tries to hear it every night  
He wants to make it right

Calling out of somewhere  
Voices in the shadows  
Calling out of someplace  
Moving one by one

Says he had sons, all about my age  
Can't remember more the pictures fade  
Blink and years go by the days go on forever  
Shines the medals every day  
He doesn't miss a day

Under indigo and charcoal skies  
He listens when the traffic rattle dies  
On the jetstream signals at the edge of silence  
More than half a world away  
Is not so far away