

Joan

The Innocence Mission

So, I see their easels at the water from the window
I know his is not as his is never with them
Seven years I've watched them sadly
Watching with them, understanding

Joan, my head hurts, my head hurts
Joan, I must close the curtain

They will come back in the evening
See the way the sky is changing
Can you see the colors?
He would say to me

Well, of course, I see the colors
Sea is silver, red and white
And no, you don't look, you don't see
No, you don't look, you don't see

In the squares of sun
Slanted on the floor
Slanted over my feet, Joan
This is how he painted me

A halo round me like our lady
Bathed his brush in sun
And blurred my faults away

Joan, the sunlight the sunlight
Joan, I must close the curtain