

A Dove

The Roches

A dove settled on the sill

And I called my cat

Love, if looks could kill

And that was that

The glass of the windowpane

And away she flew

Over the grass glistenin' in the rain

And on out of view

Over the buildings stone wrote cages

Where people live

Over the gilded old outrages

That we can't forgive

The moon hangin' in the sky

Like a copper pan

A tune welling in her eye

Goin' through Cheyenne

The wing of an aeroplane

And away she flew

To sing searing in her brain

Your point of view

Over the mountains changing seasons

And the falling leaves

Long ago countin' damn good reasons

Colors she believes

The phone ringin' off the hook

Like a magic wand

My own let me take a look

In the polluted pond

Escapes aren't all that bad

And away she threw

The tapes and any chance she had

Of returning to

Over the heartache lucid dreaming

Of the lost way out

And if we are awake who's that screaming

What it's all about