

Carriages

Tiny Ruins

Noise before the dawn lures me up and about
Padding on bare feet, quiet as a lover's doubt
All of the railings black against the light
Early cars cold, and tired eyes
Workaday, workaday
Carriages of the night cry by
Can you weave me a forgiving sea?
Sew me a boat to get back to thee?
Will you build me an honest bridge
That I may cross when I come to it?
Find me a pair of fool-proof wings
Spin me a story that unwinds and sings
All of the trials of my good friends
All of the ways to save and make amends
Strike me at this hour so clear
But a thieving sky, she steals me here
Can you weave me a forgiving sea?
Sew me a boat to get back to thee?
Will you build me an honest bridge
That I may cross when I come to it?
Find me a pair of fool-proof wings
Spin me a story that unwinds and sings