

Some Slender Rest

Two Gallants

Mama go make my bed
Tuck in the absurd
These confessions are mine
But I'll claim not a word

It's a restless parade that passes me by
And through the cracks in my palm
I've seen them all gone
Some sequence of lives

She calls out alone
With a pain in her voice
It's the wound of betrayal
It's the weapon of choice

That left her heart on display
Two tattoos of skin
One of ice, one of tin
For the days have gone by

But I ain't one to reminisce
Close my heart and clench my fist

Now the days swiftly pass
With a chestfull of fear
Here the minutes are ours
But the moments are yours

And old acquaintances pass in trios, in pairs
If they stay or they go
One struggles to know
One struggles to care

But out beyond the penitentiary walls
The wind blows hard, the highway calls

And if you should pass the St. James Hotel
Please stop in 'cause I knew you well
But that was, oh, so long ago
And no, I never learned how to let go

But if you fear your own thoughts
And you're sick of this life
If you're reckless of hand
And trembling a knife

Though your doors prefer locks
And your death prefers spoons
Come step out your gate, one last laugh at fate
Forever is too soon

But if I'm sick or if I'm well
Across the field the death bell knells

So run and tell my darling true
That my death is short
My breath is you, so please come down

And take my hand, my last demand

And lead me to some slender rest
But please dismiss what I confess