

Firewood

Typhoon

I went out to the neighborhood
I was looking for some firewood
I stole into a strangers home
And strange, still, became my own

I fell for mantle photographs
Some distant vacation, some greener grass
A wife in white dress, myself in black
O little ghosts, ghosts, my future heart attacks

At night I press the window-pane
And set my lens across the lane
Reflected room, oh refracted flame
That is my home, home,
That is where I came from

It's time I travel back to youth
To tell the life that's false from the life that is true
And if I borrowed love for you
I will pay my debts, I will start anew