

Shadowland (capo 4)

I came to see the flower stands, the vegetables, the cigarettes
the subway station bucket man, the headphones and the heat
I thought that I might try again, the living and the breathing
but the living and the breathing don't come easy

I used to be a waste of time, an empty bottle lying down
a trap door with the latches gone, hanging by a hinge
Now I guess I'm something else, a raven on an overpass
a wanderer, a silver ghost, a beacon

Before, I saw it everywhere, in car windows, the guarded stare
the hollow eyes, the hunted fear, I had to look away
I thought that I might lose my breath, the living and the coming death
the living and the aftermath, the fade

I used to be a waste of time, a burning match lit underground
a figure in the shadowland, a feather in a cage
Now I hope I'm something else, a blinding flash, a fragment spell
a bird released from some old bell, escaping

