

The Question (capo 3)

In my dream you were beautiful, backlit, noble
In the lowlight of the window, you were leaning on the edge
The high rises and billboards, for perfume and call girls
The steam above the dark road, the smoke around your head

I knew you by description, the tall tales, the pictures
Your short hair and your lipstick, the smell of coming rain
I wanted to remain there, a voyeur, a stranger
Below you in the night air, waiting to be changed

Eyeliner and nylons, the calm upon your face drawn
Revealing next to nothing, a deal you don't believe
The bible in a locked drawer, the truth you gave it up for
The hymnal and the comfort for the chance at living free

And lined up with the laundry, your slacks and all those stockings
Suit jacket and the soft things you dance in when you dream
The neighbors never mention, the woman they see leaving
Is the man who works the morning shift selling gasoline

In my dream you were stone still, shadowed, half built
A masterpiece of pure will, just waiting on the world
To gaze upon your body, a razor on a rough cheek
The blaze of burning beauty, the saved and the worth saving
A hallelujah waiting to raise the heavy curtains
A play with no good ending, a prayer that never mentioned
The glory of the question and the answer is the same

