

Stare

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Now, what should I say, you question me, ice
in my eyes.

How, after all that, can you return, trauma for
highs?

Time and time again you think you know a
person's heart,

Only to find it's not so.

Twice around the track is not so bad but after
that,

You think you'd finally know.

Here, evening invades, chilling us both,
trapping our breath.

There, you played a tune, warming the room
distancing death.

Plastic keys and hammers smashing notes
and chords that crack

Against the walls and the glass.

Life has got to give us something more than
this to keep

With all our dreams streaming past.

Our loves are the modes of the music we play

Our lives are our hands, flailing blind.

Then, do we agree, try to again, focus our
wills

Ten, days maybe years, calming our fears,
warming our chills.

Relax,

Hear your breath,

Form your soul.