

Sketch (capoed on 5th fret)
Robert Edgar © 2003

C F
Birdsong erupts as the
C G
perfume of dawn
FMAJ7
A few bundled people stroll
D
slowly across the square
D/F# D/G D/F#
The suction of tires
B A /G /F# /E
traversing the cobblestones
G
Across Konigstrasse,
FMAJ7
A coffee cup now
Em
is a measure of time
C
As eyelid and cheekbone tick
C B A G F
as the morning dries
F Em
the ragslop of sleep
F G
in the slippery day.

Smoke webs suspend over
heavy dark tomes
Cascades of knocking heard
tumbling down the halls
Time isn't managed by watches,
but men are--
Our words and our shadow plays.
A cigarette now
is a measure of time
The time to search faces

for pursing and smiles
What she said; what he heard;
what I'll say.

Dm F
I imagine this room
Em
as inside a camera...
Am7 (pedalpoint...)
Through that wooden frame

the past is projected,

In that wooden form

is the present reflected,
G F
On that wooden surface
F E
an image is burned...
F E
An exposure of five hundred years.

Church bell cacophonies
circle the town
More drunks than parishioners
lull on the public bench.
As bleeding Christs witness
this grainy exposure,
I case these buildings,

My wineglass now
is a measure of time
That I try to prolong with a
last conversation
Roiling inside with the
presence of centuries
Lit by street corner light,
in this darkroom of day.