

Conversations With Ghosts

Bear's Den

You needn't be a chamber
To house all the echoes and voices of those that have left you
Are you talking to me or somebody that you once knew
Passing through?
Do we talk anymore or do our voices
Dance around themselves in circles till we can't hear a damn thing?
We're still as stone but our shadows are dancing
Upon the wall

Oh, if ever get tired
Of your conversations with ghosts
And all those that you let too close
I'll be waiting

And I'll go swimming in the caves
In the sparkle in your eyes
They're just the tears you don't let yourself cry
Trying so hard to say goodbye

Precious little mercies
As I stumble between the pillars of this worn-out hacienda
In the moonlight
Sometimes it takes a storm to appreciate the still night
Don't let the darkness in

And your voice just raging
But how can I protect you from what happened to you then
What's already been?
I can't give you the words that really should have come from him
Babe, I'm showing you my hand

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