

## She is my Escape

John Smith

The crowd at the gate is hanging on late  
Like posters from some lost campaign  
Suits loose and frayed, their hats blown away  
Sails catching nothing but rain  
I stand with a rope tied firm to the hope  
That we'll leave a good night where it fell  
And that light bursting free is coming for me  
Let's love and let's do loving well

Now I woke in a cloud after speaking aloud  
To a vision of you in the street  
Back in my room, the heat in full bloom  
I see lilies grow wild at my feet  
And so down the line I'll keep your heart in mine  
And our lungs ring an hourly bell  
It's as clear as the moon as it follows and  
Taps on my shoulder; I'm under her spell

Out here in the night where I once lost the fight  
And abandoned all hope for a home  
I seek out her shape, you know she is my escape  
And I'll follow wherever she goes  
The hinge of her door well it groans and roars  
And what stands between us like a veil  
Is my fear and my doubt, but I turn and sing  
Darling, let's love and let's do loving well.