

Periphery Waltz

Jolie Holland

When the supreme authorities of our culture
Tell us to get down on our knees
And beg for salvation from some divinity
Is it any wonder there are people
Begging on the street for salvation from poverty?

Well, it's no surprise to me
I left my home in the church

I left my home in the suburbs to wander
I did it all for my dreams and the star
That I followed fell from the periphery
the street lights slipping down
My windshield fell like falling stars

Down a dark country road
I first left my home when I was seventeen
And I paid my respects to my fellow rejects
But I tended to wander alone like I was listening
To the words of a song, whispered soft and low

It's kind of like dancing
It's kind of like losing your mind
And I've often considered
The impracticability of my life
The moon behind the clouds is ill-defined

I got lost so many times but I could not
Be consigned to a fate of obsolescence
And decline, so I'll take the chance again
And the Mockingbird is my friend when he sings
A song in the warm midnight wind, I'll follow
My old tune and I'll wish you good morning