

I steal a look between the blinds
I unwind
She sleeps in comfort in my arms
She is plain, but she is mine
Our child is silent but awake
I run my hand through his hair
I teach him manners and how to stick up
For himself when things get bad
I tell him, "Son, never throw the first punch,
And if you must fight, make it clean"

Shiola, Shiola, will all be forgiven?
Shiola, Shiola, am I strong enough to start again alone?

The taste of home is filling up my mouth
Is it wrong to love a family of ghosts?
Her door is open, the windows are all up
She says, "Come inside"

I live alone, more or less
I summon wife, child, and happiness
Build them up from the dirt and clay
I have to believe that all will be forgiven

Shiola, Shiola, will all be forgiven?
Shiola, Shiola, am I strong enough to start again alone?
Shiola, Shiola, my heart is overflowing
Shiola, Shiola, the love and anger coiled into one

They take and take, but never get their fill
I try and try, but fail against my will
I wait and wait, for that hand to sweep me up
And take me down the road home