

700 Houses

Susan Tedeschi

Looking out my window,
What do I see?
Seven hundred houses,
Scattered in front of me.
Silence all around me,
Deafening the air.
Not a sign of anyone,
I just have to stare.

What is this madness?
My hopes and dreams are sand.
All the signs that led me home
Are scattered to the wind.
I'm searching for my friends,
And shaking in my skin.
Where have all of my saints gone?
Will they come marching in?

What can be done?
Another storm to overcome.
What can be done?
What can be done?
Another storm to overcome.
Now?

Let's pick up the pieces
From this tragedy.
You and I must come to terms
With this reality.
I'm lost, and I'm looking,
My city's washed away.
But you know that I'll be back,
I'm coming back to stay.