

Records from your Room

The Innocence Mission

Records from your room are in bloom,
fountaining out from the buildings
in bright colors onto the street,
and I meet you there out in the air,
I'm listening.

Is there a word for these things
we've felt and we've seen,
in the blocks of town, the depths of belief,
the kindness of strangers
in leaps and in ranges where I've never been,
and you've never been before?
A word becomes a door,
soon, to come through.

Rain could be the sigh we would breathe at this time.
Umbrellas open now could be the arms we would reach.
And I meet you there out in the air.
You're glistening.

Is there a word for this time,
the changes we find,
the music that blooms now out of your room,
the kindness of strangers
in cities, in places where I've never been,
and you've never been before?
A word becomes a door,
soon, to come through