

## Facing West

### The Staves

A room with a window facing west  
Towards the sea  
You, with your hands across your chest  
Facing me

Sing me a song, your voice is like silver and  
I don't think that I can do this anymore

I'll take the high road that he walked  
Once before  
You sit and watch me as I come  
Through the door

Sing me a song, your voice is like silver and  
I don't think that I can do this anymore

Sing me a song, your voice is like silver and  
I don't think that I can do this anymore  
Show me the path down to the shoreline 'cause  
I don't know if I can do this anymore

A room with a window facing west.