

French sky blue waltz

Brieve Morison

I heard your train roll over  
As I lay beneath the bridge  
Picking at the chicken bone  
I'd stolen from her fridge  
I hear your bottle of wine  
Splinter on the track  
As you said I can only play  
For a thousand the market is so slack

The harvest fires of France and Spain  
Burn red in the month of September  
As the blades of the loose footed workers glint  
In the sun as the mountains descend her  
I see a rain that pours  
On some far off ocean shore  
And whether you'd be there or not  
I know I'd stay indoors

Ever since it bit the priest the dogs been chained all day  
Lying hiding in the shadows simply pining away  
I'm sure he misses your company roaming in the grass  
But most of all he misses the sound of your guns blast

I strained my ears to hear the sound  
Of your train as it died away  
Then walking home on the same rough road  
Beneath the milky way  
I heard that dog start barking pleased to see someone  
I think he'll find as time goes by you weren't the only one