

The Last Empty Room Blues

b b b g b e e d b g a

Summer fields of corn were not so long ago.

a] b a f] a b a f] g e f] d e

I made songs of children's noise and things that must be so.

e b b b g a] b b e e d b g a

The breeze that blew across the fields was warm and smelled of dawn.

a] b a f] a a] b c a] b f] a g e

Now I dream of clouds of crows and a screaming siren song.

I may look like a man, Lord, I feel more like a shell.

My bed lies empty in the dark; the room's a neon hell.

I pace the lonely corridors and sing a wasted song.

My mind was made for mighty thoughts--mighty thoughts turn out wrong.

I turn from each false idol. Every step I take

A hissing whisper tells me, "All truths here can wait."

The wind blows through the city, rips up frozen blood.

The sun lays frosted eggs of glass on streets of painted mud.

In that last of empty rooms, someday I will die.

Then I'll know the question and, I hope, the reason why.

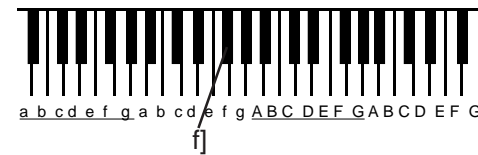
Every room I have entered, one thing I have found:

Hate will build you up too high--Love will surely tear you down!

Hate will build you up too high. Love will surely tear you down!

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