

Covered in Vines

A lady is sitting in ~~her~~^a chair
 She's on the telephone
 She hangs up, she stands up
 She walks to the window
 She looks out
 She's thinking about the party
 There's a date book in her hands
 She looks at them.

This lady takes a breath but
 She's more than alive
 She's a mystery, she's undefined
 And we leave her, covered in vines.

This lady is a lovely lady
 She's an inspiration
 We could see her darkness
 Or we could let her shine
 And we leave her, covered in vines
 And we leave her, covered in vines.

There's a man on the corner
 He stands there
 He wears a suit
 He shares ancestors with the trees
 He watches approaching cars
 The streets swim in his thought
 But yesterday's losing its hold
 And there's dinner.

He is another us
 He's entirely in us
 He keeps eons in his instants
 And galaxies in his pockets
 And we leave him, covered in vines.

eons(sp?)

He is your lover
 He is your oppressor
 He is gorgeous, he is horrible, he is divine
 And we leave him, covered in vines
 And we leave him, covered in vines
 And we leave them, covered in vines
 And we leave them, covered in vines.