

BREAD & BONES

The Wolf is at the Door - © 2003 Richard Ruane

My son called me to the living room
Said the wolf was at the door
And I could see him through the window
In the road the dogs of war
Oh, and I might have let him in right then
His smile so wide and kind
But the whistle from the kettle
Drove the whole thing from my mind

Deeda-lada-deeda-dum
Bum-by-di-deeda-dum-by
Deeda-lada-deeda-dum
Bum-by-di-deeda-dum-by

My family seated round the table
The loose tea steamed and brewed
Sliced the bread to make the toast
As the ghosts called out for food
Oh, and I might have fed them all right then
Their pictures on the wall
But everyone I've ever known
Waits hungry in the hall

There are many different places
You might travel to
Some on roads for many
Some on roads for few

Through the din of conversation
I heard the words "When I was young"
And I could see me by the corner
With my blanket and my thumb
Oh, and I might have known it all back then
The world small and confined
But everything I've ever seen pushed it further from my mind