

BREAD & BONES

You Call to Me – © 2007 Richard Ruane and Beth Duquette

You call to me, I barely hear you
Your voice is soft, like troubled air
You call to me, why should I fear you
I see your shape, but you're not there
You call to me like a river to a stone
You call to me like a soldier headed home
You call to me like an echo of a sound I might have known
You call to me, but I'm alone

You call to me, and I ignore you
I feel your thought, what might have been
You call to me, I've nothing for you
I cannot hear that voice again
You call to me like a sparrow to the sky
You call to me like a shimmer to the eye
You call to me like an emigrant who speaks a last goodbye
You call to me, I won't reply

In the morning sun, I watch you go away
The curtain fell, but still the spell, has held me to this day
You linger on, when you should go
Don't hold me, let me go
Don't call me, let me go
And stay away

You call to me, when day is breaking
I see it stealing in from night
You call to me, I don't need waking
Your voice is fading with the light
You call to me like a boat calls to a shore
You call to me like a pain that I ignore
You call to me like a dream that's left me shaken and unsure
You call to me, don't any more
Through memories and empty hours and thought I won't endure
You call to me, not any more