

Beady Belle, September

Tonight

There must be people who are gettin' what they want

I let my oars fall into the water

Good for them

Good for them

Gettin' what they want

Gettin' what they want

The night is so still that I

Forget to breathe

The dark air is gettin' colder

Birds are leavin';

Tonight

There are people gettin'; just what they need

Tonight

There are people gettin'; just what they need

The air

Is so still that it seems to stop my heart

I remember you in a black and white photograph

Taken this time of some year

You were leaving against a half-shed tree

Standing in the leaves the tree had lost

The night is so still that I

Forget to breathe

When I finally exhale it

Takes forever to be over

Tonight

There are people gettin'; just what they need

Tonight

There are people gettin'; just what they need

Tonight there are people who are so happy

That they have forgotten

To worry about tomorrow

Somewhere people

Have entirely forgotten about tomorrow

My hand trails in the water

I should not have

Dropped those oars

Such a soft wind

Such a soft wind

Tonight

There are people gettin'; just what they need

Tonight

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