

Scott Walker, Rosemary

Voices from a photograph
Laughed from your wall
Screamed through your dreams
Wake up rosemary and wipe your teary eyes

Rise and cross the cold bare floor
And watch the moon through frosted glass
Damn that photograph
I'll have to take it down

She hears the boats as they move down the river
She sees a dog straining hard on his leash to get away
She hears the clock and it strikes like a hammer
Pounding the nails one day further in the coffin of her
Youth

Evenings with your mother's friends
Pregnant eyes, sagging chins
Swollen fingertips
Pour antique cups of tea

Who are you and where you been?
Suspended in a weightless wind
Watching trains go by
From platforms in the rain

Look at the photograph
Dream back last summer
Dream back the lips
Of that traveling salesman, mr. jim

He smelled of miracles
With stained glass whispers
You loved his laughter
You tremble beneath him once again

That's what i want
A new shot at life
But my coat's too thin
My feet won't fly

And i watch the wind and i see another dream blowin' by