

Badlees, The, Luther's Windows

Badlees, The
Up There Down Here
Luther's Windows
(alexander)

Luther's windows are littered with nothing
A crystal, a picture, a dead potted sage
A dusty white curtain, the nose prints of a dog
A shot glass collection from his truck driving days

Luther's bedroom is as hot as an oven
With air that's as stale as old forgotten bread
In a cage on the dresser there's a parrot that talks
But her name over and over is all that it says

Turn your back to the sun
You see only shadows
Look beneath the stars
You see only night
Like a homesick sailor
Luther's standing in the window
Watching the world floating by him tonight

Luther's hands once held a chain
With keys to a home and a blue chevrolet
Now he lives with his mother, steals all her liquor
And chain smokes and stares at the ceiling for days

Turn your back to the sun
You see only shadows
Look beneath the stars
You see only night
Like a homesick sailor
Luther's standing in the window
Watching the world floating by him tonight

Luther's sitting by himself on the sofa
With his head bowed down but his eyes are open wide
Having a one man revival with an electronic bible
Listening to the parade going by
And the bass drum is pounding, the trumpets are bleating
And he's reading a verse from st. john
A trickle of light seeps through the blind
Luther pulls down the shade until he makes up his mind

Well, turn your back to the sun
You see only shadows
Look beneath the stars
You see only night
Like a homesick sailor
Luther's standing in the window
Watching the world floating by him tonight
It's floating by him tonight