

Fall 1973

All I Ask Is To Be Alive Next Spring

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ALL I ASK IS TO BE ALIVE NEXT SPRING

Lord all I want
is a free ride through this town
To pass the mountains without fear
the sawmills the bars
I need but won't look

I know she's there
waiting at every corner
for the light to change
handcuffs hidden in her purse

The last time we met
she was a tree
I cut down
and burned to keep warm

these buildings these streets
the bums always empty
tapping me for beer or port
make my blood shiver

stand still though I want to pass
without guilt
and feel they are friends
but Lord it costs too much
to pretend next year
we can speak in a different language
a photograph burning at the edges