

Home is Where the Music Plays

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2007

OF THE OCEAN & THE MOON

In the night by candle light
to the rhythm of the clock.
I'm looking through your clear, smooth face
at an island made of rock.
There beneath an olive tree
sits a woman with a loom
weaving cloth the color of
the ocean and the moon.

I want to sit beside her
if only just to watch,
but I'm afraid her holy work's
too fragile for my eyes to touch
for in my moonless traveling
I've seen the ocean floor.
Dark and strange and lovely things
I need to see once more.

There she sits beneath the tree
her face calm sea serene
and I feel like a wicked man
better left unseen
so I will draw back through your face
and blow the candle out.
She disappears. You disappear.
I disappear in a deep bow.

My eyes open slowly,
two glowing coals that burn.
My head lying on my arms.
Still sitting in a chair.
I faintly hear the music
of the morning sun singing on the street
and I am clothed in ocean cloth.
The moon resting at my feet.

So if at night you sit alone
staring into a flame
and if you're feeling holy
and if you feel no shame,
greet the weaving woman
sitting by the shore.
Please tell her that I loved her
though I watched her from afar.