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Finishing The Hat

Reference number pt1206

Yes, she looks for me... good.
Let her look for me to tell me why she left me...
as I always knew she would.

I had thought she understood.
They have never understood,
and no reason that they should.
But if anybody could...

Finishing the hat, how you have to finish the hat.
How you watch the rest of the world from a window
while you finish the hat.

Mapping out a sky, what you feel like, planning a sky.
What you feel when voices that come through the window
go until they distance and die,
until there's nothing but sky.

And how you're always turning back too late
from the grass or the stick or the dog or the light.
How the kind of woman willing to wait's
not the kind that you want to find waiting
to return you to the night, dizzy from the height,
coming from the hat, studying the hat,
entering the world of the hat,
reaching through the world of the hat like a window,
back to this one from that.

Studying a face, stepping back to look at a face,
leaves a little space in the way like a window,
but to see...
It's the only way to see.

And when the woman that you wanted goes,
You can say to yourself, "Well, I give what I give."
But the woman who won't wait for you knows
that, however you live,
there's a part of you always standing by,
mapping out the sky, finishing a hat...
Starting on a hat...
Finishing a hat...
Look, I made a hat...
Where there never was a hat...