

Bluebeard (John Baker 2007 ©)

There's a three-legged cat on the stairway looking so
lonesome as if he's got nothing to hide and nowhere to run,
He limps to boat tied to the wharf, looks back at me and I
see he's the bluebeard of this one,
The two of us stepping out in the night, we never know what
we're going to find
The emperor in the park's all alone, looking on I can hear
him sigh

Chorus

Your steel cranes can't fly, or while away the night
You told me long ago, don't let your heart grow cold

A man in a doorway is drinking a flame burning a hole where
a cold wind is blowing again,
His honour is all that is left to him now after losing his job
and a reason to climb out of bed,
The two of us stepping out in the night, we never know what
we're going to find
Skeletons at the day left behind and other bones that are
piling high

Chorus

I like to come here at this time of the night when the boats
are asleep and a cool wind is fooling around,
The smoke in the air from the fisherman there is a perfect
depiction of how I'll be leaving this town.

Chorus