

LINES AND SPACES

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In the old front room that overlooked the yard
Along the back wall standing like a guard
Was the big brown box that helped me make sense of the world

He found it at the dump and brought it home to me
And that was all it took to set my young mind free
And that big brown box helped me make sense of the world

He taught me lines and spaces
She taught me how to read faces

The house was always so cold and the ashtray always full
And every word she said scratched at me like wool
But the big brown box helped me make sense of it all

And I was always unsure of how I ought to be
Somehow it seemed that that wasn't up to me
But the big brown box helped me make sense of it all

He taught me lines and spaces
She taught me how to read faces

As soon as I'd sit down I'd close my eyes and play
What a beautiful pain to wish everything else away
Except the big brown box that helped me make sense of the world

And now that they've all gone, the old piano too
I hope I've got what it takes to follow what is true
That big brown box showed me how to be in the world

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