

My Finger

Lyrics: John Frederick Mason

Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

♩ = 60 /c /b Cm/bb Adim Dm7b5/ab Cm/g G

My fin-ger is trac-ing the drop-lets that slide on the win-dow-pane. The

5 Cm /bb Abmaj7 F9 Bb Dm7b5/bb Eb/bb Bb

af - ter-noon grey as the weath-er out-side and the driv-ing rain. Each

9 Eb Bb/f Cm/g G

drop is a tad-pole that's want-ing to swim. Each holds a me-nis-cus as tight as a skin en -

13 Ab /bb /c /d /eb Fm Gsus4 Csus4 Cm Csus4/bb Cm/bb Csus4/a Cm/a

clos-ing a world that is not one I'm in. The mo - ment dis - per - ses. The pic - ture re -

18 Abm6 Abm Eb/g Eb Ab /f Eb/g /bb Ab F9 Fm/bb Abadd9/bb Eb

ver - ses. The world is a win-dow but what does it see? Does it see me?

My finger is tracing the droplets that slide
on the windowpane.
The afternoon grey as the weather outside
and the driving rain.
Each drop is a tadpole that's wanting to swim.
Each holds a meniscus as tight as a skin
enclosing a world that is not one I'm in.
The moment disperses.
The picture reverses.
The world is a window but what does it see?
Does it see me?

My finger moves softly and follows the grain
of a wooden door.
The ridges are rings in a landscape of veins
where the sap once poured.
I think of the stories this lintel could tell
of feet on the threshold, a hand on the bell,
the door of a house where the centuries dwell.
I'm lost in my thinking
and suddenly shrinking –
the world is a doorway and where does it lead?
Does it lead me?

My finger is touched by a butterfly wing
as it folds in prayer.
It stitches bright patterns and rises in rings
that are light as air.
As soft as an eyelash, it closes in sleep –
the movement makes waves in the waves of the deep,
and over the lowlands the hurricanes sweep...
The tides start their turning,
the future is burning.
On wings of this prayer, where will the world fly?
And where will I?

My finger points now to horizons ahead –
and the way I choose...
And now at the prints, on the path that I tread,
of my fathers' shoes.
The road that I follow starts way back in time,
my past and my future are not only mine;
I'm not just the end, I'm the start of a line...
A drop in the ocean...
Perpetual motion...
The world's rolling by, rolling by, rolling by –
And so am I...