

The Watchman's Chair

The room is still, so still that everything out there
Becomes nothing in here
Before me is a pine box, unpainted, unadorned
But for a little wooden star they glued on top

The star floats above the man inside the box
Sealed off from everything
Become nothing, lying oh so still
Too still for sleep
And for this hour I will keep caring watch
Over the body of the man who is no more

Chorus:

*Starlight doesn't shine in here
I sit beside the casket
And it's strange to feel no fear
I know that it will be my turn one day
And though I'll no longer know enough to care, I hope that someone else will take my
place
And take their turn in the watchman's chair*

Some may place a candle at their loved one's head and feet
To light up the way to heaven
The custom here is different, we take turns taking care
Of our dearly beloved one

Each one of us is the candle
Lighting the heart-shaped hole poked in a world
That's fast asleep
And for this hour I will keep caring watch
Over the body of the one who is no more

Chorus:

My days stretch out all blurry, behind me and before me
A million moments rush by in a whirl
When I guard this simple box I'm reminded once again
We're each a tiny speck in the history of the world

A hundred years from now, who'll know I was here?
Will it matter that I mattered once

To someone else who's just as gone
Too still for sleep
And in that hour who will keep caring watch
Over the body of the one I was ...

Chorus:

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