

Nothing Left to Say

Jim is sitting in the corner
They've engaged the parking brake
As I launch into another song
His one finger starts to shake

It's been months since he has spoken
Mostly he just sits and stares
Long ago he was a drummer
But now he doesn't leave this chair

So I smile at him, and I feel for Jim
I can see him slipping away
My greatest fear, one day you'll find me here
With nothing left to say

Several years ago I met him
The music jolted him awake
He'd rap his hands upon the table
So hard I feared that they might break

Now the drummer's hands are quiet
Silenced by the hands of time
But that one finger still remembers
And it's sending me a sign

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