

Before Words

This morning before any words were spoken
I looked inside to check for broken
I looked for you and I looked for me
When nothing tore and nothing (no one) crumbled
And dreams and you were all a jumble
I called you up just to see

This morning I saw a hog-nosed snake
A-spreading and hissing - all a fake
I built a cover for the wood
As if I was gonna stay
And I called you up (and I called you up) just to see

'Cause once there's a frost on wooded ground
And the full moon shines in the roof window
And the shingles are on and the paint's dried down
There'll be nothing left but me
So I called you up just to see

One more rise, one more landing
Lights on the edge of my wings
Whether I touch down rough or glide
Will you hold me to my dreams
'Cause I get so lost trying to be everything.

Paddles dripping, cold moon river
Sails fly out on the blue
Whether we make in now or never
It still come down to you
It's always somewhere in between
And it's always you