

Out on the Farthest Range

Out on the farthest range where the forest meets the sky
And the dying sun peeks over for a look at where I lie
Down at the pond the red-winged blackbirds flying towards the sun
They'll be far away by the time tomorrow has begun

*And me, I'm falling with the rain (leaves, trees, dreams) to the ground
As it is, I'm falling all around*

Come take a look out the window, love, there's so much more to see
As the clouds dance the sun down and the leaves fall from the trees
Up in the meadow the daylight goes as swiftly as it came
I didn't get much done today, I couldn't see through the pain

Come run to the edge of the field with me, love, take in the evening's breath
If I felt like I was living, why do I think so much of death
Away in a dream and a summer's gone and I'm lying in the sand
Waiting for the sun to rise and reaching for your hand

So, I'm not waiting for any answers now, I've got little more to say
There's so much I'm supposed to do and yet I sing away the day
Up in the clouds there's a shadow of the blackbirds going by
If there's one thing that I've learned today, it's that I can't begin to fly