

# Not The Leaving

Aoife O'Donovan

Go and gather up your things for the long ride  
Don't ask me, "Where are we going?"  
It'll take time

And the flowers, oh, the flowers will be buried under snow when  
the cold winds blow  
But the lake changes quicker than you know

At the seaside wading in the low tide in the shallows  
In the wintertime, stars in the western sky flicker and fade out

But the water, oh, the water is shaking at the breeze from the  
high, high seas  
And the lake changes are bitter to my knees

Then I'll wade down  
I'm weighed down with family photographs and relics I've found  
in a back room  
I'll be back soon  
I won't sink, I'll swim  
I'll be back soon

You and I, let's build a bonfire in the sand dunes  
And sit a while, cheek-to-cheek  
And I'll be humming your favorite tune

It's not the leaving that's grieving me  
It's the thought of you alone making my heart moan  
And when the lake changes, down the road I go

Then I'll wade down  
I'm weighed down with family photographs and relics I've found  
in a back room  
I'll be back soon  
I won't sink, I'll swim

Then, I'll wade down  
I'm weighed down with family photographs and relics I've found  
in a back room  
I'll be back soon  
I won't sink or swim  
I'll be back soon

Go and gather up your things for the long ride