

# Honeymoon Child

Bill Callahan

You are a true honeymoon child  
Conceived on an island on the sun  
Heels dug in the white sand  
Loved and adored from day one

Raised in the wild space between two hearts  
Where vines climb trees toward the light  
Running naked, dragging a kite  
Or your dress on a string

You bring out the soft side in everyone  
We gather like ravens on a rusty scythe  
Just to watch such a little dove  
Just to watch such a little dove fly away

Mr. Bones from town  
Said he saw you the other day  
Said you'd changed but he wouldn't say how  
It can always turn, it can always turn  
The wind can always turn