

## When the One Flowered Suitcase

### The Innocence Mission

When the one flowered suitcase declares winter over,  
plans, whether realized or not, do their best.  
And we have got to keep on.

We meant to start here. A new year,  
in Finland, with cloud banks slanting down.  
We thought that it mattered- it did not,  
like no money, and we've got to keep on,  
and carry each other  
through these forests,  
through these long buildings,  
up every stair flight.  
Let's say we are tired  
from getting our hopes up again,  
again, let's say we are tired. Yes, it's alright,  
yes, it's alright I hear you.  
Yes, it's alright,  
yes, it's alright I'm with you.

When the one flowered suitcase is replaced,  
is untraced, let us not change so much.  
Let's stay in our old clothes  
and walk around this known and dear life,  
and carry each other  
through these forests,  
through these long buildings,  
up every stair flight.  
Let's say we are tired  
from getting our hopes up again,  
again, let's say we are tired. Yes, it's alright,  
yes, it's alright I hear you.  
Yes, it's alright,  
yes, it's alright I'm near you.  
Yes, it's alright,  
yes, it's alright I'm with you.