

Selection of a Place

Avey Tare

Rekindling then
The passion flower that could never bloom again
Those days what power
Trip some outward
Tripped some up
Young ways, dead ends

You'll find a place
Impressions of wet lips
On a window's frosty lens

Relax in space
Birds singing wise
No race
There is comfort for you

If all the people that you ever ran into along the way
Had left the mark inside a case for tomorrow

Today it might sting
And if somebody special ever ran away with
What they gave you wasn't it a gift to touch for a second?
I'm right beside you

Not thinking about the holidays
Suddenly I wake up now
Not thinking about
All the work that must be done
Suddenly I wake up now
Not thinking about little letters on my phone
Suddenly I wake up now