

Talkeetna Tonight

Benjamin Tod

Has it been a while, three thousand miles
And a ghost haunts the fabric of my flesh
Works me like a file and shapes me like a child
Till I let go because there's nothing left

You know me, I've always believed
In some sacred dream but now I see
That I am weak, oh, and incomplete
And all I need is a new beginning

Something ain't right in Talkeetna tonight
I'm afraid that the shadow that I cast
Will load the dice and dim these northern lights
Crack a pane on the window of my past

You know me, I've always believed
In some sacred dream but now I see
That I am weak, oh, and incomplete
And all I need is a new beginning