

To see within is to feel without a light
Who'd have thought that we'd break the things we like?
To find a stone just to bounce across the pond
Is the path it makes that's a clue to other songs

Her hair curls in the damp of the night
The scent recalls like a photograph with life
Her hair, it curls in the depth of the night
The scent recalls like a photograph with life

To live without is to live under a spell
Who'd have thought that we'd turn our home to hell?
To find a bone and float it down the stream
It's the path it takes that's a clue to many greens

Her hair curls in the damp of the night
The scent recalls like a photograph with life
Her woolen coat under yellow sodium lights
Records the air like a memory of night
Her hair, it curls in the damp of the night
The scent recalls like a photograph with life
Her woolen coat under yellow sodium lights
Records the air like a memory of night