

## Amber Waves

Bill Mallonee

There's a highway washed in brightness with skies of  
indigo  
The desert whispers what she knows  
Neruda on the dashboard & the engine's humming true  
The rearview held a harvest moon

Chorus:

Faith is a throw of dice and the sleeping heart is  
stirred  
After ragged sentences you'll get the last word  
And it may just be the most golden that we've heard  
It may just be the most golden that we've heard

Afternoons of red wine with a nod to revelry  
The stars came out for you & me  
All that remains unanswered and all there's to forget  
The best, it hasn't happened yet

There are songs for the beginning and songs made for the  
end  
And songs made for when you begin again  
Grieving? She rolls in like waves and hardly ever stops  
Until you learn her lines by heart