

# Jacaranda

Blind Pilot

He left them on the stairs of gold  
Matsumoto crossed the world  
Heard it on the southern wind, blew the seeds into his hands  
Blooming with the color of a miracle  
Meet me on the same park bench  
When the trees hang their purple heads  
I'll be playing the same song, the beat you were working on  
Singing, "Don't be long, don't be long"  
I won't be long. I won't be long

Played it raw, played in true, when I was young enough to lose  
Saw it shine ever brighter when I was young and on fire  
When I was young and on fire

Spread my arms and plant my roots  
Until I am native too  
Heard the question in her song, calling just before the sun  
"Where do I belong, where do I belong, where do I belong  
Where do I belong, where do I belong?"

I didn't fear, didn't tire, when I was young and a liar  
Just my breath was my gold when I was young enough to know  
When I was young enough to know

And though I heard no help at all  
It came to me and I let it fall  
The only home is in our steps, I won't wait to catch my breath  
I am asking you for a miracle, I am asking you for a miracle

I heard love in it all when it was young and my fault  
Saw it shine ever brighter when I was young and on fire  
Just our breath was our gold when we were young enough to know  
Saw it shine ever brighter when we were young and on fire  
When we were young and on fire