

Umpqua Rushing

Blind Pilot

Panic in the first beat of the morning,
Even what I've got isn't worth offering
If I can't cross the sheets and hold your beat

Talking in the street with who is listening,
Nothing that I say is worth remembering.
Even faces change
My heart stays the same.

Engine in the sky won't let the moment go,
Following behind always a second slow.
If I'm far away, am I hearing straight—I'm no voice you want to
know?

You've been a forest burning no direction,
Caught me sleeping smoke in my protection.
Your blackened branches drifting through my water—
Are you wrapped up in his arms? I'm rushing faster and faster.

Panic in the taste of all that could have been,
Even what I thought wasn't worth giving,
At least my mind has changed.

I've been a forest burning no direction,
I tried to hold you, I tried everything but running.
My heart is panicking—are you kissing him?
Are you reaching through all your days with him?
Your blackened branches drifting through my water—
Are you over me? Or are you holding on?
I will not hold you. I will not feel your sway.
I will not miss you. I will not think each day,
Of summer twilight, your eyes rushing through me deep,
I saw my own waters rushing right back to me—
You sitting shotgun, the lost coast calling me,
Umpqua Forest, your face just like in my dream.