Lily

Cory Branan

We were just a phase of flowers
the happy days, the happy hours
when the rain streamed down
the fatal windows
and her eyes seemed far away
up close

When all the things you meant to mean
and all the awful in between
gets tired

Well, Lilly, I guess the best trick
is to see the magic
once you've seen the wires

My pulse held still for her to pass
and my heart beat again
at last

Now the roof is sitting on the floor
her past is fitting in a drawer
where all the lonely papers play
like we were only made of make-believe
and fire

Well, Lilly, I guess the best trick

is to see the magic
once you've seen the wires

Against the grain
of a breeze
carves my girl in dark perfume
her doors open all
the night skies make room
my doors are facing
the night skies just racing
in bloom

Go on home, your little tin
with what's left of a heart
like the bark
of a ghost
of a dog
that's still chasing his car

Cause I'm south and of now
south enough to rest
the birds are singin'
sweet and meaningless

Well, Lilly, I guess the best trick
is to see the magic
once you've seen the wires

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