

Where the Spirit Meets the Bone

Darrell Scott

Last night I asked to see you, needing to apologize
And the woundings there were deep, I could see it in your eyes
And we spoke of softer days since the hard ones we had known
And a healing peace was slow but sure in coming- where the spir
it meets the bone
And I reached for my compassion and I held you through the tear
s
And a river did flow freely that had blocked us all those years
And we looked with eyes forgiven at the wild seeds we had sown
Some had grown to love while we had just grown weary- where the
spirit meets the bone
Oh, the nights being lost in the smell of your hair
Oh, the lines we had crossed, heart-to-heart, everywhere
From a bed in Amsterdam to a boat in Windermere
In silence or in song or the whisper in your ear
And it comes as no surprise; we could love again, again

Both co-stars in this movie; but, we cannot change the end
No, the director's up in heaven and he never checks his phone
We're frozen in this scene called, "Someone's Leaving" -where t
he spirit meets the bone
Oh, the times being lost in the touch of your skin
Oh, the lines we have crossed; I would cross them all again
From a cool lake in New Hampshire to a field in Tennessee
You always made it known- you had saved the best for me
Now, in this clear, ironic moment, it is not lost on me
We're both locked in separate airplanes six miles above the sea
You on your way to California and me to parts unknown
Both looking for a love that's ours for keeping
Where the spirit meets the bone