

Leave Taking

David Gray

Black trees
Shaking together in the white breeze
Black trees
Shaking together in the white breeze

I do not know where either of us can turn
Just at first
Waking from the sleep of each other
Just at first

I do not know how we can
Any longer bear
To feast our eyes upon
The flowing river

Baby, feast your eyes
I heard what you said
So, why don't you
Tell it to the room?
Yeah, just tell it to the room
Just turn around and tell it to the room
Just turn around and tell it

Black trees
Shaking together in the white breeze
Like bare trees
Shaking together in the white breeze
Black trees
Shaking it together in the white breeze
Held within this kiss
Yet still alone
Within this kiss

So then in conclusion
Let it be the same
Whether we turn to the dark
Or to the lips of another
Whether we turn to the dark
Let us know this for taking leave
For taking leave

And like rain scented earth
Heaped up over the heart
Is love grown perfect?
And like a translucent shell
Over the beat of life
Is it perfect to the last?
That I may not weigh heavy upon you
Though you defeat me
Like dead leaves falling down to the ground
Is it perfect to the last?
Is it not perfect?

Black trees
Shaking together in the white breeze
Black trees
Shaking together in the white breeze

And I'm holding on so tightly
I'm holding on so tight
To what was never mine
What was never mine

And I'm holding on so tightly
Holding on for dear life
To what was never mine
What was never mine

I'm holding on so tight
To what was never mine
What was never mine
I'm holding on so tight
To what was never mine