

Compass

Eileen Rose

Roll in, come the storm
Cue the lucky man, his time has come
Right there in your arms
You hold the world

Roll in and the night is long
Come on, lucky bird, sing a golden dawn
For those without intent
Who've wrecked themselves against loves rocky shore

How can you know
With the way things change?
Where to point yourself and then
Where do you go?

You wind up dreams
And it's easy 'cause you're seventeen
And favored by the wind
And the whole world's waiting

Roll in on your perfect storm
Gifted broken bird rest in my arms
Till right you are again
Right you are again, not sorry