Open Spaces

Elijah Blake

You blocked my number last night
What is this?
Gotta be the fifty-eleventh time
I can't keep showing up if you don't try
Try to read a story from my side

Like the bird who flies on a broken wing
Or a ship that's lost in the open sea

Ravens can't fly in cages
They need open spaces
Can't fly in cages
They need open spaces

What if this time
We can grow just like a flower
Stop counting the days
And be present in these hours?
January, February, March, and April showers
I'll love you a little bit louder

Like the bird that flies on a broken wing
Love's a ship that's lost in the open sea

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