

Pine Moon

Feist

Pine moon, spoke too soon
Black lake, spoke too late
But what same words could these two know
When one is so deep, the other to glow?

Black lake, lay low and wide
While pine moon arced across the sky
Well some nights her lights came on the waves
And some days coals turned up from the bottom

Pine moon spoke all a-scattered
That the stars were all linked, as if that really mattered
The unknown deep of the black lake
Could only reach the moon if he evaporates

So though he lay quiet, and deep he held out
The depths were foundations to find the rest out
As still as a well, mysterious hymns
She closed one eye slowly, her light became dim

She couldn't see how to give her light to the water
Looking up from the depths, he didn't know how to want her
And what same things could these two know
When one is so deep, the other to glow?

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