

## Slender Wet Branches

Ferron

Slender wet branches and mist on the skyline  
I'm trying to find a way home.  
Grey hazy mornings create such a fine line  
'Tween lonely and being alone.

Freedom was something we played.  
You played a waiting game,  
I wait and I stay.  
You know what I want  
And you know what I'd like to say  
Wandering in the morning  
And dragging this wing.

And I take my joy with me wherever I roam  
It does a good thing when the going goes so  
Slow down, do you think you could lose?  
Lost in the whiskey, and reeking of blues.

I was a child, in light of time passing,  
And you played the bosom so warm.  
You don't give love freely  
It's not for the asking  
But glorious trading of charm.

And I never loved no one the way I do you  
Caught in a dream, divided by two,  
Enter a morning and enter it blue  
Lost in the whiskey and thinking of you.