

Seventh Song

Jess Williamson

Many of my friends now are ending their twenties
They see Saturn's return and the changes he brings
I got a good idea, I just can't find my pen
We're all waiting for life to begin
But ain't we always more or less heading West?

I got a good man, he don't sleep Sundays
He's got the work week weighing on his brain
But I love him for his plans and I love him for his sanity
And I loved him when he said
"Will I be proud of all the money?"

Like any desirable woman, I use words like 'free'
My choices are light and easy, easy
Here I am at 25 and I can't sign a lease
Mostly I survived off people being nice to me

But I hope home can be home
And I'm hoping I don't have to leave
And I hope he knows it's all on me
And I'm so so sorry

I got honey for the hungry
Honey for the hungry
And everybody gets a little piece

But do you know how holy it is
Just to quietly sit with someone?