

Same Page

John Splithoff

The fire cracks away
Sandy hills sway in the moonlight
Coyote howls
Singing barn owls
Saguaros for trees
In a quiet kind of place
A slower type of pace we don't keep time
As the hickory burns
The smoke twists and turns
Like a good story

And we're on the same page
If anyone wonders
We'll be gone a while out here
There's nothing I would change
Don't turn the page

Tasting Bulleit on your lips
Feel your fingertips getting colder
Hearts beating slow
Basin wind blow
With nobody near
Oh when we're dancing on the cliffs
I'll remember this when we're older
When the world becomes small
And my mind starts to stall
I'll pretend we're here

Yeah we're on the same page
If anyone wonders
We'll be gone a while out here
You know my love won't change
Don't turn the page

It's open ended
Where we're going's not clear
There's no one else that
I would rather be with

It's open ended
Where we're going's not clear
There's no one else that
I would rather be with out here