

# You and I

Jonatha Brooke

You are my high road, I am your low road  
I am your city, you are my town  
I am your northland, you are my southland  
I am your teardrops, you be my clown

You are my fast horse, you are my high prize  
I am your fingers, you are my hands  
You are my sunshine, I am your starlight  
I am your woman, and you are my man

You and I... You and I

You are my firefly, I am your nighthawk  
You are my dance, I am your song  
You are my canyon, I am your cliff rock  
We are the right, and we are the wrong

I am your midnight, midnight, dark night  
I am your heaven, I am your hell  
You are my dreams, and you are my visions  
I live in steeples, and you live in bells

You and I... You and I

You are the sound of myself in the light  
That calls to myself that gets lost in the dark  
My tangle and whirl, my lostness and foundness  
You are my ocean, you are my heart...

I'll kiss your wild winds, you kiss my rainstorms  
I'll kiss your flowers, you fill my vase  
I'll be your tall drink, and I'll be your clear think  
You be my future, and I'll kiss your past

You be my wings spread, you be my high head  
I'll be your apple, and you be my plum  
You be my work day, I'll be your always  
I'll be your stiff wind blowing you home

You and I... You and I... You and I ...You and I

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