

I sang myself
To sleep
Guess I still do

Could you hold my hand?
I can't
I never learned how to

And all the years
That hang like rain
I often wish
Them back again

But somewhat born
And half awake
A parking lot
A bellyache

And every time
I turn
To find
There's no one there
I feel it like
It's shining new and fall again

And all the years
That hang like rain
I often wish
Them back again

In ribbons tied
Around our waist
I held your arms
You wore my face

And something in
The evening sky
Said "holy holy sick am I"

But so are you
And there you stand
A garden wall
A weatherman