

# Furl

Keaton Henson

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