

Ether Sings

Laura Veirs

My wooden vibrating mouth
Sing me your lover's song
Come with me we'll head up north
Where the rivers run icy and strong

The empty theater is lying cold
In the shadows of the past
A church group enters to touch the molding
With a burst of song and a simple repast

Guitars can't help but sing
Can't help but ring

A tiny little flute is whistling in the lips
Of a stranger on the corner
A tiny little girl ties flowers to her wrists
And the bees come round to adorn her

All the time spent dreaming is never lost
Dreams come back through the bells of trumpeting horns
Souls lost into the ether of death
Come back wise in the eyes and the arms of newborns

Hearts can't help but sing
Can't help but ring