

## The Yard

Michael Nau

The face that can't be rote  
I go through all the notes  
And where the words are hung  
Tried every one and sung  
In every wobbly key  
And miss so majorly  
Guess all the love can't be  
Sung [?]

Ramble on and overflow  
The only song I ever know  
Is the one you're singing into me

The feelings fill the blanks  
In frequent seas of thanks  
The strum vibrates the drum  
Another leaf gets spun  
Into the breeze and out  
Without a shred of doubt  
They all lie spread about  
The yard

Ramble on and overflow  
The only song I ever know  
Is the one you're singing into me