

How Far We All Come Away

Phosphorescent

In the hands of every bashful mother
Is a quiet delay some calm to recover
Accepting all kindness and blindness to all
Them who fire away demanding a reason
And I'd never beckon or for one second dare
Ever call you away o but they sing, embracing, for you

Our bodies exhausted fall sideways to lay
And your arms made a place where my face liked to bury
Then lifting (but not lifting) but drifting away
To where the angels would play like you'd almost forgotten
And then on with the next breath so impossibly new
Like the curve of your waist all warm and ceramic and smooth

I don't want to go home
I want to come home