

The stars would know to send you the shivers
And night would glow in the room in which you swim
Filled with breath of people making bird sounds
And topless girls with pretty messy hair
And swirling around is that swollen sound
Of horns all astrayed from some eternal parade

I got fits and a fire in my belly
And shiny lips can, fumbling, find a seal
The water dear can touch you all over
But nothing here can touch the way you feel
This difficult and lovely story
Of your birth in the air and recovering from that

You'll hold me here until I can't afford your kindness
You'll hold me dear until I can't afford to leave
While lightning real is leaning out and calling
But there's all of that doubt plus all of that skin
But all is grace and all is beauty
And when all this is gone beauty will remain