

The Bitterroot River flows up the north Montana
Showing cottonwoods aligned
I feel the slowing of my mind

In a tunnel of snow
Going full-tilt down the canyon
In rows of two I didn't know we could be
Loyal like dogs

It was heartache
It was helplessness

Bittersweet communion
Hand to hand and tongue to tongue
To taste the presence
Or the resin of two symbiotic lovers

Did I contribute something new?
Will I be as pure when I pass through
As I was when I fell out of my mother?

It was heartache
It was helpless
It was heartache
It was helpless

Springtime
And the whole world blooms with me
Awake, but I sleep alone
Time was all that I had, honey
Bitter fruit on your tongue

It was heartache
It was helpless
It was heartache
It was helpless
It was heartache
It was helplessness