Leaf

River Whyless

I'm not searching for perfect
I'm perfecting my search
To pay the debt they say is high above town

It's buried deep and its shallow
I'll pan the rivers tomorrow
With the hope that I make my way home
To a place where our love could have grown

If the rain fell in sheets
And washed everything clean
Then I would be miserable

And you'd kneel in the attic
Of you fathers apartment
You'd pray, "Lord, what can I do?"
But I'm not asking him, I'm asking you

At the top of the morning
And the bottom of night
You were sleeping closer to him

And I wept in the stairwell
To our love I said farewell
I had just let you go
To the God that I'd never know

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