

## Poetry

Saint Saviour

Mystery feeling  
Keeping me dreaming  
Stake for a sapling  
Tailwind for crossing  
It's all poetry to me

Memory fleeting  
Evaporating  
Wish I could hold you  
Cling to your meaning  
But it's all poetry to me

Little by little you'll understand  
Little by little they'll come to your hand  
And little by little  
You are becoming sunshine

It's all poetry to me  
Stone-cold poetry

Little by little you'll understand  
Little by little they'll come to your hand  
And little by little  
You are becoming sunshine

You are becoming  
Little by little  
Little by

Mystery feeling  
Keeping me dreaming  
Made me a moth wing  
Waving and leaping

It's all poetry to me