

Early morning  
Quiet in the springtime  
Without warning  
Passing in a fever  
Sweet as honey  
Flowers in a thin rain  
Daylight driving  
Me back to your arms

We've been rising from the ground  
Can't keep my head out of the clouds  
Another plane to carry the sound like echoes

I work real hard but I'll never be sure  
To provide for my baby in the physical world  
But you don't care about material things like paper

When you know, you know  
It's better with your eyes closed

We draw circles  
Halo-ing the skyline  
Through the window  
Caught up in a breeze  
Early morning stretching over hours  
While you go on  
Talking in your sleep

Can you get it, it's subtle and quick  
Feel the earth begin to shift  
How can anything contradict our nature

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Can't keep my head out of the clouds  
Another plane to carry the sound like echos

All I hope for takes me deeper  
With never any plan, only echoes