Paper

Tennis

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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To provide for my baby in the physical world
But you don't care about material things like paper

We've been rising from the ground
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

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