

Beg, Steal, Borrow

The Head and the Heart

A yellow moon ascending, just as our whole world was ending
Dreams, both good and bad, were coming true
The streetlight in your welled-up eyes
Like eyes of God reflecting
You can't take back what's been done to you

All eyes are on you
After all you've gone through
Still can't remember anything
All eyes are on you
And I don't want to
But I know I have to set you free

Maybe the sun'll come out tomorrow
You won't have to beg, steal or borrow
Maybe the clouds will, at least, have silvery lines
Heaven knows we've grown tired of waiting
For our eyes to be dilating
Give me a sign, someday, maybe we'll see the light

Your face turned towards the wind
Just like a wild orchid bending
You were flying, I was trying to
Sirens in the morning light
And silence on the other side
I can't help that I felt like crying too

And distance makes the heart seem weightless
But the further you walk away, the more it comes rushing back to you

And maybe the sun'll come out tomorrow
You won't have to beg, steal or borrow
Maybe the clouds will, at least, have silvery lines
Heaven knows we've grown tired of waiting
For our eyes to be dilating
Give me a sign, someday, maybe we'll see the light

All this waiting, always fading
All this time it's taken to come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me

I'm afraid what it might take to save me from myself now
'Cause I'm out of hope, a lonely voice in a silo
And I'm afraid what it might take to save me from myself now
How could I know we were walking on such a long road?

Maybe the sun'll come out tomorrow
We won't have to beg, steal or borrow
Give me a sign
Someday, maybe we'll see the light

Maybe the sun'll come out tomorrow
We won't have to beg, steal or borrow
Give me a sign
Someday, maybe we'll see a light

All this waiting, always fading
All this time it's taken to come back to me
Come back to me
Come back to me

Come back, come back, come back, come back, come back, come back, come back,
come back
Come back, come back, come back, come back
The sun'll come out tomorrow, we won't have to beg, steal or borrow
And I'm afraid what it might take to save me from myself now
'Cause I'm out of hope
A lonely voice in a silo