

## At Full Height

The Weather Station

If he don't mean it, he won't say it, and I can tell  
If I don't mean it, I won't say it, and his face fell  
But it's so seldom that I believe it  
It takes a clear kind of day  
Like air so cold it hurts to breathe it  
And the colour comes to my face  
And I don't tell my mother, I don't tell my sister  
Something so tender, I'd rather not speak it  
Even when I know it, that he's mine

Woke up thirsty and lost in memory, coming in swells  
And dreams stay with me long into morning, strange wells  
I've been free, but I've known not freedom like a kite  
It was a glimpse, but I did see him at full height  
I left it all unspoken and free  
In the coming and the going  
Knowing not what he means  
And I don't even know him, but he's mine