

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