

# I'm a Long Way

Timber Timbre

I'm a long, long way from the tips of your fingers  
Cus I let you slip right through my hands  
But the path, way back to your doorway, it shimmers  
And you're waiting cus [?] til I pray

So come on sweet darling,  
Can I come home with you tonight?  
Cus I'm lost running all around  
and I know I can do you right.

We'll float on the witches  
from the creekbed to the moon  
erase the pain and settlement  
and carve on the fallen dew.  
And cast out all ballasts  
or will you sleep in stone  
encounter creatures of the night  
and bring them into our homes.

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