

George Washington

WHY?

I wrote a song called "The Longing Is All"
Instead of calling you I'd hoped it would solve me
For now I go to where the reeds grow tall
Fall flat and small then they'll never find me

And when it swells on me
I'll crash into it and push a little closer
Yea when it swells on me

On raft
Racing dusk
Chasing light
At the edge of night
Paddling for land, hand on heart and heart in hand
Start again, George Washington

And when it swells on me
I'll crash into it and push a little closer
Yea when it swells on me

We're already there
We're already there
We're already there
We're already there
We're already there
A new love blooms on the long notes of old horns