

Blue June

Wild Rivers

All around I see blue and brown
Traces of your skin on all the things I found
She keeps her warmth in a little jar
Rationing tastes, and it's sweet so far

And I got something of a girl back home
We sing sweet nothings through a telephone
Sometimes I think it's nothing and nothing more
A love that's gotten grand for some romantic metaphor

Oh I don't know
It's been some years since I've been calm
Is it something like a ring of smoke
Here but for a moment, then gone

And I ain't much a swimmer when the waters are rough
I keep myself from hurting when the times get tough
And I been saying hit me and I'm bound to burst
These days I got no trouble telling love from lust

Oh I don't know
It's been some years since I've been calm
Is it something like a ring of smoke
Here but for a moment, then gone

Sweet, unspoken promises I'll always sing for June
It's when the fields grown fallow that the winter comes too soon
Oftentimes she crossed my mind like an old familiar tune
But it's so cold that nothing grows but a flower yet to bloom
Said it's so cold that nothing grows but a flower yet to bloom
It's so cold that nothing grows but a flower yet to bloom