

If You Should See

Wye Oak

He is an ordinary home
Still standing statuesque he lands a lap
And after we're alone
It doesn't take me by the throat
But its an outcome I'll never have to run from
I walked uncertain on your path
Tiptoed through underbrush
Ignoring all the signals as they passed
Using old tricks for this new math
But it's an encore I'll never have to ask for

Infinite sea, you are not where we will go on
Floating unaware
If you should see two of us there
We will go on growing as my hair

You came from somewhere in my head
The language of our kind is written in my hands and in my bed
And there is nothing left unsaid
It is the ocean unwilling as it comes in
I never felt the fear so bright
It is invention but I never cared so little or so light
It is our life it is our right
And it's an encore I'll never have to ask for

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