

Orchard Fair

Wye Oak

When all the leaves
Are turning brown
I know I'll see
Them hit the ground

And apricots
The apple trees
The peaches fruit
For me and you

When shorter days
Pull light from me
I hope you feel
A certain way

Lightness
Lightness

We'll see you there
At the orchard fair
The October skies
The open eyes

Will you hold my hand?
As we walk from here
For the wind is cold
And winter's near

When shorter days
Pull the light away
I'll always feel
A certain way

Lightness
Lightness
Lightness
Lightness