Home

Maria Taylor

We traveled into the twilight
Watched the canyons turn to peaks
Outside your window
This world is always changing
And we crossed the Mississippi
With the devil's walking stick
I'm back where I started
Is all it meantAnd the day is waning
With the music in our brains
It's in our laughter
Splashing puddles in the rain
And we're pulling from Biloxi
Jars filled with ocean sand
In pictures torn and faded
We see where it beganBut the search for the unknown
Has always carried me away
With a song I'll be writing
Until my dying day
But what I need
Is patterns that we saw

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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