Saint Thomas

Bibio

Looking like a butterfly
You're looking like petals in a hurricane wind
In the sunlight you shimmer like gasoline stains in the wells of rain
On the same road that took me to you
Shining like a motor car
You're looking like fire in a field of flowers
In the moonlight you glisten like fireflies' eyes in a hall of mirrors
On the same night that made me take to you
As I followed the line of your gaze
I could see through the smoke and the grass to the grave of a master
Singing like a nightingale
You're sounding like bells in a cave of gypsum
In the city you cut through the noise of the sirens and engines and people
In the same street that brought me to you
Smelling like a blossom tree
You're filling the skies with a cloud of wonder
In the still light you sparkle like driftwood fires on the shores of the land
On the same isle that made me fly to you
As I followed your tracks in the sand
I could see through the smoke and the dunes to the grave of a master
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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