

# The May Song

## The Gathering

I'm waiting for your hands  
to fold around my wrist  
I'm mellowing in warm grass  
And the scent of you I've missed  
And blue is representing  
The draft in my heart  
I'm wandering through thin skies  
And the transparent air I've missed  
Pale is my face  
You might want to colour  
while I breathe  
I'm following large drops of rain  
With my eyes on the sight of you I've missed

Lyrics provided by

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