The Fountain

Future Islands

He sits low, in a shady grove
Where the trees arc slow, in the shape of 'you know'
Marble stairwells, waterfalls, egrets' heads and open arms
Whistling through his pensive teeth, the scene is set to peak
Like how the desert meets the reef
And steals the heart, of the thiefShe walks slow, past the reach of home
In a Western World, far from the things she knows
Hanging gardens, patterned walls, the books of Rilke, orchestras
Motioning to the slow refrain, the soul is set to gain
Or swallow it whole
The causal chain, of human loamAnd as seasons go, it's a lot like this
He reasons for a look, then a glance
To the path, where she passed
From the page of a book, to a perch in the grass
And as meetings go, it's a lot like this
She tiptoes from the path, to the edge of the page
Where she dared, to be asked
What's in a name?
What is your name?And if you let me know
I won't be alone, I won't be alone
And if you have the time to talk to
I won't doubt you
And if I let you know
I won't be alone, I won't be alone
And if you, as if you start to fall
I'll be here to catch youTurning around, he sighs, "will you sit next to me?"
Motioning forward, she replies, "will you walk next to me?"
"I know my lines, and there's a lot less space and a little bit of time"
"I know the play, it's fine"
Echoing herself, she says, "will you walk close to me?"
Holding his smile, he replies, "what more would you ask of me?"
"I know my mind, and there's a lot less space and a little bit of time"
"I know the way, it's fine"And if you let me know
I won't be alone, I won't be alone
And if you have the time to talk to
I won't doubt you
And if I let you know
I won't be alone, I won't be alone
And if you, as if you start to fall

I'll be here to catch youHe's wasting time, you gotta take it slowly
May never get a chance like this
And she knows he's wasting time
And she loves the way he tries
Even though she knows the lines
She's taking time, you gotta let things grow
May never have a chance like this
And he knows she takes her time
And he keeps along her side
All hopes to keep along her sideAs seasons go, it's a lot like this
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To the path, where she passed
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And as meetings go, it's a lot like this
She tiptoes from the path, to the edge of the page
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What is your name?

Songwriters
William Hugh Cashion, Samuel Thompson Herring, John Gerrit WelmersPublished by
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