Hannah Hunt

Brandin Tolman

A gardener told me, some plants move
But I could not believe it
To me and Hannah Hunt saw crawling vines and weeping willows
As we made our way from Providence to Phoenix
A man of faith said
Hidden eyes could see what I was thinking
I just smiled and told him that was only true of Hannah
And we glided on through Waverley and Lincoln
Our days were long and our nights no longer
Count the seconds, watching hours
Though we live on the US dollar
You and me we've got our own sense of time

In Santa Barbra Hannah cried and missed those . . . and beaches
I walked into town to buy some kindling for the fire
Hannah tore the New York times. . . to pieces
If I cant trust you then dammit Hannah
There's no future, there's no answer
Though we live on the US dollar
You and me, we've got our own sense of time
If I cant trust you then dammit Hannah
There's no future, there's no answer
Though we live on the US dollar
You and me, we've got our own sense of time

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