

Old Low Light #2

Kathryn Williams

In a room, banging on about the world in words
Theres an old low light, it flicks on and off like our opinions
Three hours without a word, then you stroke my arm
Theres an old low light in me and it switches onIts not visible to anyone but our love lives there, I can feel it
glimmer
Its slow and quiet and stares out at years
And it makes me love you more
More, more, more, moreIn a different city bed in my sister's house
Theres an old low light, it keeps me awake, without the shape of you
Track four on a CD you made for me
Theres a note like light and it changes the air
And it makes me love you more
More, more, more, more, moreIts not visible to anyone but our love lives there, I can feel it shimmer
Its slow and quiet and stares out at years
And it makes me love you more
More, more, more, more

Songwriters

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