

Josh McBride

The Head and the Heart

Came to the cold just to see you
Standing there in expectation
Pulling coat and blue eyes staring
Oh, this vision does me good. In the city we don't know yet
Across the bridges not yet burned
Where the ice won't let us further
Wind our way down through the woods.
Take me to the attic ladder
In the barn with broken floors
With your boots of spanish leather
And my hat knit out of yarn
And my hat knit out of yarn. You are in the seat beside me
You are in my dreams at night
You are in grandmother's wisdom
You are in grandfather's charm. Show me your trees in the orchard
With the music on their branches
Keep them from the mouths of creatures
Who intend for them no good.
Take me out past the wind break
Speak the thing you could not utter,
When we'll howl and moon will cower
At the magic of the word. Oh, oh. Darling this is when I met you.
For the third time not the last
Not the last time we are learning
Who we are and what we were. You are in the seat beside me
You are in my dreams at night
You are in grandmother's wisdom
You are in grandfather's charm.

Songwriters

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