Spelunking

Laura Veirs

The tiny midnight caravan
Made its way across black hills
As I watched from a distance
The slow-going glowTheir wandering, you know
Made me pine
For the lamplight
Where you lie, where you lieIf I took you darling
To the caverns of me heart
Would you light the lamp, dear?
Would you light the lamp, dear?And see fish without eyes
Bats with their heads
Hanging down towards the ground
Would you still come around, come around?I believe in you
In your honesty and your eyes
Even when I'm sloshing
In the muck of my demiseA large part of me
Is always and forever tied
To the lamplight
Of your eyes, of your eyes

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