Palms

Jana Hunter

Leaving to escape
Windmills on the southern plain
Hum your name

49 palms muddled over my words
Wait for more

Sleep alone
Start all over

Visions flood my mind
So the sins come alive
In the blurring light

Thought I saw your face
Watching broken fingers placed
Blind now we've chased

Sleep alone
Start all over

A fire then the flood
Could something wrong be something good?
Do you think you should?

I would rather love
Someone I couldn't touch
Than give us up

Sleep alone
Start all over

So I dwell
On going wild again

I love what you do
But I can't get out from under you
So I don't try

Sleep alone

Start all over

So I dwell
On going wild again

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