

Canturbury Song

[Lucy Wainwright Roche](#)

If there's time, I'll meet you by the old trees
We've been handed down the notice of the fall
There is little on the hillside
But we have another chance to see it all
In my pockets, I will carry all the true things
Leaves and marbles, paper plans and subway fare
With our keys strung around our necks
And sweaty thread on dusty shoe soles
We'll be there Start with stories and you'll tell them as you once did
When I smile beneath the surface like a wave
And the spring inside my step when I would see you
That is not here to behold
In the distance, we can see the torches coming
Strapping years and more importance on our backs
And the dark is just between us
Oh, to see your face again
I'm struggling

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