Outside, Digging

James Vincent McMorrow

There is so little left from the warmth of the sun (x3)Tell me this is it,
where nothing starts.
Been in where we almost missed.
Staggered that it did not flood.
And I look back and see from under look.
Pardon it for different reasons.
Pardoned with the last self foot.
And soft, and soft and sure leaves.
Steady as the sea.There is so little left from the warmth of the sun (x3)I wish I had understand my.
Was never either bouncing call.
Til I caught like a fragment of my single heart.
And I caught like a fragment of our single love.There is so little left from the warmth of the sun (x3)There is so little left, there is so, oh, oh, oh.

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