

First Come the Wish

Field Music

First comes the wish
And then comes the night
Pockets open to pick
And I'm left with words
Stretched out to dry
I believe to hard
That we're nearly right
First comes the itch
And then comes the knife
We can swallow a change
If it feels right
And there are only words
To retrace the line
A newspaper clipped
'Til it's all white
And the only time
For such a curious thing
To come apart like this
Is the cruellest time

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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