# The Season

## The Dodos

Somewhere in between this ocean and mountainside
I have this dream I think of it still sometimes
I know it's just the season
I sense no time or reason
The sky falls down; it's evening
The feeling goes; it's leavingMiles until this desert brings me back to your face
Those eyes you know you know I think of them still sometimes
But you're away in Eden
And I'm still here the heathen
This times for real, we're even
We do this for the seasonI cross the sand
without your hand
I go back to
where you and I began
and I was yours
and you were mine
things seem so soon to say goodbye
I hope you're well as I am fine
I keep to myself where I go where I lieI woke up in a cave
No air no light no shade
when did things turn this way?
I miss you on certain days

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