

Serenading

Mineral

Will you come and what will I say
Oh I have been so distant and unhappy
Like I could disappear When I was a boy I saw things
That no one else could see
So why am I so blind at twenty-two
To the hope that is all around me
Filling up this room On the road on my own
Waiting for the words to fall from your tongue
Into my ears When I was a boy I could hear
Symphonies in seashells
So why am I so deaf at twenty-two
To the sound of the driving snow
That drives me home to you

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