

White Bird

Woven Hand

These thoughts of you, they are a gift
The smell of you on the winds due shift
Behind a chosen curtain, I'm set adrift
The talk of you still on my lips You come from another place in my chest, yes
Golden brown and wooden burl'd
Till we have faces in this world
An' if I hear and do not do, how can I look after you Every white bird, at the top of your voice
This days tear, watch me run
She never grows, faint in the try
Distant and blurred to my swing eye These thoughts of you are the dreams that I have missed
The touch of you, I hear, I hear
Oh yes, and so are you in an always way
Bound Woven Hand to stay Every white bird, at the top of your voice
This days tear, watch me run
She never grows, faint in the try
Distant and blurred to my swing eye Every white bird, at the top of your voice
This days tear, watch me run
She never grows, faint in the try
Distant and blurred to my swing eye, to my swing eye

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