

1 Meridian

Cannons and Clouds

[singing]

Dry your black tears on my kerchief, mascara ink spots on paisley. I'll take your hands and breathe with you for
as long as we can conceive infinite time

without clocks or watches.

World War I plans, smokes lit with rolled back books and my calloused fingers whispering in ears sweet voices.
Lips bathed in red, spiced breath of a calming inspirer.

Swirling light and laugh,

dance as we grow older.

Round and round as we always will. [instrumental music]

Dark coffee pressed in French fashion, breathless from men with cast iron semi-wide eyes. George Jones
crooning harmonies blend with fresh morning air in sweet rainfall.

Sitting by your window,

listening to the buses go round and round as they always will

Lyrics Submitted by Joseph Stratton

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