

# Icicles

## June Marx

Tonight I sing soft and low  
Just like the moon over the snow  
I hear icicles falling in the dark  
In the dark  
We're just like anyone else we just want a little bit  
Of sun for ourselves and a little bit of rain  
To make it all grow maybe a minute or two  
To get lost in the glow of love  
There's always someone throwing matches around  
Waving the shiny new knife  
The first to run when the house burns down  
I've seen it everyday of my life  
I must confess there appears to be  
Way more darkness than light  
I want to fall like a pearl to the bottom of the sea  
No one will find us tonight  
Tonight it might look pretty bad  
We might lose everything we thought that we had  
But shadows will pass, smoke it will clear  
If something survives of us around here  
I'll be glad 'cause I know I was lost in the glow of love

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