

Gingerbread

[Nancy Kerr](#)

(Verse 1)

You can see me anytime you need me
warm beyond a reason, night is on the wind
and you could linger like a grind of ginger
Making love a season, eating up the skin

(Chorus)

We are not our gravest deeds, you are not your grieving
For the bravest flower seeds as the birds are leaving
As the thin glow of summers death, will turn the leaves to red
May the wind blow like a lovers breath, still warm as ginger bread

(Verse 2)

Dreams are needed into walls and winders,
Sheltering our sorrows, dusted and adorned
with a sweetness of some kind tomorrows
Sugars incompleteness, rested into form

(Chorus)

We are not our gravest deeds, you are not your grieving
For the bravest flower seeds as the birds are leaving
As the thin glow of summers death, will turn the leaves to red
May the wind blow like a lovers breath, still warm as ginger bread

(Verse 3)

While the black sky spreads it's myth of thunder
That we labour under, reckoned by the dead
These are crude thanks, charity and food banks
for our heavens splendour ever for our rent

(Chorus)

We are not our gravest deeds, you are not your grieving
For the bravest flower seeds as the birds are leaving
As the thin glow of summers death, will turn the leaves to red
May the wind blow like a lovers breath, still warm as ginger bread

Lyrics Submitted by Maisie Cowburn bannister

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