

# Daughter

Vienna Teng

Well, it's you and it's me  
Me with a drink in my hand  
The ice is tinkling like a wind chime  
And late afternoon settles over the land  
And you're talking about things  
Interesting just slightly  
And things that matter too much  
To say any way but lightly  
Did you know you're so beautiful  
On the edge of summer?  
That years from now  
I'll cry to remember  
How very close you were  
Knowing this, will I reach for you?  
Knowing this, will I reach for you?  
The way you want me to  
Well, it's time to be wise  
Wise in the ways of the heart  
To come out from under the covers  
This voluntary state of apart  
From the faces, Oasis  
In this Sahara of sorrow  
These graces that hold me  
It's from you that I borrow

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