Melinda

Calva

Don't expect no favors, nothing in return
Tell all your cross-eyed neighbors that it's none of their concern
Open the shades Melinda, let in the outside air
I'm deep in doubt and I can't get out, and it must be dark in there
I wanna walk with you in the morning mist
Though I should be home by now
And there must be some way outta this
I was thinking you'd know how
And my judgement may be shaky
And my shoes are soaking through
'Cause the weeds are wet and I haven't yet made any sense of you

All the midnight angels
Fold their wings by dawn
The same old wild-eyed strangers sit and watch em till they're gone
I let the night unravel, forget my vain pursuits
"Cept to feel that gray rock gravel
On your road beneath my boots

I wanna walk with you in the changing light
When the shadows twist and play
And the ghosts that kept me out all night
We can chase em all away
And the talk of those that wonder
And the talk of those that curse
Let em have their thrill, they'll need it
We'll be no more for the worse

Shine your eyes upon me, whisper long and low
Mindful of the longing that we ever more may know

Up the ridge on past you, looking down below
You can see the stacks of Danville when the clouds don't hang so low
Should you take a mind to, won't you join me there
Open the shades Melinda, let in the outside air...

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