

# Copenhagen

Lucinda Williams

Thundering news hits me like a snowball  
Striking my face and shattering  
Covering me in a fine powdery mist  
And mixing in with my tears  
And I'm 57 but I could be 7 years old  
'Cause I will never be able  
To comprehend the expansiveness  
Of what I've just learned  
For you, I'll disappear, you have been released  
You are flecks of light, you are missed  
Somewhere spinning 'round the sun, circling the moon  
Traveling through time, you are missed

Walking through unfamiliar streets  
And shaking unfamiliar hands  
And hearing unfamiliar laughs  
And lovely languages I don't understand  
It's late, I'm told, openhearted  
The skies are gray, the snow has fallen  
I can see my breath outside  
I'm freezing the ocean waves with disbelief  
That you have disappeared, you have been released  
You are flecks of light, you are missed  
Somewhere spinning around the sun, circling the moon  
Traveling through time, you are missed

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