Point Me at Lost Islands

Tired Pony

And by the look in your down turned eyes
You've had enough of these angry skies
And I can't wait just like you can't wait
Til we're out past familiar gatesYour hand it's freezing cold... on my face
Just like the winter snow... that covers up this placeIt's what you wrote in the book's first page
It's what I've hungered for all this age
Those seven words shook the life back in
So let's just run til we lose our breathPoint me at lost islands... point me at the sea
I'd love to know the sound... of nothing else but youFor the life of me I don't know
What took us so long
But here we are
Standing face to face
And suddenly
Everything makes sense
At least to me

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