

# Joy Maker Machinery

## Sweet Billy Pilgrim

We will wake as light is draped  
Like ribbons on the trees  
With woven tongues and fingers spun  
Between these dusty knees The branches crack beneath my back  
We sigh like sleeping tigers  
The forest stirs and shrugs the birds  
From shoulders stooped in silence And they sing for joy  
We are engineers and we are architects  
Making better guesses and empty threats  
It was all for something, and there's nothing wrong  
We know what is coming and what is to be done Bones will arc and cradle sparks  
From circuits smudged in bliss  
The newborn blush that makes us drunk  
On every little kiss  
We are happy scientists  
Our theories long abandoned  
For kites of red and feather beds  
For moments without sadness We will jump for joy And I'm helpless darling  
Cause you turn me on  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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