

Gargoyles

Jordan Klassen

Lean in closer, my ears are stone
All I heard were the last three notes that you could sing
I'm fanning pages and counting verbs
I'm skimming words but I haven't read a single thing
Fill my head with songs you wrote and poems you found
These gargoyles ward off my Ghosts of tomorrow
Ghosts of tomorrow
Ghosts of tomorrow
My ghosts of tomorrow
And when you're singing as the chorus grows
Your timbre shows that you want something I want to give
I feel it far, try to make it close
I sell my clothes, but I'm not naked as the way you live
I'll disappoint you so just sing like you can see
Past the damning clouds
Press the keys and wait for me
Lay me down Love me tomorrow
Love me tomorrow
Love me tomorrow
Love me tomorrow
I'm just swimming for your shores
Under breakers, out of body
Set a table and build a fire
I could still be at the door
Could show my face once more
Just wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow
Wait for tomorrow

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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