Cumin

The Acorn

I been trading
precious stones
for your safe haven.
The more and more that I shoulder, let it come.
It makes the feast much richer.
All in all, you're open;
so I let it go.
Cuz I been hard, and I been patient.
On your shores,
there's something ancient.
I recognize your accent,
I anchor to your drawl:
Petra or Gaza?
And I let it go.
Holding
holding
holding on...
I always been your rhythm:
a ragged pulse
to your electric slide.
The more and more that I follow,
the more I let it go.
let it go...

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

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