How the West Was Won

Psyche

I dont know how the west was won
How the ocean let all the sailors come
They came over one by one if only just to seeI dont know how happiness gets hidden in the wilderness
Im leaving in the morning with my paddle and my limeI dont know how to find you when
All Ive been is a lighted window
Waiting for the dark to make its way back into lightAnd you will hold me in your arms
And you will hold me in your armsMaybe Im just a pilgrim who is trying to make sense of you now
Pray the wind will take me where the space meets up with time
Where you will hold me in your arms

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