To My Soul

Carbon Leaf

Started out the same to Day Dreams afloat the Mothering Sky Peering out, miming hope with my face Float me high, hot air balloon To high, high to touch Hold it in (with old bookends) Well this hunting ground... Well it's all in the mind Tell her to speak to my soul Left the words of old behind In a book yellowing They won't calm the void nor paint T he She, each page a universe with thoughts That Shine, Shine me; Calligraphy etched on the Sun, the Moon Tired wandering eyes... Hey, don't you know? Well it's all in the mind Tell her to speak to my soul Tell her to speak to my soul

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