Gone Are the Days

Mirah

And we were just a child with a mess that children make.
And we were running wild, no thoughts for what we'd break.
But gone are all the days, gone are all the days.And once we learn to hide, our size did keep us safe.
The sidewalk cracks were wide, but to jump 'em made us brave,
But then the darkness came a creepin' over every place.
Over time we took to sleeping, and let the weeds take over this place.
Well, how about the backyard, sons and daughters.
C'mon, we've got to get some work done.
The bones, I'm told, they hold the place up, so why crack 'em away.
The rocks we shake, and everything we take and still think will be okay.
But gone are all the days, gone are all the days.Well, the limbs outside this house are dignified by the forces uncontained.
And how we survive when the whales run dry, now their muscle does remain.
For when we rode the thunder steely faced,
And we kicked our heels into the belly of the chase.
So becomes a garden soft and embracing to a hungry, hollow taste.
If we keep building fires and fanning up the flames,
Even the waters from our eyes will never dampen down that place.
But gone are all the days, gone are all the days.Still every morning's light and all the day it stays,
Until it turns to night and then the future's on its way,
And the future's never gonna lay down, it won't lay down its face.
Hold that shoulder strong and carry it along, and steady it with grace.

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