

# Josh McBride

## The Head and the Heart

Came to the cold just to see you  
Standing there in expectation  
Pulling coat and blue eyes staring  
Oh, this vision does me good. In the city we don't know yet  
Across the bridges not yet burned  
Where the ice won't let us further  
Wind our way down through the woods.  
Take me to the attic ladder  
In the barn with broken floors  
With your boots of spanish leather  
And my hat knit out of yarn  
And my hat knit out of yarn. You are in the seat beside me  
You are in my dreams at night  
You are in grandmother's wisdom  
You are in grandfather's charm. Show me your trees in the orchard  
With the music on their branches  
Keep them from the mouths of creatures  
Who intend for them no good.  
Take me out past the wind break  
Speak the thing you could not utter,  
When we'll howl and moon will cower  
At the magic of the word. Oh, oh. Darling this is when I met you.  
For the third time not the last  
Not the last time we are learning  
Who we are and what we were. You are in the seat beside me  
You are in my dreams at night  
You are in grandmother's wisdom  
You are in grandfather's charm.

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