

Tattered Old Kite

David Wilcox

A tattered old kite
Must have been spring when you got flown
 But there's no leaves in sight
 Left you to swing up there alone
 Tangled in branches and held by a string
 That once let you fly in trusted breeze
Love floated me, I know the way it feelsSo I walk on the ice
 The river is silent as a stone, it's the same river twice
 But the one that we walked into is gone
 Downstream forever or so it would seem
 When the warm summer rain so deeply flows
Love floated me, I know the way it goesI can't work this key
 The damn thing is jammed or frozen closed
 It's a strange place to be trying to pry my own windows
 But there was a second, there was a match that was made
 There was a key that is warm inside your purse
Love opened me, I know how well it worksA tattered old kite
 Walk on the ice
 I can't work this key
 To you and me

Songwriters
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