

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 feels So 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 goes I 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 works A tattered old kite
Walk on the ice
I can't work this key
To you and me

Songwriters

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