Song Of 27

Richard Buckner

Though, I may be miles away from her
With years that pass without a word
I've never seen a moon so high
Her name hangs down from there, tonightSo, put your little hand away
I've seen such needy days before
On nights like this, my hope returns
Though, I may be miles away from herA locket just for good luck
A pocket knife for long nights
And a sleepy little dreamer
With still, miles to go27, take me home
And pour that last year down my throat
The days will fade and the nights will burn
Though, I may be miles away from herI see her in the doorway
Staring a hole through it all
The first of many fits
And the last one was, man, the last one wasSo check your lock and close your eyes
When you wake up, I'll be all right
Never tell them where it hurts
And keep your bullet, safe insideThe wind has wept and the sky is slurred
But we slept through the sunrise, too
I'm dreaming still of who you were
Though, I may be miles away from her

Songwriters
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