

Corduroy Legs

Beth Orton

There is that I can only hear by the moon
I lay still enough to hear the trees grow
I listen for the creak of their thoughts
And I hear your corduroy legs running up the stairs
And all the kindest words are held in reserve

For you
And all my gentlest thoughts
A hand reaches to me
Across the banished sea
And holds me
Holds me holding you
It holds me
Holding you

There is that I can only hear by the moon
I lay still enough to hear the trees grow
I listen for the creak of their thoughts
And all the wisdom their age bestows
I hear your corduroy legs running up the stairs
All the kindest words reserved

For you
All my gentlest thoughts
Are yours
A hand reaches out to me
Across the vanished sea
And holds me
Holding you
Holding me
Holds me
Holding you

Songwriters

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