

Stay On My Shore

[Joan Shelley](#)

Stay on my shore, and don't desert me
And if you go, the wind will blow you back to me
And if your boat is broken out on the rocks
It wasn't anger but in longing
We feed the birds, syrup and seed
So they stay near, so we can see Flashing red and blue beneath the green
When the fruit has long since rotten
Gold in the needles and red dark skin
Needed all to be empty
Wrapped in leaves, would end clinging
In these, so holy
You've split the cord
With Cedar and Holly
In light, indoors
Let the smoke do the cleaning
And sweeten our skin with the salt and a stone
There's the pages of our story
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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