

Honeymoon Child

Bill Callahan

You are a true honeymoon child
Conceived on an island on the sun
Heels dug in the white sand
Loved and adored from day one

Raised in the wild space between two hearts
Where vines climb trees toward the light
Running naked, dragging a kite
Or your dress on a string

You bring out the soft side in everyone
We gather like ravens on a rusty scythe
Just to watch such a little dove
Just to watch such a little dove fly away

Mr. Bones from town
Said he saw you the other day
Said you'd changed but he wouldn't say how
It can always turn, it can always turn
The wind can always turn