

Even In Corners

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It feels colder
Than I remember
But the cold I always try to forget

In the summer
My mind tries to
Lock away the warmth of the sun

But we're getting older
Although we feel we are
Still babes in arms

And even in corners
There lies a glory
When all of our doors
Swell up in their frames
I know it will be raining soon
And we'll all be changing

I know now
Our minds are
A made up thing

There was magic
In my grandmother's house
When I was just barely a boy

I'd go searching
With my sisters
Through rooms where our mother
Used to sleep

But we're getting older
Although we feel we are
Still babes in arms