

Can we be near?
Our hands across the table
And everything in pairs
On the run, we aim for the summits and pinnacles
But when your wobbly legs tire, but your mind still roams
Here comes the wheelbarrow, I'm taking you home
Please believe in my sense of direction
We're not lost, we're not home

But we can have it all
Pet sounds and rubber souls
Let your fear go
Let all your fear go

How can you tell I've been working at all?
Can't fill a page with what I have so far
Splinters and glue when you grab my hand
as we walk through some half-asleep neighborhood
And on your tongue, words lose their bearing when love empties
the lungs
I'm steady enough to move
I'd like to follow you until we represent at the gates of heaven

And we go through it all
The harvest and the gold rush
Let your fear go
Let all your fear go
How can you tell?
I can tell