

## For Marcia

## Amplifier

In the cold glare of a coke machine  
And in the pulse of the droning stars  
In the slow swelling of the sea  
Well what can you hear?

But who's that tapping on my shoulder?

You're in the dust falling from the moon  
And in the crack of a sandy dune  
You reach down - and pull me through  
To where our feet need not touch the ground  
And just like me and just like you

Some things can never be