

Corduroy Legs

Beth Orton

There is that I can only hear by the moon
I lay still enough to hear the trees grow
I listen for the creak of their thoughts
And I hear your corduroy legs running up the stairs
And all the kindest words are held in reserve
For you and all my gentlest thoughts
A hand reaches to me across the banished sea
and holds me holds me holding you
It holds me holding you

There is that I can only hear by the moon
I lay still enough to hear the trees grow
I listen for the creak of their thoughts
and all the wisdom their age bestows
I hear your corduroy legs running up the stairs
All the kindest words reserved
For you all my gentlest thoughts
Are yours a hand reaches out to me
Across the vanished sea and holds me,
Holds me holding you