

## Wooden Stairs

Cowboy Junkies

Hold your arms out to me  
And I will come eventually  
I'm hopin' for some time on the other side  
"Some things just aren't meant to be"  
That's the line that sets me free  
Free of all those maybes, buts, inside

If we could sit upon those wooden stairs again  
Bury myself in your skin and hair again  
Feel myself fall into you again  
If we just could sit on those wooden stairs again

Save the place next to you  
And I will come back very soon  
Once I pick the briars from my eyes  
"Some things just aren't meant to be"  
That's the line that handcuffed me  
There it sits, glowin' deep inside

If we could sit upon those wooden stairs again  
Bury myself in your skin and hair again  
Feel myself fall into you again  
If we just could sit on those wooden stairs again

Come and whisper in my ear  
On second thought, let's make it clearer  
Tie me to my mast and sing your song  
Some things just aren't meant to be  
But here's the part that puzzles me  
Why we never choose to sing along

If we could sit upon those wooden stairs again  
Bury myself in your skin and hair again  
Feel myself fall into you again  
If we just could sit on those wooden stairs again

Hold your arms out to me  
And I will come eventually