

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