

Closer To The Sun

Denison Witmer

Downtown in the fall, across the sidewalks
The leaves will all make fossils, left behind
Balancing your life this way against mine
I know you're in me somewhere
I have the marks to prove of this

Closer to the sun, out in the open farms
To the reason for this growing, I will come
And you will be near and I am not old
When we are close together we are young

If I had no arms to fold into
If I had no joys to breathe back to you
Surely this could slow the life of mine
Surely this could stop the love of mine

Far from everyone, down where the river runs
To the reason for this valley, I will come
And wash myself there of all of my cares
Through mystery and water there is love
There is love

If I had no arms to fold into
If I had no joys to breathe back to you
Surely this could slow the life of mine
Surely this could stop the love of mine