

Had a circular saw blade
Where I should have had a heart
I was trusted, I adored her
And I tore it all apart

Twin moons on a millpond
From a tumbledown barn
I can still taste the heat of the sun on her skin in my arms

I could fold to the cold of these
January streets
But your smile in the half-light was
Pure pillow print cheek
I will be far away for a while
But my heart's staying put
Warming and guarding and guiding
The one that I love
Warming and guarding and guiding
The one that I love

The silence and the waiting and the rush of all aboard
Fifty souls to a carriage I'm trying hard to be ignored
Then my telephone shakes into life and I see your name
And the wheat fields explode into gold either side of the train
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And the wheat fields explode into gold