

## Greying Morning

## Falling Up

So these things will grow  
Faster when we're cold  
It's slow love

Every mercy's new  
When we're worn and used  
It's slow love

Like beggars in the greying morning  
These needful hands are reaching for you  
We're beggars bought by suffered gold  
We want what little love we hold

So these plans will fall through  
When the years build on you  
But there'll be slow love

Cause we are broke and older  
Numbed and stumbling over your love

We want what little love is slow