

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