

## Words

Gregory Alan Isakov

Words mean more at night  
Like a song  
And did you ever notice  
The way light means more than it did all day long?

Words mean more at night  
Light means more  
Like your hair and your face and your smile  
And our bed and the dress that you wore

So I'll send you my words  
From the corners of my room  
And though I write them by the light of day  
Please read them by the light of the moon

And I wish I could leave my bones and my skin  
And float over the tired tired sea  
So that I could see you again

Maybe you would leave too  
And we'd blindly pass each other  
Floating over the ocean blue  
Just to find the warm bed of our lover

And I'll send you my words  
From the corners of my room  
And though I write them by the light of day  
Please read them by the light of the moon