

Sometimes when I lay down at night
I swear I can see to heaven
For it's in dreaming that the things
I always knew
are the only thoughts I have
And when I look up at you, love
Handsome as a magazine
Wild as the sun, like nothing below
could ever pull you down

But it's a hard road that we follow
The saddest cities, and the darkest hollows

People cross this world
Over and then back again
Never even one time lift their eyes
Or think of what they say

But I hear it in your voice, love
Like someone sweetly willing
The hope of all these years,
the prayer of a time
that we don't even know

But it's a hard road that we follow
The saddest cities, and the darkest hollows

But I hear it in your voice, love
The strongest sound
I've ever heard
Like water from a well
so deep in the ground
I'll never thirst again

But it's a hard road that we follow
The saddest cities, and the darkest hollows

And everything that's far away
And was lost from me
I see it all from here in you