

Comin' Home

Hum

we're two points collapsing
supercharged from the storm
sun drench in our faces, too deformed
bliss with intent to see us
peeling locust skins from the locust tree
hang on to these places she says to me
clearly in this afternoon
clearly we will have to turn and come home soon
she fell into me a point collapsing
with her loving face in the snow
the mission could be corrupted
and we wouldn't know {and we wouldn't know}
my baby reads for the sound
I've got my feet against the ground
my baby reaches for the sound
I'll take you anywhere you want
loving us more as you see us
peeling locust skins from the locust trees
hang on to their faces she screams to me
clearly in this afternoon
clearly we will have to turn and come home soon