

## 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