

Coda

Jason Webley

Sculpted clay, paper scraps
Bits of wood, old belt straps
Everyone is looking for their friend
Hearts, balloons and broken wings
Puppet dangling by his strings
And dreams of who is at the other end

And we are working upon this canvas
And it is perfect
And it is madness
We are only just beginning
We're only just beginning
To unearth this ancient sadness

See them scurry and toil
Watch them sift through the soil
Something very large is buried in this ground
Yes, they've torn the surface all apart
Never even glimpsed the heart
They're going to have to go much deeper down

And we are working upon this canvas
And it is perfect
And it is madness
But we are only just beginning
We're only just beginning
To unearth this ancient sadness

They've packed up the tents and stages
Put the lions back in cages
Yes, the carnival is over for the year
And it's sad to watch the party end
But I'm still looking for my friend
And oh, some how she's never been so near

And we are working upon this canvas
And it is perfect
Perfect madness
But we are only just beginning
We're only just beginning
To unearth this ancient sadness

We are only just beginning
We're only just beginning
Only just beginning
We've only just begun
And hearts will fly
Only just beginning
And hearts begin to fly
Only just beginning
And hearts begin to fly