

Northern Lights

Jason Webley

Moons pass, but the sun never rises.
And something in the air,
Says to "eat what's on your plate."
And maybe your walking 'cross an endless sheet of white
Beneath an almost endless night,
You've never been so cold.
But you feel something warm,
And bright,

She's strange, she is so familiar.
You just look at her back,
And your hair stands on its ends.
And maybe she leads you to a garden and invites
You to release your lips and bite
Through all that you've been told.

You drink from a cup that is broken.
And its lonely in this crowd,
Guess you'll just go home to bed.
And maybe your caught beneath a softly shifting sky
And find that somehow just behind,
Is every sacred thing you thought you'd sold.

She's strange, she is so familiar,
And something in the air,
Says to "eat what's on your plate."
And maybe you're feeling a bit harder to excite,
You're thinking maybe it's not right,
You've never been so old

And maybe your walking 'cross a river late at night.
A friend you can't remember is standing softly at your
side.
And you feel the current pulling,
But you have no need to fight,
Because you see yourself reflected,
In the water and her eyes.
Look up.
Look up tonight,
She's dancing,
The Northern Lights.