

# Struck

Joe Henry

I've been having wicked thoughts  
Terribly wicked, selfish and cruel  
Imagining I stood high on a ledge  
And fell just out of the reach of you

And then, we are together alone  
As I fall, you look up?  
Looking for all the world, like for once  
It was you, not me, who had been struck

Should I love you more than I do?  
Or pray to love you less  
Or learn to live with the little you give  
Believing it all for the best

Will I ever see your heart  
Open wide and your eyes shut  
Looking for all the world, like for once  
It was you, not me, who had been struck

The trees are angry, toss in the wind  
Devour small planes going by  
Dropping wreckage, bags and gloves  
Down around us where we lie

I hear your uneasy breath  
As you stir, but don't wake up  
Looking for all the world, like for once  
It was you, not me, who had been struck  
That had been struck...that had been struck...that had been str  
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