

Live Long

Kings of Convenience

Summerchild that sits by the water,
weaving sunlight threads in his hands.
The golden river that day a shelter,
a stream where he could make pebbles dance.
You looked around you,
nobody had taken,
any notice of what you saw...
Against the evening sky a formation,
a million black birds looking like one.

Live long, save ten years to remember,
live long, hold it in front of your eyes once more.
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