

Spelunking

Laura Veirs

The tiny midnight caravan
Made its way across the black hills
As I watched from a distance
The slow-going glow
Their wandering you know
Made me pine
For the lamplight
Where you lie

If I took you darling
To the caverns of my heart
Would you light the lamp dear?
Would you light the lamp dear?
And see fish without eyes
Bats with their heads
Hanging down towards the ground
Would you still come around
Come around?

I believe in you
In your honesty and your eyes
Even when I'm sloshing
In the muck of my demise
A large part of me
Is always and forever tied
To the lamplight
Of your eyes, of your eyes