

Broken Objects

Maria Taylor

Seen a lot of broken objects
In a lot of broken towns
These are things I try to hold
For when I'm going down

Pay attention to the wind
Be patient with the rain
Be grateful for the sunshine beating
Down upon your face

And hey, everything will come around
The lighthouse marks the naked ground
And when you're turning home
I wish you speed and breath to fill your empty sails

When the night is long
The highway slowing down
When the moon is lost and dark
Behind her veil of clouds

Keep searching for the morning
Hold tight to that center line
And never let that ghost horizon
Lull you into dying

Hey, everything will come around
The lighthouse marks the naked ground
And when you're turning home
I wish you speed and breath to fill your empty sails