

## & Serenading

Mineral

Will you come and what will I say  
Oh I have been so distant and unhappy  
Like I could disappear

When I was a boy I saw things  
That no one else could see  
So why am I so blind at twenty-two  
To the hope that is all around me  
Filling up this room

On the road on my own  
Waiting for the words to fall from your tongue  
Into my ears

When I was a boy I could hear  
Symphonies in seashells  
So why am I so deaf at twenty-two  
To the sound of the driving snow  
That drives me home to you