

Caught In A Fold

Mostly Autumn

Nobody knows
About the way that I've been feeling
I'm caught in a fold
As the moon holds the sea

I've been rolling back
On a wave already broken
I can't fight the tide
As the sea
Encircles me

I can't tell you
All that I've done is good
I've been driftwood, coasting
Treading my own weary blood

Now I can't tell you
How I feel today
This book of storms has opened
And I'm flying right off this page

You wouldn't know
This ragged soul, lost and wandering
I'm feeling the pull of the moon and sea
I'm far from myself
Losing strenght
And the daylight's waning
Oh, when it's time to go will they call . .
Call for me?

I can't tell you
All that I've done is good
I've been driftwood, coasting
Treading my own weary blood