

The Second Hand

Mostly Autumn

I caught the morning star hanging in a crystal glass
Cold grass, fresh on my fingertips
Warm sun, hung like a melody
We can be anything, anything at all
We can be everything, everything and more

North west on a sun-skimmed 66
Tail lights, hanging like a necklace on the mountains
Red wine, thying on our senses
We can do it all
We can be everything, everything and more

Hanging on the second hand
Pull me down if you can
I'm heading for the grey stone mantle cloud
Sun spills all around
I'm never going to drop

And the riverbank glows
Shadows we throw
The willows and the night wind song
Golden away from the fireside
Hold her underneath the evergreen
We can be anything, anything at all
We can be everything, everything and more
Listen to the heart, we can step into the heart
We can be beautiful, beautiful and more

I am the second hand
Pull me down if you can
I'm heading for the grey stone mantle cloud
Sun spills all around
I'm falling to the top of the second hand
Pull me down if you can
I'm never going to stop
Just a raindrop hanging on the window sill
I just can't stay

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