

Middle Of June

Noah Gundersen

Time is a cold wind blowing through the leaves
Of a tired old tree that I sit beneath
Where I think about the world and I don't know how
What will happen to us now?

And peace is a ladder up to the clouds
That I'm wishing I could climb but I don't know how
So would you lend me a hand to the promise land
Where I'm headed glory bound

And it comes and it goes
Where it's headed, no one knows
And we come and we go
All the saints and the liars, sittin' by the fire
What will happen to us now?

And hatred is a sharp knife held by the blade
It's cutting in your palm 'til you feel no pain
And burning in your eyes with a righteous rage
'Til the ashes blow away

And love is a thing that you can't define
Though you try with all your might through the riddles and rhymes
But it'll fly you like a kite; it'll throw you to the ground
But that's the best thing I have found.

And it comes and it goes
Where it's headed no one knows
And we come and we go
Like the winter and the spring
Losing everything just to gain it back again

And oh, how pretty is the middle of June [4x]