

St. Francis

Sarah Slean

Just like St. Francis
The little birds come
Lonely for a little warm
You give them your music
But they just want a song
Oh no, I'll never learn

But I'd make beautiful sounds,
I'd lay you down like
A lover would
My pride, still standing straight
But looking back
I wasn't so brave
I wasn't so brave

Flying through tunnels
At the mouth of New York
Sometimes, I belong here
But it's funny how leaving
Turns the emptiness up
The hole you never heard before

Oh I laugh in my hands
A kiss from that man like
A melody
My pride, still standing tall
But looking back, I wasn't brave at all
I wasn't brave at all, was I?

I'd make beautiful sounds
I'd lay you down like a lover would
On the phone, I started to say
But then I stopped
I used to be brave
I used to brave

Here's hoping next time we'll get it right