

Ledges

Seals & Crofts

Do not scoff at love's bitter edges, for they in
themselves bear witness.
To an age of bygone fancy, where tear-stained forests
rushed into their evening to pout.
For they were without the grass they love to touch, they
love to touch.
Ledges, ledges. Ledges, ledges.

Glistening in the sun, rainbow betrothed to the sky. On
mystic wings I have soared past ledges.
And in myself I bear witness, to an age of bygone fancy.
Where burn-out stars hid their faces in shame. And
planets turned their backs and were unholy.
And without reason and love.
Ledges, ledges. Ledges, ledges.