

As The Crow Flies

Sundowner

You've got stars over head
I've got a wind-chill
well below negative ten
I've got snow and I've got ice
I've got sun, I've got rain
I've got you all the same
I've got rain
I've got sun when it shines

I've got strings
and calloused fingers
a scratchy throat
a melody that lingers

I've got paper, I've got ink
I've got a bunch of notes I scribbled down
I think I can make a song somehow

And when I'm gray and blue
I've got pictures of you
And when I'm blue and gray
I've got clouds to chase away

You've got green ocean eyes
I've got dreams as the crow flies
I've got cold
I've got clean midwestern sunlight
I found peace in my heart
you burn like a fire in the dark
I've got heat, I've got embers
I've got sparks

The past is dead
but lives on through memory
A cloudy head
that is my history
And some of my friends
they love their misery
As the river bends
embrace uncertainty