

I Can See Four Miles

The Gathering

Whatever you do
Whatever you say

Every time I'm here
And every time you're near
Those echoes keeps growing

I shut my eyes
I closed my mouth

Whatever you did

I shut my eyes
I closed my mouth

Unsteady feet on our parkway
Your finger on our door bell
The walls are getting closer in here

The shadow of dependence
Fills the hall with dusty air
Creeping up on my innocence
And the loss of your care