

## The May Song

### The Gathering

I'm waiting for your hands  
to fold around my wrist  
I'm mellowng in warm grass  
and the scent of you I've missed

And blue is representing  
the draft in my heart  
I'm wondering through thin skies  
and the transparent air I've missed

Pale is my face  
you might want to colour  
while I breathe

I'm following large drops of rain  
with my eyes on the sight of you I've missed

Pale is my face  
you might want o colour  
while I breathe.