

Linger, Let Me Linger

The Handsome Family

Like the thorn bush twines
Against the chain link fence
Like the spider spins its rings between the trees
And the lonely sycamore bends to the breeze

I am the puddles in the street
Waiting for your falling leaves
Twine your vines around me, drop your branches in my path
Linger, let me linger

Hearts drawn on a dusty window pane
A love note lying in the road
A car circling 'round a darkened street
A woman crying on the phone

We are like the crickets in the spring
Calling out from under stones
Twine your vines around me, drop your branches in my path
Linger, let me linger