

I'm a Long Way

Timber Timbre

I'm a long, long way from the tips of your fingers
Cus I let you slip right through my hands
But the path, way back to your doorway, it shimmers
And you're waiting cus [?] til I pray

So come on sweet darling,
Can I come home with you tonight?
Cus I'm lost running all around
and I know I can do you right.

We'll float on the witches
from the creekbed to the moon
erase the pain and settlement
and carve on the fallen dew.
And cast out all ballasts
or will you sleep in stone
encounter creatures of the night
and bring them into our homes.

So come on sweet darling,
can I come home with you tonight?
Cus I'm lost running all around
and I know I can do you right.

I'm a long, long way from the tips of your fingers
cus I let you slip right through my hands
but the path, way back to you doorway, it shimmers
And you're waiting cus [?] til I pray