

Point Me At Lost Islands

Tired Pony

By the look in your down-turned eyes,
you've had enough of these angry skies.
I can't wait just like you can't wait
until we're out, past familiar gates.

Your hands are freezing cold on my face,
just like the winter snow that covers up this place.

It's what you wrote in the book's first page.
It's what I've hungered for on that stage.
Those seven words shook the life back in,
so let's just run 'til we lose our breath.

Point me at lost islands. Point me at the sea.
I've love to know the sound of nothing else but you.

For the life of me, I don't know
what took us so long, but here we are.
Standing face to face, suddenly
everything makes sense, at least to me.