

Daughter

Vienna Teng

Well it's you and it's me
Me with a drink in my hand
The ice is tinkling like a windchime
And late afternoon settles over the land
And you're talking about things
Interesting just slightly
And things that matter too much
To say any way but lightly

Did you know you're so beautiful
On the edge of summer
That years from now
I'll cry to remember
How very close you were
Knowing this will I reach for you
Knowing this will I reach for you
The way you want me to

Well it's time to be wise
Wise in the ways of the heart
To come out from under the covers
This voluntary state of apart
From the faces, oasis
In this Sahara of sorrow
These graces that hold me
It's from you that I borrowed

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