

# Fortune

William Fitzsimmons

There's fortune in the furlough  
On the other side  
Wrap ourselves in blankets  
The crossing of a bridge so wide, so high

It's murky in the meadow  
As we draw in the lines we threw  
And leveraging the ledgers  
Forgetting all the blood we drew

But what I do remember  
What I do remember is you  
What I do remember  
What I do remember is you

It's hollow in the harvest  
What I've lost I count as gained  
Filling up the firmament  
Visions of the one you gave away

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