

## Veda Hille

### "Old Song"

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One, two  
Three

I want to write new  
It's just an old song  
Falling from fingers  
Into one colour

I want to write true for you  
It's just an old song  
Lying in pretty circles  
Older than my mother's mother

A song  
So sweet  
It just slips under the door  
A song you'd never notice  
Or ask for

I want to write for you  
It's just an old song  
Wanting upright piano  
And stumbling guitar

I want to write true  
It's just an old song  
To be played over and over  
'Til it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter

A song for easy sleep  
Another night you'll never miss  
A song to wrap around yourself  
Like that cloth, or that kiss

A song to leave you alone  
In it's own small echoes  
A song to remind you  
That in silence sadness grows

I want to write true for you  
It's just an old song

Slipping through fingers  
Quick as lovers

I want to write new, but  
It's just an old song  
In slowing circles  
You don't notice that it's over

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