

Weepies, The

"Empty Your Hands"

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16 balloons against the blue
they're red, they're red like a dream come true
Sure it was enough to give them to you
to watch you let them go, let them go

Empty your hands
of overheard conversations
Empty your hands
static from the big bang
and dinosaur radio stations
Empty your hands
genocides in foreign nations
Empty your hands and look up

His eyes are wide and beautiful,
my own feel dull and old
They can't recall some buoyancy,
they've had too much to hold, let them go

Floating past a daytime moon
transparent as a shell
Rubies in a well, sixteen apples on a tree
we never would have seen
if his fingers weren't so free

Our baby learned to run today
in circles on the grass
His joyful face it radiates
These moments go so fast, let them go

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