

Abigail Washburn

"A Fuller Wine"

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Dark sky's here, no one's near
Except I think I feel you
Sun comes round, and no sound
Except the ringing blue
All too loud
Everywhere I go I look for you
Do you look for me where you go too?

Coldest day is here, skies are clear
Except your blinding constellation
Still you fall behind the west
Except this beating tune
in my chest
Everywhere I go I look for you
Do you look for me where you go too?

Tomorrow is here, I'm further near
Except this losing revelation
You are closer yet in my mind
They say the tardy fruit's
a fuller wine
Everywhere I go I look for you
Do you look for me where you are too?

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