

Beth Hirsch

"Let It Live"

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What's there left I haven't felt
Since I've known you ?
What else is there left to come ?
What do you know ?

Creaked open a cellar door
First the deluge, then pasture
Moving house was natural
Fared with the flow

The margins moved
To soften the boundaries
From slanted bents
Now mended to gaze

It's hard to believe you're here
And I'm here and we're coming back
You heard me out
Without a string
and let it live...

How'd we find such pleasure
In so few a moment
Rhthym keeping a measure
While we're on the go

Alone in rooms together
Racing the hand of a master
The more experience
The more that we know

The loving grooves we choose
That fuse
Those sufales we don't
Refuse

It's hard to believe you're here
And I'm here and we're coming back
You held my soul
With all your heart
And let it live
Let it live...

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