

Beulah "Hovering"

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Watching the planes land over the bay
I wish they could hang in the air forever
Holding the patterns for days
I hope they (hope they hope they)
Will be delayed forever
Standing alone at the gate
She's late
She's miles above somewhere, hovering
Why won't you write?
Write me a word to say
Tell me you miss my ways
Tell me you miss my face
I never meant clip your pretty wings
Oh your pretty, oh your pretty wings
You always knew it,
You saw right through it,
Why'd you have to go?
Standing still at the gate
And I ache (I ache I ache)
My palms are not lace rising
The wheels drop and she starts to descend
And the runway will light her way
She starts hovering
And when she lands
I race for the crashing ground
The oxygen from the mask
That only words mark the past
I never meant clip your pretty wings
Oh your pretty, oh your pretty wings
We'll be all right
We'll be all right
We'll be all right
We'll be all right
You always knew it,
You saw right through it,
Why'd you have to?

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