

The Acorn

"Antenna"

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Was it always there, or contracted?
Was it just the thought to which I was attracted?

The body speaks in chemicals,
A song and dance not visible
But I've been told don't go looking
'Cause the tune was tuned to find you.

Distance drowns the signal and the call of
constellations.

I'm picking up the language that we lost.

Static in the air, no reception.
Was it just a bad antenna or your perception
Of the silence that surrounds you,
Your ears will move to find it.
Don't do looking,
My heart was tuned to find you.

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