

Irma Thomas

"Lion's Mane"

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Run like a race for family
When you hear like you're alone
The rusted gears of morning
To faceless busy phones
We gladly run in circles
But the shape we meant to make is gone

Love is a tired symphony
Tou hum when you're awake
Love is a crying baby
Mama warned you not to shake
Love is the best sensation
Hiding in the lion's mane

So I'll clear the road, the gravel
And the thornbush in your path
That burns a scented oil
That I'll drip into your bath
The water's there to warm you
And the earth is warmer
When you laugh

Love is a scene I render
When you catch me wide awake
Love's a dream you enter
Though I shake and shake and shake you
Love is the best endeavor
Waiting in the lion's mane

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