

## Jane Siberry

### "The Slow Tango"

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On the sixth day  
When the word came  
We began our journey  
We would not break the promise  
Lonely  
Hasten to the shoreline  
Just in time to see them sail away

All the times when we lay sleepless  
And the weather made no sense  
Challenge your hands to capture  
These landscapes, holy days  
Landscapes of dunes and red skies

There is only one horizon  
Rolling thunder  
This wilderness of longing  
Tangled up forever  
Hold me for a while my love  
I can hardly hear you  
Heal me, feel my love

So I find your breast against mine  
Is this the slow tango?  
I have no regrets my love

I let you press  
I forget the rest  
But I feel it like the rushing dove  
That beats against the hands of time  
With pounding heart... again

Is this the slow tango?  
I have no regrets my love

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