

Jennifer Kimball

"Ballad no.61"

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Words that weren't said,
Words that weren't said.
They're all in your head,
All in your head.

On occasion I've been known to get the facts confused.
On occasion I may have twisted the rules
Into the knot that suits my fancy.

Some say it won't,
Some say it won't.
Some say it will,
Oh, say it will

Last until the fall burns like our initial desire.
Give it one more chance before you call me a liar.
And kiss me as if nothing could stand in our way.

All that you've worked towards
Will take you far from me,

The lighthouse in love with the ship
That sails on the restless sea.

Remember the harbor
Sailing your oceans deep.

Follow this beacon of light when and if
You come back home to me.

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