

Josh Pyke "Memories & Dust"

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First I was a hatchling waiting for my little bones to
form
Next I was a fledging leaping from the nest despite the
fall
oh they fall, how we fall
But if I speak to you of days upon the ocean
I can speak to you of memories and dust
There won't be time for all of us,
I know there won't be time for all of us

I landed in the garden longing for the view behind the
fence
Oh my god
I prayed my bones weren't brittle
For the air we float on can feel dense
Oh the weight of it aches
But if I speak to you of days upon the ocean
I can speak to you of memories and dust
There won't be time for all us,
I know there won't be time for all of us

'cause I saw two fall before they were ready to

and I found no sense or gain to bear the cost
comfort comes to those with faith in mysterious ways
But for me faith don't make up for what we lost

But if I speak to you of days upon the ocean
I can speak to you of memories and dust
There won't be time for all us,
I know there won't be time for all of us

But in the morning I can smell you on my pillow
I need to know we won't get wrung out in the wash
I need to know there's time for us
I must believe there's time for some of us

'cause I saw two fall before they were ready to
and I found no sense or gain to bear the cost
comfort comes to those with faith in mysterious ways
But for me faith don't make up for what we lost

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