

## **Laura Veirs** **"Ether Sings"**

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My wooden vibrating mouth  
Sing me your lover's song  
Come with me we'll head up north  
Where the rivers run icy and strong

The empty theater is lying cold  
In the shadows of the past  
A church group enters to touch the molding  
With a burst of song and a simple repast

Guitars can't help but sing  
Can't help but ring

A tiny little flute is whistling in the lips  
Of a stranger on the corner  
A tiny little girl ties flowers to her wrists  
And the bees come 'round to adorn her

All the time spent dreaming is never lost  
Dreams come back through the bells of trumpeting  
horns  
Souls lost out in the ether of death  
Come back wise in the eyes and the arms of newborns

Hearts can't help but sing  
Can't help but ring

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