

Nostalgia 77

"Quiet Dawn"

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Your frame is a slender tree
And hands two sprawling leaves
Your mouth, a quiet dawn
Your hair, a waterfall
Your eyes, stars astral light
Slow whispers of infinity
That draw me closer to your body night by night

And my love is a satellite
Spinning, spinning
Spinning, spinning

Your questions are impossible
Galaxies and moonlight flow
Angry tides and fallow lands
And our universe expands
Your footprints are maps to me
Under sunlight speckled woods
You'll feed me in the failing light
A simple meal of gravity

And all my love is a satellite
Spinning, spinning
Spinning, spinning
Spinning, spinning, spinning

You reached into space for me
Held my orbit evenly, certain of infinity
But moons and comets die eventually
And when we go, go in peace
When our spirits go free
And the world's only grey
Quiet dawning galaxy oh

And my love is a satellite
Spinning, spinning
Spinning, spinning, spinning
Oh spinning

