

Passenger

"Starlings"

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Well we watched the starlings fly
Around the burned down pier
And I spilled my coffee on my sleeve

She wiped it with a smile
And told me I was juvenile
And kissed me softly on my cheek

And her hair danced in the breeze
Like a thousand swinging trees
In a forest lying next to stormy seas

Well we watched the wintry sky
Turn a shade of turquoise
I whispered softly, I feel lost

She turned with laughing eyes
And curled her lips towards the sky
And said, get your map out then, you knob

And we laughed like a pair of fools
Like kids, they laugh at school
And we wandered home
Before the day brought dusk

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