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David Mead "Echoes of a Heart"

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Now I'm crossing Broadway towards a rising sun In a waking city I'm a loaded gun I came home tonight to no one

Not a sound, then it starts
Something speaks from the dark
Not a voice
Only echoes of a heart
Coming off the ceiling, rolling down the hall
Through a vacant feeling like a distant call

I hear nothing but the rise and fall Not a sound, then it starts Something speaks from the dark Not a voice Only echoes of a heart Comes around, close and far Deepest place, softest part Not a voice Only echoes of a heart

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