

Lisbeth Scott

"Beg"

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Inside my ancient dreams
your lips are the rolling sea
your arms forever cradle me

Soft pillow cloud of mine
I soak your fortune in
All light and rain you once have been

I beg the sky...I beg the moon
May I become your wings
May I become your wings

My feathered carriage waits
for me in your longing wake
Deliver me from my heart's ache

And when my silver moon
shall turn to a softer blue
perhaps I will have rescued you

I beg the sky...I beg the moon
May I become your wings
May I become your wings

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