

New Medicine

"Twilight Home"

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Now the thick warm cream light
Fades down into the mist from the sea
Three surfers - tiny black specks
Out across in the great waves
Lanterns of the little town over
On the hill - twilight sweet
Homecoming
It's all the same
And these things we hold
In our hearts
Like a promise in the salt of
Our blood
Until we come home

And always the breathing of the
Breaking surf
Drifts through the curtains and
Through our dreaming
And these things we hold
To ourselves
Like a promise in the salt of
Our blood
Until we come home

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