

Make Do And Mend

"St. Anne"

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We're all living just to find our latest loss,
So cut your anchor loose and swim your way across.
And when the day gives way to dusk and the circle
closes 'round,
Fold your hands across my heart and hold me down.

It was around this time of year that we first met,
You were my age and I didn't know it yet
But you'd be there for every time I lost my step
In a world that spun too fast under my legs.

I've seen pictures of you then,
Like the patron saint of everything I lack.
And I know I've kept you up more nights than I could
care to guess,
But somehow you never thought to love me less.

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So cut your anchor loose and swim your way across.
And when the day gives way to dusk and the circle
closes 'round,
Fold your hands across my heart and hold me down.

I think this year I've lost more than I've found.
It spun me 'round and knocked me down and dragged
me out.
But no matter how I find myself falling in around
You've been my sore eyes and solid ground.

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