

Over It

"I've Been Slipping"

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I've been slipping down in the grass
Counting the steps to your back door
I've been praying you'd see me pass
Knowing somehow you've seen me before
I've been sighing more than i should
Spilling my glass there's ice on the floor
But i've been busy gathering wood
Hoping our fire will burn all the more
I've been stealing hundreds of bells
Ringing my way along your shore
And i've been smiling all to myself
Savouring signs of what's in store
I've been climbing branches and vines
Gathering leaves for long festoons
And i've been rhyming myriad lines
Full of your face and the gleam of the moon

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