

Peter Mulvey "No Wonder"

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Are these your arms across your chest?
Is that your face turned from me?
Are these your legs drawn between us?
Is this you?
No wonder

Is this my voice, pleading, broken, bitter?
Is this my mouth filled with sand?
Are these my hands inert and heavy?
Is this me?
No wonder

I have never been here before
I had no idea
The chill you seem to know your way around

With a white-knuckle grip on the center of your soul
I have the same grip on your heart
Sometimes when the words fail
And the silence bleeds into the snow
I wonder
I wonder which of us will be the first to let go
Which of us will be the first to let go

And I say listen to the rain
listen to the fall
listen to the voice
listen to the trees
listen to the call
listen to the sun
listen to the wind
listen to the way
listen to the dream
The shout's begun to whisper
Listen to me, listen to me, listen to your heart
The truth is speaking softly there
And I am almost beyond caring
And I can only breathe
And I can only watch you be yourself
And you can only do the same

No wonder...

No wonder...
No wonder.

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