

## Cadence Of Sorts, A

### "And How We Would Give Her The Moon"

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If it's too much to ask tonight,  
I'll pen it in red, with love I will sign.  
I'll call you the calm before the storm,  
a sight for sore eyes, a heart that's been worn.  
Was it the wake, the bend,  
the fold, the crashing of tides and breaking the mold?  
Follow the leader, it's past ten.  
If I could see you, I'd softly lift your chin.  
I'll bare your weakness, wear  
all regret, comfort and hold you,  
if you would only let this change.  
If I were to shine a light so bright,  
would you grace a smile and then trace the line?  
Leading the way back to a heart.  
A scrapbook collection where you've left your mark.  
A blueprint once saved for days with rain.  
A casual method to let go of pain.  
So here's to the step to make the most of sand and  
surrender. Waves breaking the shore.

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