Bush Kate
"The Fog"

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You see, I'm all grown up now.
He said,
"Just put your feet down child,
'Cause you're all grown up now."

Just like a photograph,
I pick you up.
Just like a station on the radio,
I pick you up.
Just like a face in the crowd,
I pick you up.
Just like a feeling that you're sending out,
I pick it up.
But I can't let you go.
If I let you go,
You slip into the fog…………

This love was big enough for the both of us.
This love of yours was big enough to be frightened of.
It's deep and dark, like the water was,
The day I learned to swim.
He said, "Just put your feet down, child.

"Just put your feet down child,
The water is only waist high.
I'll let go of you gently,
Then you can swim to me."

Is this love big enough to watch over me?
Big enough to let go of me
Without hurting me,
Like the day I learned to swim?

"'Cause you're all grown up now.
Just put your feet down, child,
The water is only waist high.
I'll let go of you gently,
Then you can swim to me."

Reaching Out

See how the child reaches out instinctively
To feel how fire will feel.

See how the man reaches out instinctively
For what he cannot have.

The pull and the push of it all.

Reaching out for the hand.
Reaching out for the hand that smacked.
Reaching out for that hand to hold.
Reaching out for the Star.
Reaching out for the Star that explodes.
Reaching out for Mama.

See how the flower leans instinctively toward the light
See how the heart reaches out instinctively
For no reason but to touch.

The pull and the push of it all.

Reaching out for the hand
Reaching out for the hand that smacked
Reaching out for that hand to hold.
Reaching out for the Star.
Reaching out for the Star that explodes.
Reaching out for Mama.
(Can't we see…………)
Reaching out for Mama.