

## **Son, Ambulance**

### **"A Book Laid On Its Binding"**

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Our lives twist like woven threads

On an endless loom of time

We will make a quilt that is both lovely

And warm

So when you're shivvering dejection

I am unwilling to laugh

Vapours rise from my brow

We'll stare out on the horizon,

That moment where we end

The ocean and sky seem colourless

In times when you forget me

I will find

I always have

My heart belonged to paper

Like songs were going to save

But the character could not stand

For me

The daughter of a mapmaker

And a sea-worn fisherman

Tasted the salt

Of a harbour where they wept

This book laid on its binding  
My pages toss in the wind  
And dreams race across my ceiling  
Like freethrows through my head  
As I lay down  
I lie back  
I lay down  
I lie back

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