

Eliza Lynn

"Honeysuckle"

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It's hard not to fall in love with the honeysuckle in bloom.
Walking slow my eyes roll back at the scent of that fume.
The days are long, the sun hangs in the sky up above.
It is the season of growing and learning to love.

It's not that love doesn't yank me and throw me up high.
Or sprinkle light through my fingers and glitter up my eyes.
What has snuck up on me is not a singing head or a tingling heart.
But that patience, patience, makes of us a piece of art

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I am with you and we can watch clouds pass
But if we don't go deeper then it ain't gonna last.
I can sing about patience, I can sing about love,
But let's lay it on the table, that's what trust is made of,
It's what love is made of, let's see what we are made of.

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