

Gregory Alan Isakov

"Words"

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Words mean more at night
Like a song
And did you ever notice
The way light means more than it did all day long?

Words mean more at night
Light means more
Like your hair and your face and your smile
And our bed and the dress that you wore

So I'll send you my words
From the corners of my room
And though I write them by the light of day
Please read them by the light of the moon

And I wish I could leave my bones and my skin
And float over the tired tired sea
So that I could see you again

Maybe you would leave too
And we'd blindly pass each other
Floating over the ocean blue
Just to find the warm bed of our lover

And I'll send you my words
From the corners of my room
And though I write them by the light of day
Please read them by the light of the moon
Please read them by the light of the moon
Please read them by the light of the moon

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