

Trash Can Sinatras

"Country air"

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in a golden summer field
i watch you fall asleep
in a pool i cool my hells
and watch you fall asleep

like the flowers in spring
i know love is a seasonal thing
but in the summer of our heart
there's a place beyond a river
will you grace the morning weather with me?
with me?

on the grass behind the goal
i trace your constellation of moles
until the clouds close
and it's chilly round the pole

only winter, should we part
will succeed you in my heart
in the day-long dark

we can face the fading light together
if that's alright with you
with you

spirit ascending, be never ending
like the sun and moon

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