

Deb Talan, Something Burning

Like water swirling cold into warm
our eyes were turning before the storm
we didnt see the fire
we could taste the smoke of something burning

Every time I ride the Broadway bridge I think of you
kiss me in the open places
every time I see a cardigan I think of you
wearing that red sweater
I drive past the bar just to remember
touch you through the dream love you still touch me love

I have faith in you I have trust in me
I feel the flow of the river now and I want to go
I hope you find your river soon and meet me
when we have followed our rivers down to the sea

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When your dancing do you miss me arching under you
Watching the stars fall from your eyes into mine

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Don't give me to this love
Being us back to this love