

George, That's When You Come To Me

It's four past the shaking hands
and the house is shouting
and the wide ocean's smile
is two mountains away

If the burning laughter refracts out the window
and too many threads are pulled
and leaves a mark on your night-face
as red as Shanghai in Autumn Moon

If the frozen-flat birds can thaw
to soar north against the wind
and stare across this great wide
land with faith and feather

You'll know I'll be there - my love

If I'm drowning serenely
and the browning and the torn
picture of your unshakeable smile
breathes life into my eyes
I'll always be seeing you - my love

When the brush is out of paint
and we stroke the gaps full
of silence and restraint
and the canvas starts to peel
that's when, that's when, I'll take your hand