

# 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