

Kevin Tellie, Ice-Fishing

Its not too late to go ice-fishing
And its not too early to wake
If you and I were to close the doors
Would our eyes have closed?
In your dreams are they filled sweetly to the brim?
Do they talk to you about me?
Can I color your sky?
Can I paint your dreams ?

You look up at the ceiling, what do you see?
I look down from the ceiling and I see what you see
I will surrender my heart for you
To look into you is the greatest view

Maybe if I wasn't so dumbfounded
Maybe if I saw through
I didn't think, we still laughed
Laughing with you
Your so modest but you are everything I say

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I look down from the ceiling and I see what you see
I will surrender my heart for you
To look into you is the greatest view

I could make copies of your smile and still be amazed
I could read your lips till I die
Could you get lost in my eyes?
I wouldn't find my way home out of yours

And I say even laughing fills me to the brim

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