

Laura Veirs, Wandering Kind

A strange July, storm came down
From the north and pulled out the salt
And it tore out the leaves
From the pear tree and my canopy

In the twigs and the bugs of sow
I knew somehow I was free
I held a stone above my bones
I was shaking

In the blue stained glass church
You gathered up my heart
Sauntered together all the tiny shattered parts
I said, 'all I can see in front of me is the armpit of a crow'
You closed the ring and opened the door
And ran into the summer yard

'Cause the sun's been known to shine
On our wandering kind
Yeah, the sun's been known to shine
On our wandering kind
(to shine)

Clogging on her wooden board
The tattooed girl took up her swords
And plunged them down deep into the earth
A twinkling tie filled up her eyes
And poured out to the lawn
A made a raft of the scraps from her skirt
And sailed 'til dawn

'Cause the sun's been known to shine
On our wandering kind
(to shine)
Yeah, the sun's been known to shine
On our wandering kind
(to shine)

Our wandering kind