

Redbird, Ithaca

We got the news
Ithaca got snow
It was just that kind of day
All I know is that you've gone
and left us here below
All I wish is that you'd stay

We leave this cursed city
in the same way we come in
We trace the roads
On our way out,
we shed our certainties like clothes

We thought this was our sacrifice
But the world knew otherwise
And took you from us
Before your time,
right before our eyes
We think we're walking home
But you can't go there unless it wants you
You can stand on the streets
But still the destination haunts you
Is that where you are now?
To have believed that's truest love
Ain't it clearer now that we have love
and we don't have you

It took this much to make me see
Still I barely understand
Love will always, always be larger
and different from our plans
Love will never listen to us
And why should it?
Love knows the score
It builds better songs than we do
It sings a better metaphor