

Sherwood, I'll See That You Aren't Woken Up

Just sleep, the beauty of this place
will seep into your very blood;
I'll see that you aren't woken up

And it's slowed to just a trickle now
But I wish that it was pouring out
because there's so much here to write about.

And all the leaves are turning brown;
They're falling from their branches
and landing at my feet,

But I can hardly make a sound,
a word of adoration, for what's surrounding me.

Make it up from here, but I can't make it up from here,
so I won't wake you up, my dear

(How can I find my way out
I dug this hole all by myself
with no more poems on napkins
and i left the notebook on its shelf)

And I just want to write with everything inside.