

Son Ambulance, A Book Laid On Its Binding

Our lives twist like woven threads
On an endless loom of time
We will make a quilt that is both lovely
And warm

So when you're shivering dejection
I am unwilling to laugh
Vapours rise from my brow

We'll stare out on the horizon,
That moment where we end
The ocean and sky seem colourless
In times when you forget me

I will find
I always have

My heart belonged to paper
Like songs were going to save
But the character could not stand
For me

The daughter of a mapmaker
And a sea-worn fisherman
Tasted the salt
Of a harbour where they wept

This book laid on its binding
My pages toss in the wind
And dreams race across my ceiling
Like freethrows through my head

As I lay down
I lie back

I lay down
I lie back