

The Innocence Mission, Happy, The End

In this story
we sit down on Luna Bridge
and catch snow in our cupped hands
and music is coming from the houses
or it sings inside me
I begin to mind
Oh happy, oh happy, the end,
the end, the end.

In this painting
the whole world is navy blue
I run home from the mailbox
in all the dim of five o'clock
to see you.
Cars and trees go by me,
you are in the yard
and in my arms again
Oh happy, oh happy, the end,
the end , the end
Happy, oh happy
the end.