

Abigail Washburn, A Fuller Wine

Dark sky's here, no one's near

- Except I think I feel you
- Sun comes round, and no sound
- Except the ringing blue
- All too loud
- Everywhere I go I look for you
- Do you look for me where you go too?

Coldest day is here, skies are clear

Except your blinding constellation
Still you fall behind the west
Except this beating tune
in my chest
Everywhere I go I look for you
Do you look for me where you go too?

Tomorrow is here, I'm further near

Except this losing revelation
You are closer yet in my mind
They say the tardy fruit's
a fuller wine
Everywhere I go I look for you
Do you look for me where you are too?