

Abigail Washburn, Red & Blazing

I must've been four when you touched my arm.
Skies were red and blazing.
I heard a moan in the elms above,
and I knew that day was ending.

I knew you'd seen your happiest day
when the next morn the birds were singing.
We felt the same cold from the earth.

It took the moon to hold the tide
and set our hearts a-spinning.
You'd wait for dark to never come again.

I'll turn my back to the calling sun
if you'll rise and meet me.
I'll walk the road I took from you.

Oh, stay a while in the red skies blazing.
Touch my arm and feel my burning
for the day you left for the elms above
to meet those birds a-singin'.