

adrienne lenker, sadness as a gift

you and i both know
there is nothing more to say
chance has shut her shining eyes
and turned her face away

leaning on the windowsill
you could write me someday and i think you will
we could see the sadness as a gift and still
feel too heavy to hold

snow fallin'
i try to keep from callin'
watch the spring turn to winter
fireflies all frozen

the seasons go so fast
thinking that this one was gonna last
maybe the question was too much to ask

been searching for your eyes
all i see is blue sky
and that old man beats his crooked cane
it's time to let go

leaning on the windowsill
you could write me someday and i bet you will
we could see the sadness as a gift and still
the seasons go so fast
thinking that this one was gonna last
maybe the question was too much to ask

you and i could see into the same eternity
every second brimming with a majesty

kiss so sweet so fine
you could hear the music inside my mind
and you showed me a place i'll find even when i'm old
just leaning on the windowsill
you could write me someday and i hope you will
we could see the sadness as a gift and still
the seasons go so fast
thinking that this one was gonna last
maybe the question was too much to ask