

Amy Millan, Hard Hearted (Ode To Thoreau)

I have a hard hearted island
Where I live alone
I've seen my love grow big as a mountain
And scatter like ashes and bones
These things I have forgotten
Memory I've left behind
Something was always drifting away
So I'll stay
It may be the night it might be the morning
Never again will I weep
I've got the wind blowing beside me
And the water to sing me to sleep
That sky can do my crying
Seasons can have my goodbyes
The city can keep all its history
And leave me
I have been beat I'm not defeated
Not bitter not bound and not meek
When disappointed is a slow burning fire
Let it drown under the sound of my feet