

# Deb Talan, Whetstones

Something about these woods  
something i like  
moss and an old man's beard  
dripping rain from a branch in the fading daylight  
ooh

And the way you move is dancing  
while your mouth says funny things  
i'm staring at your neck  
thinking, thinking  
could i rest my faith in there?  
stay a while...  
stay a while...  
ooh

Something about your eyes  
something that might  
melt the winter in my heart  
like a tongue touching snow

Because the way you move is dancing  
while your mouth says funny things  
i'm staring at your neck,  
thinking, thinking  
could i rest my faith in there?  
stay a while...  
stay a while...  
ooh

Something about your mind  
different, clever, kind  
maybe we offer each other  
other  
if i'm with you long enough  
to wet our wills as we grow old  
could you let me close  
to breathe your breath  
to touch your soul?  
your soul..

Cause the way you move is dancing  
while your mouth says funny things  
i'm staring at your neck,  
thinking, thinking  
could i rest my faith in there?  
stay a while...  
a while...  
a while...  
a while...  
ooh