

Girlyman, Joyful Sign

One, two, three, and four weeks of nothing more since you've been here
I can't move on, there's something wrong when people disappear
Sometimes I see you, wouldn't wanna be you, you're like the sun
You rise and shine, but you're not mine, you shine on everyone
We all hold on, but when we go, we'll be gone

Sometimes leaving is a joyful sign
Like a little child singing, "This little light of mine
Gonna let it shine, let it shine"

Back when we drank wine I'd look for signs that you were lying
A stitch in time could have saved nine if I had just been strong
I didn't have the will back then, I was like a child, maybe five or ten
Of mice and men, I'd say amen, and sing your praise in song
"All my songs shall be nearer my love to thee"

Sometimes leaving is a joyful sign
Like a little child singing, "This little light of mine
Gonna let it shine, let it shine"

Ten margaritas in Encinitas, there is no end
You sent a word, now I am stirred all up again
When you move into motion, the Atlantic Ocean cannot compare
My heart's out there, but I don't care, I'll throw it anywhere
We all hold on, but when we go, we'll be gone

Sometimes leaving is a joyful sign
Like a little child singing, "This little light of mine
Gonna let it shine, let it shine"