

# Indigo Girls, Love's Recovery

During the time of which I speak it was hard to turn the other cheek  
To the blows of insecurity  
Feeding the cancer of my intellect the blood of love soon neglected  
Lay dying in the strength of its impurity  
Meanwhile our friends we thought were so together  
They've all gone and left each other in search of fairer weather  
And we sit here in our storm and drink a toast  
To the slim chance of love's recovery.  
There I am in younger days, star gazing,  
Painting picture perfect maps of how my life and love would be  
Not counting the unmarked paths of misdirection  
My compass, faith in love's perfection  
I missed ten million miles of road I should have seen  
Meanwhile our friends we thought were so together  
Left each other one by one in search of fairer weather  
And we sit here in our storm and drink a toast  
To the slim chance of love's recovery.  
Rain soaked and voice choked like silent screaming in a dream  
I search for our absolute distinction  
Not content to bow and bent  
To the whims of culture that swoop like vultures  
Eating us away, eating us away  
Eating us away to our extinction  
Oh how I wish I were a trinity, so if I lost a part of me  
I'd still have two of the same to live  
But nobody gets a lifetime rehearsal, as specks of dust we're universal  
To let this love survive would be the greatest gift we could give  
Tell all the friends who think they're so together  
That these are ghosts and mirages, these thoughts of fairer weather  
Though it's storming out I feel safe within the arms of love's discovery