

# Jack Johnson, Constellations

The light was leaving  
in the west it was blue  
The children's laughter sang  
and skipping just like the stones they threw  
the voices echoed across the way  
its getting late

It was just another night  
with the sun set  
and the moon rise not so far behind  
to give us just enough light  
to lay down underneath the stars  
listen to papas translations  
of the stories across the sky  
we drew our own constellations

The west winds often last too long  
the wind may calm down  
nothing ever feels the same  
Sheltered under the Kamani tree  
waiting for the passing rain  
clouds keep moving to uncover the scene  
stars above us chasing the day away  
to find the stories that we sometimes need  
Listen close enough  
all else fades  
fades away

It was just another night  
with the sun set  
and the moon rise not so far behind  
to give us just enough light  
to lay down underneath the stars  
listen to all the translations  
of the stories across the sky  
we drew our own constellations