

Jess Klein, Draw Them Near

White dove, white dove
Tell me about love
Tell me about love

I know, I know
I seem like a bloodlorn crow
I seem like a bloodlorn crow

Sing true
Sing clear
Sing to draw them near

I tried, you see
To sing sweet
As a chickadee

And their souls for to free
Free for them
Not for me
Free for them
Not for me

So I squawked, so I screamed
Tore apart all their dreams
Tore apart all their dreams

Sing true
Sing clear
Sing to draw them near

If I fly all alone
Will I die?
Skin and bones

Wheres the branch? Wheres the tree?
That will shade and comfort me
Shade and comfort me

Sing true
Sing clear
Sing to draw them near