

John Hiatt, Distance

You are the beautiful lover

My Lover

I am the distant shore

So far away

There is so much to uncover

Love's hiding

What is this distance for

What is it for

Out of the dark I am falling

I'm fallin'

Into your warm candle flame

So bright

A butterfly pinned to love's calling

Love's calling

Why must this magic be named

Must it be named

We've filled the air

With silent stares

But still no one dares

We are strangers

The sad jealous praise

As the symphony plays

And we are the foolish arrangers

The foolish arrangers

REPEAT VERSE ONE