

Kirsty McGee, Put Back The Stars

you showed me the plough as it furrowed its way through the night
you said it was mine and i waited for hours, just watching it slide
till the dawn filled the sky
and the fire of the morning peeled the stars away
leaving the moon in a blanket of grey

you gave me the moon in the palm of my hand
glinting like copper and beaten like gold
september moon with the rain in its hair
tangling the stars...

and i'd give you the air if the air was mine to give you
i'd give you the clouds if the clouds weren't filled with rain
i'd give you my heart if you promise to be gentle
won't you put back the stars so we can see again

i watched you sleeping, ever so gently
sleeping so gently and breathing so still
till the dawn in the sky threw its light down over your shoulders
and the moon and the sun chased the darkness away

and now i know the ocean wave
i know the turning of the sea
i know that love is sweeter still
than summer breezes turning leaves
i know your face i know your hair
the colour of your stare

the silence in your eyes