

Kris Delmhorst, World Gives You Wings

Would it make a difference if I spoke more quietly
Can you hear me if I barely breathe
Would it make it easier if I was not here at all
Would it help you make this feel small

You got the widest shoulders now, the cleanest hands
And the dryest eyes in town
I can make noise enough for two, I guess I'll cry your share for you
Just for the sake of making sound

And now I am a stranger from a long way away
And if I spoke your language there would still be nothing to say
Cause we all know tomorrow I'll be high over this place
And I can tell you one thing, if the world gives you wings, you open those things and fly

It's just another April snow
We've seen enough that we both know that this can never last
What sticks tonight will not hold up to daylight
When you wake up it's already melting fast

And now I am a stranger from a long way away
And if I spoke your language there would still be nothing to say
Cause we all know tomorrow I'll be high over this place
And I can tell you one thing, if the world gives you wings, you open those things

And you fly
I can tell you one thing, if the world gives you wings, you open those things
And if your voice can still ring you got to stand up and sing
And if the world gives you wings you open those things and you fly

Would it make a difference if I spoke more quietly