

Latin Quarter, I (Together)

I am the course that you will run
I am the river bed
I am the stones
And I will wash you soft and clear
Through locks and cuts
And 'On Your Owns'

I am the rising in the East
The setting out
The going down
And I will mark your shadow length
Lie at your feet
From sole to crown

I am the sand the rocks become
The sand that shifts
The sand that sings
Beneath a thousand buds will grow
Within the movement of these springs

The tower cranes they trace
Their steel arcs in the sky
And lurch great loads
Above the bed in which we lie

I am the breeze that eases you
The wind that whips
The hurricanes
I am the movements from inside
That stirs and shakes the window panes