

Neko Case, I Missed The Point

I have lightning
If the stars dry out to guide me
I have soft clay
To knit my bones astride
What a miracle they say
Dark clouds gather
Velvet holes
Gaping wide oh
And they pour it down
And they sing to me
Of wonders
Unseen
Like clouds that rise
From the sea, oh
And I'm sorry
I'm so sorry
That I missed the point
Of this pageantry
But I'm grateful
That you love me