

Nova Heather, Flying As She Falls

The leaves have turned and she has known.
And she tells me she can't let him go.
And she looks to the moon for answers.
And she looks inside and she knows.
She dresses by the window.
Finds reflection in the pane.
She looks towards the winter
And her hair falls around her like rain.
She's sighing with September.
She would like to run and hide.
She's wrapped up in confusion.
She unfolds like paper dolls
But she's flying as she falls.
The birds have gone and she has known,
For she follows the arc of their flight.
And the softness has gone from the daylight.
And the shadows have grown into night.
She's sighing with September.
She would like to run and hide.
She's wrapped up in confusion.
She unfolds like paper dolls
But she's flying as she falls.
Soon will come cool October.
It will rise all around her like fire.
And she gathers her courage like harvest.
And she gathers her thoughts and desires.
She's sighing with September.
She would like to run and hide.
She's wrapped up in confusion.
She unfolds like paper dolls
But she's flying as she falls.
She will not run and hide.
She will take it all in stride.
And she will...
She will...
She will... be flying as she falls.