

Parlour Steps, World as Large

If there is time spread out like endless sheets,
Why do I move so urgently?
And if you and I will eventually love again,
Why the time between that I just cannot stand?

If it's written in the cards,
If it's aligned up in the stars
Things will unfold themselves in a world as large as ours.

Maybe the cosmos is waiting for us.
And the beating drives the heart.
Maybe we're wishing on long dead stars.
And they're wishing on us.
And the radio waves reach out to them faintly.

Some days you're there for the beating.
Some days the world will cradle you in its arms.
But of course!
In a world as small as ours.