

# Shearwater, Johnny Viola

If you could ring the sky like a bell  
Even such a sound would never suffice  
If you could bang the world like a drum  
It would only show it was hollow inside

And your love, it slips behind a little cloud  
And your eyes are veiled  
Is there a medical term for a heart that's been removed?

If you could wring the hours and the days  
Of all their lives, I think you would find  
That the lovely faces crash like a wave  
Upon a shore so frozen and white

And as love, it slips behind that little cloud  
The snow is like a feathery down  
When your heart has been removed

And as love departs your life  
Like silvery birds that leave the coast  
Your eyes are as wild and lifeless as the moon