

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