

# Thea Gilmore, Eight Months

Indian Summer  
Toronto sings  
This is the gateway  
To everything  
Heading south down  
The pan American  
Lord give me eight months  
Eight months  
To get it done

Fortaleza  
Would make you cry  
Cold canyon sunrise  
Russian vines  
I'll catch these days as  
Londons' leaves fall  
Lord give me eight months  
Eight months  
To see it all

Aurora Borealis  
The Blue daystar  
I'm chasing sunsets, cities and taillights  
To get that far

Cut the sky to  
Wellington  
Then Sydney bathing  
In blue neon  
Karakorams to rest  
In purple skies  
Lord Give me eight months  
Eight months  
To open my eyes

Lord Give me eight months  
Eight months  
To open my eyes