

Vetiver, Without A Song

Without a song I left the city
Borrowed a car with no radio
Gone before the sun had a chance to shine
The free wind weighed on my mind

How many roads begin under dark umbrella
They can see the memory of love

Comes a tune, clearing way like a siren
Shifting soon every thought in my head
'Til they all get tangled up in blue

This melody promises me someday words will come
And when they do, I'll shape them into a song