

Waterdeep, You Lay Me Down

The winter of emotions
sometimes steals into my head
It's the tundra of the shutdown
It's the burying the dead
And I'd like to make my springtime
but I have no read recourse
but to wait on some long loving
from some deep and pure source

You lay me down
You whisper somehow
I can hear it when I'm very still
You don't ever touch me or chase away the chill
but one day soon, you will

The art of all my problems
is in how they're resolved
I try until I'm hopeless
and then a hand so soft
is brushing back my hair
from its clinging to my face
from crying God I live in
such a weak and desperate place

(CHORUS)