

# Redbird, Ithaca

We got the news  
Ithaca got snow  
It was just that kind of day  
All I know is that you've gone  
and left us here below  
All I wish is that you'd stay

We leave this cursed city  
in the same way we come in  
We trace the roads  
On our way out,  
we shed our certainties like clothes

We thought this was our sacrifice  
But the world knew otherwise  
And took you from us  
Before your time,  
right before our eyes  
We think we're walking home  
But you can't go there unless it wants you  
You can stand on the streets  
But still the destination haunts you  
Is that where you are now?  
To have believed that's truest love  
Ain't it clearer now that we have love  
and we don't have you

It took this much to make me see  
Still I barely understand  
Love will always, always be larger  
and different from our plans  
Love will never listen to us  
And why should it?  
Love knows the score  
It builds better songs than we do  
It sings a better metaphor