

Trembling Blue Stars, November Starlings

The world is beautiful and it's waiting
We're hungry for what's on the table
Under clouds that keep on changing
Hope returns and keeps returning
That trace of sunshine in the winter
That breeze when summer's at its highest
Part of the ride, of the adventure
You and I will journey together
Sharing whatever
We uncover
The dusk upon The Marsh
The stations of the cross
Rest your head on me and I'll catch you
Your head on me and I'll catch you
I'll catch you
This life that you and I are living
It's a scrapbook in the making
Flick to the howl of England's garden
Save a page for November starlings
Pinning down what we are feeling
Is something we'll never be awake to
Love does the hiding we the seeking
And there will never be a breakthrough
Undefined it will stay
A handful of snowflakes
Trying to tell you how much and how
Beyond squeezing your hand three times in a crowd
Rest your head on me and I'll catch you
Your head on me and I'll catch you
I'll catch you