

Why I Like The Robins

Hum

The distance outside of you comes into focus, collapses away
Loving me
And hands to the glass and eyes to sky and glued to the south
She waits to see

She's looking for birds she met last fall,
Who said they would come back different than all
She's waiting for six who know about sound,
Who'd promised to come back upside down

And I like your raindrop collector,
Splash in my eyes and makes everything else look like you
So hand me the glasses and teach me to use them,
Show me the window, I want to look too

I'll take the glasses and cover for you,
You get some sleep and I'll stay 'till two.
I'm looking for six who know about sound,
Who promised to come back upside down

She's got colors to spare and I don't care what they choose
And I've got nothing to do and nothing like you left to lose