

# adrienne lenker, sadness as a gift

you and i both know  
there is nothing more to say  
chance has shut her shining eyes  
and turned her face away

leaning on the windowsill  
you could write me someday and i think you will  
we could see the sadness as a gift and still  
feel too heavy to hold

snow fallin'  
i try to keep from callin'  
watch the spring turn to winter  
fireflies all frozen

the seasons go so fast  
thinking that this one was gonna last  
maybe the question was too much to ask

been searching for your eyes  
all i see is blue sky  
and that old man beats his crooked cane  
it's time to let go

leaning on the windowsill  
you could write me someday and i bet you will  
we could see the sadness as a gift and still  
the seasons go so fast  
thinking that this one was gonna last  
maybe the question was too much to ask

you and i could see into the same eternity  
every second brimming with a majesty

kiss so sweet so fine  
you could hear the music inside my mind  
and you showed me a place i'll find even when i'm old  
just leaning on the windowsill  
you could write me someday and i hope you will  
we could see the sadness as a gift and still  
the seasons go so fast  
thinking that this one was gonna last  
maybe the question was too much to ask