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