

The Drop and Lift

Amanda Shires

A swarm of sparrows rising over a cane field
Hearts ascend like that
Falling is the closest to flying
I believe we'll ever get, we'll ever get
[Chorus]
The drop and lift
The drop and lift
Of hearts and chest move
Of in and out
And out and in
And out of love again
A string of horses racing
Along the crooked fence line

Hearts run like that
Breathless and full of questions
My love's got a bad sense of direction
[Chorus x3]
Sunset, the sky gets pink and bruised
Over canyon lakes
The same color a heart aches
And falling, the closest to flying
I believe we'll ever get, we'll ever get
[Chorus]