

We'll Get There Yet

Elysian Fields

Show me a beautiful design
So I might lose myself
And in the losing find
This world pretends to matter
How dare they bring us down
I want no one around but you
And these swirling colors
The paint still wet
Oh my love, we'll get there yet
We'll get there yet
Below the boughs and mizzle entwined
Sharing our hiding places
Every clock unwinds
Reaching beyond the canvas
Beyond the boundaries
In memory of stars we knew
These swirling colors
The paint still wet
Oh my love, we'll get there yet
We'll get there yet
We'll get there yet
When autumn leaves below our feet
Sweep cool ground

The colors bleed, day recedes
Stars have crowned
Inside the hulls are patterns to believe in
So pay no mind to forest birds
It's their nature to be grieving
I want to paint like you do
With every color's sound
I want no one around but you
Like undressed lovers
The earth still wet
Oh my love, we'll get there yet
We'll get there yet
Like undressed lovers
The earth still wet
Oh my love, we'll get there yet
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