Words

Gregory Alan Isakov

Words mean more at night
Like a song
And did you ever notice
The way light means more than it did all day long?

Words mean more at night Light means more Like your hair and your face and your smile And our bed and the dress that you wore

So I'll send you my words
From the corners of my room
And though I write them by the light of day
Please read them by the light of the moon

And I wish I could leave my bones and my skin And float over the tired tired sea So that I could see you again

Maybe you would leave too
And we'd blindly pass each other
Floating over the ocean blue
Just to find the warm bed of our lover

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