

Each Of Us

Make Do and Mend

There is a light that never goes out, but try as I might, I can
't seem to find it now.

I promised I'd be true come high water or hell.
I told you that I'd hold you through student loans and dry spells,
but sometimes promises they don't mean nothing.

But each of us is every bit as guilty as the other one is now.
I wouldn't turn it around.
As far as I see, there's just no way around
that sometimes love leaves, and that leaves you and me to sort
it out.

Was it the "I love yous" and the "I'll be home soon"
or the "Baby please don't wait up" that start to sound like rain
in drops?
A skipping record. A ticking clock.
Now we both know how the distance looms,
but it's a different kind distance when you're just in the next
room.
We're both getting a signal but want it to stop.

Think of me when the church bells ring
down the street from the beach house in the spring.
The Merrimack's still thawing out and I miss everything.
Think of me when the flowers bloom
on the window sill in the living room.
The Merrimack's still thawing out and I miss everything.