

Love On The Wing

Paul Westerberg

This one came with no guarantee
Came without instructions
Without directions it'll leave
Dusty blue and gray cobweb green
Love to whisk you away

It's just the whisky talking
On your mobile device
To touch base and not to face
Could never suffice

Cautiously desperate
Yet no guarantee
Dusty blue gray
And cobweb green

You won't see me soar or fly
I'm the shyest in the sky, by far
and the star for which all evenings wait
Lady in waiting, man in a rush

Cedar waxwing and a hermit thrush
He's the star for which all evenings wait
You are the dusk, you feel his ache
darkness then bring
Love on the wing, love on the wing

Brown-eyed creeper with the deep dark eyes
I'd like to keep her in paradise
But she makes her own in dead or dying trees
I close my eyes it ain't her I see

But the yellow warbler I adore
Me she ignores
Last to leave in autumn
And the first one back in spring
Love on the wing, love on the wing

See the barn swallow, smell the gunsmoke
lonely tomorrow, hear the farm choke
Baby--Love on the wing

It's down to a finch, or a common house wren
Can't stand the stench of either of them
I could go back to the one, for the one there who waits
For me to return and sing
Who knows what tomorrow may bring?
I am the star for which all evenings wait
You are the dusk, feel my ache, darkness brings
Love on the wing
She didn't mean a thing
Love on the wing, love on the wing