

## When

Perfume Genius

She'll go out on the yard,  
holding her small daughter in her arms  
Above the line of the tress,  
Above the end of the street,  
she will see it rising  
gold ball, large as a giant  
planet starting to lift up over ours.  
She will go out in the yard holding her daughter  
looking at it rise  
and grow and blossom and rise