

1,000 Things

Sarah Jarosz

Where are the days, the childish ways?
They can't be far behind me
She once lived here, my old friend fear
Ceaselessly to remind me
Yes, Yes I, Yes I hear you!

You may not hear the words I hear
But rambling is her song
So I translate, I fly, I skate
Where child of sky and earth belongs
Yes, Yes I, Yes I hear you

I find that I don't do so well
With the words that hide from me
But the ones that introduce themselves
Say a thousand things to me
Say a thousand things to me

You may not feel the burning sweat
But a fire is raging inside her
It's burning through the black and blue
Searing through all that I call mine
Yes, Yes I, Yes I feel you