

# Held in the Arms of Your Words

Tired Pony

This light at the end of the day  
When even the highways seem still  
The map in my hands folded shut  
There isn't one magical word  
But a carnival of them instead  
Like an old, silent cinema screen

In this light you are framed classically  
Just a painting that hangs in my head  
That I know like the back of my hand  
And with the sun set, the neon awakes  
And the cold colours dance on your skin  
Finally the modern makes sense to me

You're effortless, you know you are  
And all I want to do  
Is let you lead me off into the dusk  
Our shadows kiss before we do  
Right here in the dark  
I revel in the calm before the storm

The garden is haunted by us  
And every mistake that we've made  
Is at peace coz it led us both here  
The thought that just burns into me  
Of you in the ink of the night  
Is the breath-taking danger of you

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This is life  
This is all I want from life  
It's the fervour and the tenderness combined.  
In the dark, in the ever-falling dark,  
we are anchorless adrift but barely notice

(You're effortless, you know you are  
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