

Songbook

Paper boat

I took a walk today
following same old way
reach the gate
hold it open while I wait
for you to come

I climb the hill,
corn so green, the air so still
reach the top
where I always used to stop
for you to come

Small birds are singing in the topmost trees
while I'm stuck down here on my knees
since you've been gone

rivers calling me,
in quiet waters I could be
a paper boat,
hardly afloat
turning circles gracefully

Small birds are singing in the topmost trees
while I'm stuck down here on my knees
since you've been gone

a sudden breeze
I feel it moving through the trees
I'm reaching out
and send that small boat spinning free
watch it sail down to the sea
taking with it part of me
to where I can always be
with you



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