

Unruly Heart
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In the beginning, when the sun wasn't up,
You would write out your wishes
With the leaves from your cup.
And you'd leave them at the table,
With your artist's hands and unruly heart
And you'd sing, and you'd say:

Chorus:
While you and I got lips for kissing and to sing with.
I don't mind if some fool invents a tool to measure spring with.

In the midst of the morning, amidst farmlands and yearnings
Will I find you intertwined
With the feathers of my pillow or the songbird at the window
Or your heart, wrapped up in mine?

If your nights were made of armour
And the preacher never lied,
If this ground were slightly firmer
And this rosebush reached the sky,
And if instead of picking apples we were catching fireflies
And in the winter set them free, watch them survive.