

title: Fingers

time: Written in the fall of 1999

theme: Youth understanding the frivolity of ones existence.

Something in the way around you
The way you talk melts the world away
I hope I can, I hope you will be
Someone that I can hold and talk to
We are young the world looks wide before us
Tremble as I may
I find comfort in you.

You opened the door for me
Always reached out for me
Fingers give only the feeling

Is heaven in you is it somewhere
Is it somewhere high?
Maybe I was reaching too high
You're my star
I'd agree it is nothing to me
Maybe someday you
Will see the light penetrating your eyes.