



3. Turn the Seasons

The last time I saw you here
Was in the fall
Before the winter came
You were unsure

We circled the coast
To the Cove
To see a friend of yours
On a fishing boat

I could not stay
To risk the happiness you gave
I started back along the beach
The other way

I've cut and hung
All the apricots you gave to me
They're dry
Upon my wall

Winter
She steals the light away
Weaves darkness from the day
And lays it over all

Sun
There was sun on the land
Sun in the hands
Of freedom

In the beat of the waves
But the rhythm they made
Has turned the seasons
Turned the seasons...

Chimney smoke
Like carded wool in hand
Spun out across the land
Of longing

The last time I saw you here
Was in the fall
Before the winter came
I was unsure



In memory of the Chrome Island fog horn...
replicated in the recording.