

A Pocketful of Shells

Mat McHugh

I got a pocket full of shells,
And not much of anything else.
I got a locket full of notes,
Old melodies, uncounted votes
And it's been so long
since I've seen you
And I've been so gone and out of my mind
And things they move on,
but I just need you
So I still wait for you most every night
When are you coming home
It's so lonely here tonight...Followed a trail of poison crumbs.
We got lost pretending, undone.
Then our blood fell from the clouds,
the wind it screamed, the sea it howled.
And every cold, dry morning,
crows sing of how there's ice forming on the lake.
Oh yes somebody called me, said they saw you.
Said you were looking older but just the same. When are you coming home?
It must be freezing out today ...And we'll sing Galilee, we'll sing reverie
Dance for the broken, break these chains.
We'll sing of wrongs and lies and alibis.
We'll take a chance and start again.
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