Gargoyles

Jordan Klassen

Lean in closer, my ears are stone All I heard were the last three notes that you could sing I'm fanning pages and counting verbs I'm skimming words but I haven't read a single thing Fill my head with songs you wrote and poems you found These gargoyles ward off myGhosts of tomorrow Ghosts of tomorrow Ghosts of tomorrow My ghosts of tomorrow And when you're singing as the chorus grows Your timbre shows that you want something I want to give I feel it far, try to make it close I sell my clothes, but I'm not naked as the way you live I'll disappoint you so just sing like you can see Past the damning clouds Press the keys and wait for me Lay me downLove me tomorrow Love me tomorrow Love me tomorrow Love me tomorrow I'm just swimming for your shores Under breakers, out of body Set a table and build a fire I could still be at the door Could show my face once more Just wait for tomorrow Wait for tomorrow

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Wait for tomorrow