

Just Let Go

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by Erin Crowley

Notes: Music first, then lyrics...very abstract. And also my very first demo, so rough rough rough. For Peg and Mae...or perhaps for the things they left behind.

A breath of air, oppressive sigh
Tea with scones, a soft goodbye
Down the stairwell, lose your sight
Wrapped up in the chill of night
Longing for winter

Take my hand
Just let go

Attics paced by phantom truth
Fast evaporating youth
Part the spirit from the bones
Joined to kin in sepia tones
Falling through seasons

Take my hand
Just let go

Ghosts of lilacs still in bloom
Rocking chair in empty room
Ancient books with fading words
Trembling hands like caged birds
Remember last summer

Take my hand
Just let go

Step into spring
Step into spring