

The Poet And The Dancer

Words and music by Jenica Rayne © 2004

night is falling on these foreign hills
the sunsets crimson and gold
it's a timeless space that follows me
a moment of truth
exposed

cause it's times like this i always look for
peeking through the cracks
like a twisting turning lonesome highway
it always brings me back
it brings me back home

there's an ancient wisdom we all hold
between each breath reality unrests
and the story it unfolds

turning
turning
spinning
golden streams of light
there's a poet and a dancer
they touch each other
from the heart

and it's a love story cliché
how we love to be set free
you see the poet was a gypsy
who lived in the dancer's dream

he said
when you look real hard
you'll feel
the beating of your heart

with your eyes wide open
kiss the wind
let it bring you
home again