

##The Miles I Have With You##

[Verse 1 — Gentle, conversational]

The road was white with morning frost,
Your breath rose in the air.
You asked what kept me up last night;
I blamed the wretched fare.
You laughed and handed me my coat.
I found the sleeve at last.
There ought to be a word for that—
I let the moment pass.

[Chorus — Warm, communal; companions join softly]

So gather close and sing our tune,
There's daylight on the hill.
I've breath enough to sing with you,
And by the gods, I will.
The night can have its silence
When our little fire burns through.
While the road is ours to travel,
Let me walk it here with you.

[Verse 2 — Quiet weight beneath a steady voice]

I know the song the road will sing;
I know its final air.
I know the place my voice falls still
And yours goes onward there.
I pack my things each morning.
I help you with the load.
Some days I have to count to three
Before I take the road.

[Chorus — Warm, communal; fuller harmonies]

So gather close and sing our tune,
There's daylight on the hill.
I've breath enough to sing with you,
And by the gods, I will.
The night can have its silence
When our little fire burns through.
While the road is ours to travel,
Let me walk it here with you.

[Verse 3 — Intimate, hesitant]

I've tried to tell you by the fire.

I've nearly found a way.
Then someone speaks of coming home,
And asks how long we'll stay.
I want to hear your answer.
I want you making plans.
So I ask about the garden
While I occupy my hands.

[Verse 4 — A playful smile; tenderness at the end]

You need a song to set your stride;
I know a dozen more.
I'll sing the one you claim to hate
And make you name all four.
And if I laugh too loudly,
Or bow a shade too low,
Stay a little when it's over.
I may ask before you go.

[Short Instrumental — Gentle fiddle and lute]

[Verse 5 — Tender, grieving; restrained delivery]

There is a place beside our fire
I still turn toward to speak.
I had a jest to tell her
That I'd saved for half a week.
So tell me now the foolish thing.
Take time to tell it wrong.
I have hurried past such gifts before
To get on with the song.

[Bridge — Sparse accompaniment; growing vulnerable]

If I should find the words tonight,
I may not get them right.
I may begin with something small:
"It's cold. Sit here a while."
There's room beside me for a friend.
I'll move my things for you.
And if my hands should tremble,
You may see. I'll let you.

[Final Verse — Solo voice; barely above a whisper]

I'll know the words. I'll hear the tune.
I'll have so much to say.
You'll ask me for your favorite song,

And I will turn away.
I've spent my life learning to reach
For you through breath and sound.
When all my songs are trapped in me,
Will you still sit me down?

[Final Chorus — Companions sing; lead voice falls silent]
So gather close and sing our tune,
There's daylight on the hill.
You've walked so far and sung us home,
And we will listen still.
There's room for you beside the fire,
There's time enough to stay.
You do not have to sing tonight
For us to want you here.

[Outro — A lone fiddle carries the unfinished melody]