The Travelling

lyrics: gw rasberry
music: james campbell, gw rasberry, rob unger

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for Ted …
Love is the warmth of stone, sun-warmed
and waiting for words we can not name.

—gw
So we give ourselves to motion
as the night rewrites the day,
the wheels they speak of travel
and the turning falls away.

The road becomes the evening
it bears witness to the song,
distance written on the body
the kind that makes us strong.

Love will pull the stars around
Love to love this place we’ve found
Love the love that gathers here
The nightsky whispers in our ear...

Words are wings and words are ties
words may never recognize,
but words sail through this pale nightsky
through a tiny planet’s eye

Lost is just a feeling
but lost is also found,
lost is just a listening
a gathering of sound.

Love will pull the stars around
Love to love this place we’ve found
Love the love that gathers here
The nightsky whispers in our ear...

Feel the headlights on the hill tonight
coming down like moons,
through a forest filled with whispersong
a chorus filled with June.
We give up all our stories
that don’t remember flight
and we laugh as all our worried words
sail off out of sight.

Now bring the nighttime forward
so that we might take our place
listen for the listening,
the hillside whispers grace.

Love will pull the stars around
Love to love this place we’ve found
Love the love that gathers here
The nightsky whispers in our ear…
About the Songwriter

gary rasberry—The place my work comes from is Home. The Old School House. It's an 130 year old limestone pedagogical palace, the village's 1st school and now our home. I've created a studio space that enables me to make music (a place of practice, rehearsal and some fairly low tech recording), and to write AND to look out the window. Our two children move through this space and stop to make their own music and leave their own creative marks (to strum a guitar that hangs on a stand or draw a picture or rearrange a shelf...)