

The Long Journey Home

Clover Creek is running
A spring at its first
Traveling for miles
For quenching my thirst

Deseret is calling me
I can hear her ode
South of the willow
Through the narrowing road
Through the narrowing road

On the long journey home
Unremembering your name
On the long journey home
I'll never be the same

On the long journey home
Burn a hole right in my heart
On the long journey home
From the end down to the start

Rush valley's looming
It's a private lament
The moon is still rising
With Jacob's consent

Stansbury Island
It's no longer adrift
It's solid and it's grounded
And I hold it as a gift
And I hold it as a gift

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28 September 2020

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