

Salt in a Swing

A worn-out love — two people in the long middle of it, still swinging together. The salt is the years of wear; the love is still warm. Written to be half-sung, half-told, in a warm mid-range.

[Verse 1] There's a ring burned white in the kitchen counter where the kettle sat too long one night in June You said you'd sand it out come the summer I said I like it, leave it, it's a scar that tells the truth And the chain on the porch swing's gone to rust now Still holds the two of us, still gives a little sway We learned the creak of it the way you learn a person Thirty winters in, and it still carries us okay

[Chorus] So push, and I'll push back That's the deal we never wrote down Salt in a swing, salt on the wind, the taste of all the years we've worn in We're not the picture that we started with and I wouldn't change a single thing Give me your hand, there's miles to go, and salt in a swing

[Verse 2] You've got a scar across your thumb from a mackerel a Tuesday boat you swore you'd never board again And you still tell it like it's news at every table same laugh, same line, same way you leave the ending in And I know the word you reach for when you lose one I hand it to you quiet, half a breath before That's the long math of it, the carrying, you learn to finish what the other can't say anymore

[Chorus] So push, and I'll push back That's the deal we never wrote down Salt in a swing, salt on the wind, the taste of all the years we've worn in We're not the picture that we started with and I wouldn't change a single thing Give me your hand, there's miles to go, and salt in a swing

[Bridge] They don't make a song for the ordinary Wednesday, the coat that smells of both of us left hanging by the door No, nobody writes it down, the quiet staying, so I'm writing it down for you, and not a line for anybody more

[Verse 3] There's a ring burned white in the kitchen counter I run my thumb across it when the house goes still You're asleep by now, the swing's gone quiet but tomorrow it'll creak again, I know it will

[Chorus] So push, and I'll push back That's the deal we never wrote down Salt in a swing, salt on the wind, the taste of all the years we've worn in We're not the picture that we started with and I wouldn't change a single thing Give me your hand, there's miles to go, and salt in a swing

[Outro] Give me your hand, there's miles to go, and salt in a swing