

I wrote this song on 5 December 2007 in my buddy Scotty's back yard. It's part commentary on spending = winter in the 27 Palms military town and of course and always, mostly = reflection on how what's within becomes without. I've never sang this much falsetto, for sure, though it was called for . . . and fun!

Into Love : by Liam Bowler

Snow in the north

But raining here for days

Colored plastic on display

Parading = new home, new home

Here, they're turning on the lights

The water falls outside

The shoppers all have nowhere to hide

They wander along, along

There's = spill in aisle five

A woman has fallen asleep

Groceries buried in her arms

She's holding near her heart, her heart

War falls like an iron glove

And ringing like = bell

We've tried all but letting go

And falling back into love, into love