

Trumpet Vine

by Kate Wolf (1977)

A *A* *D* *D*
The trumpet vine grew in the kitchen window

E *E* *A* *A*
And bloomed bright orange on the wall

A *A* *D* *D*
You sat in the morning light, holding a guitar

E *E* *A* *A*
As the first summer rain began to fall

D *D* *A* *A*
Like the gentle raindrops, your words fell in the air

D *D* *A* *E* *E*
Making things so clear, as we quietly sat there

A *A* *Bm* *Bm7*
It reminded me of other times you had come before

E7 *E7* *E7* *A* *A*
And brought a song or just walked in through the kitchen door

Now it seems the truest words I ever heard from you
Were said at kitchen tables we have known.
'Cause somehow in the warm room, with coffee on the stove,
Our hearts were really most at home.

Sitting at the table, looking hard at you
Catching up on stories of the things we'd tried to do
It seems we really said the most when we didn't talk at all
Let the songs speak for us like the sunlight on the wall.

Now as we come and go, in sunshine and in rain,
Some years are seen more clearly than the rest.
And if it weren't for kitchen songs and mornings spent with friends
We all might lose the things we love the best.

I can see you sitting there, beneath the trumpet vine.
The sunlight through the window in the kitchen in my mind.
You came when you were needed, I could not ask for more.
Than to turn to find you walking, through the kitchen door.