

The Passing of Time

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Ride a Pony down the county line,
Fish in the midnight moon, in rhythm and time;
The Music drowns you but you feel just fine,
Your eyes are open like a neon sign

I held her close, as the water rose;
Tulips lay like a dancing breeze:
Lovers knew yet they never said;
Rows of markers like a feather bed.

So it goes, and so it flows
Volcanoes move like a desert rose
Childhood dreams, as mountain drain
Misunderstood yet out of range.

Crack Stepping Superstition
Walking under ladders in the night.
Counting Fireflies in the summer time,
Watch a shooting star fly

Jump roping, Jack throwing
Hop scotching on a summers night.
Summer lawns and the taste of lime
Hedges mottled by the passing of time.

Crack Stepping Superstition
Walking under ladders in the night.
Counting Fireflies in the summer time,
Watch a shooting star fly