

Pocket

Blue Öyster Cult

The blossoms are falling,
Making a white path across the grass
Thunderheads are building, your skin tightens
And you wait for the flash

Across the street, the boys are laughing
As they wash each other's cars
They turn up the hip-hop
White boys
Rapping with the black stars

Are you in the pocket of the moment in this particular second
Screwed into the socket of the moment in this particular second
Where time cannot be reckoned
Are you in the pocket of the moment

Overhead a rumble, it's not thunder,
It's a 747
The postman grumbles, it's past eleven
The street is sixth
It should be seventh

You hear the chiming of the ice cream truck
Rambling like in a dream
I hear your footsteps behind me
The sweetest eddy in the stream

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