

## 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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