

## The Hour of Not Quite Rain

Buffalo Springfield

In the hour of not quite rain  
When the fog was fingertip high  
The moon hung suspended  
In a singular sky

Deeply and beyond seeing  
Not wishing to intrude  
Bathed in its own reflection  
The water mirrored the moon

The tumbling birds have now sobered  
From the leaves of their nursery  
Like shadowy, quiet children  
Watching sleepily