

Arrival

Dar Williams

My dad's a miracle and so's my mom.
They fly over the blue.

They finish their dinner and then they take one another's hand.
And off they go to find a broader point of view.
For it's a give and take beyond the ordinary.
What with all the cats and kid's that they've loved.
And they will not be alone.

My friends give me purple flowers and orange tea
On goosedown spilling quilts and turquoise chairs
We greet each other in a wild profusion of words
And wave farewell amidst the wonderment of air
And in the laughing times we know that we are lucky
And in the quiet times we know that we are blessed
And we will not be alone

Well, the light that stopped the night felt like forgiveness to
you
As the garbage trucks came bustling through their rounds
You stared at the pictures on your wall and all the postcards f
rom your friends
As you heard the birds and old familiar sounds
An that's when you knew this world can't be saved, only discove
red
And you knew things could be different than before
And you will not be alone anymore