Looking out across suburban yards to the construct of our Days through the thinning of the trees. Whay can I only Build a house of cards? Than gets blown to ieces with the Fall's first fickel breeze. When I feel that stirring, the Illicit kiss. Than's just the cool tongue of the devil with A suckerin his midst.

One day I'll cange you'll be the fist one that I call. I
Owe you an apology too many thanks and that's not all. I've
Been running long before I learned to crawl.
My calender lies crumpled laid to waste. It's been
Scrawled on, thumbed through and changed. Will this be
The measure of my days? Dinners and appointments and
Deadlines I can't make. And when I start to see it making
Sense for me. That's just hope springing eternally.

One day I'll cange you'll be the fist one that I call. I
Owe you an apology too many thanks and that's not all. I've
Been running long before I learned to crawl.
Outside the summer's gone for good. Dying impatiens
Stacked up wood. My friends will get together to cook. To
Talk about what happened to take a second look. The master
Loves the servant who blind heeds him. The husband the
Obedient wife. The snake will always bite the hand that deeds h
im.

Even if you love him even if you save his life. One day I'll cange you'll be the fist one that I call. I Owe you an apology too many thanks and that's not all. I've Been running long before I learned to crawl.