

## Cakewalk

Jeff Black

Traffic is a constant  
Up and down the avenue  
There is a whisper through the window from the wind  
And as the shadows make their way across my neighborhood  
The afternoon sets in  
I am thinking of the woman  
Who loves to lay in the sun  
And on who lately time has pulled a trick or two(  
She would be the first to say her work is never done  
Nothing good comes easy true  
I'm a tired old romantic for the good old days  
When we survived by feeling closer to the fold  
I woke up in a dream I saw your face  
I looked up and we were getting older

It's a cakewalk to the patio  
In the distance I can hear the radio  
Why is it so hard to let things go  
God we've got too much to carry now  
Let her lay back and let the sun get hot  
Bring it on man with all you've got  
Paint these blues over with one good shot  
And at the speed of light slow things down  
Like we're driving through some little town

Now what's this feeling that you hold on to  
It's hard to push familiar things away  
But if we make into something that makes us feel better  
Then that's good enough for me today  
I want to take this point in time and hold it  
Up to the light so I can see clear through  
I want to shape this into something to ease your mind  
Now let's don't be confused  
We don't ask for much from down here under the gun  
Maybe that's been the trouble all along  
I want to smile a little more  
I want a little less control  
I want you to hear this song