

Arianne

Johnny Mathis

Arianne's an April morning
That comes rippling through my window
She's the smell of coffee brewing
On a quiet rainy Sunday

And the purring of a kitten
That has made my neck a pillow for its head

Arianne's the silly music
That my father used to whistle
She's the new leaf on the fern
That I had given up last winter

And what writers have to feel like
When they suddenly discover they've been read

Arianne is mama's crystal
Bread that's nearly finished baking
And the rainbow in a puddle
And the happiest of birthdays

Then the going off on Friday
And the coming back on Monday with a tan

Arianne is made of feeling
So I milk her of her kisses
And I swallow up her breathing
And I taste her where she loves me

And I'm filled, overflowing
But there's always room for more of Arianne

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