

Circles

Lou Rhodes

Life moves in circles
And so does my mind
Thought I was wiser
But it seems I was blind

Seven years later
And six thousand miles
Here you come lately
To break me with your smile

And I tie myself in knots and bows
Just trying to make sense
Of all that is and yet will be
In past and present tense

But sitting here I kick myself
I never seem to learn
This heart it seems to open still
And never hard to turn

And it's great and it's small
It's lightness and weight
If we rise or we fall
It's all down to fade anyway

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