

Clipped Wings

Matt Costa

She was the rain dancing in puddles
She was trouble
Me, with the games I played was a puzzle
But I loved her, it's true
Now I know what love can do

Once we were young, and lived dangerous
But the rains poured down, they started to change us
We both grew so ancient

Singing in circles around her were golden cherubs of sorrow
I tried to bury them all in the backyard with a shovel
But I only dug myself a hole

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There we were, familiar strangers
When the rains poured down,
Heaven knows why she changed her mind
Or she saved her goodbyes
Over cloudy skies, we tried, with clipped wings, to fly

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