

## Evergreen

Mostly Autumn

She knows what it means to be evergreen  
She's seen more than some eyes will ever see  
Clad with green, gracefully she reaches for winter sun  
...the lucky one

Spring leaves learning look to the evergreen  
Carried on the breeze her tales of snow storms and  
icicles  
With proud yarn she will spin her golden memories into  
stories

She looks to the sky  
She's holding on to yesterday's goodbyes  
Goodbye...

She knows what it means to be evergreen  
She knows how it feels to have loved and lost  
She's seen faces change all around her, then moved on

She'll miss hearing wind through now fallen leaves  
She'll stand scraping snow-filled skies alone  
Her questions, if could be asked, would be left  
unanswered

Look to the sky  
Holding on to yesterday's goodbyes  
Embrace the past, with a forward motion  
No fear of looking back

[i]The river keeps on flowing, but the banks are ever  
changing[/i]