

Starlings

Passenger

Well, we watched the starlings fly,
Around the burnt-down pier and die,
Spilled my coffee on my sleeve,
She wiped it with a smile,
And told me I was juvenile,
And kissed me softly on my cheek

And her hair danced in the breeze,
Like a thousand swinging trees,
In a forest lying next to stormy seas

Well, we watched the wintry sky,
Turn a shade of turquoise, I,
Whispered softly, "I feel lost,"
She turned with laughing eyes,
And curled her lips towards the sky,
And said, "get your map out, then, you knob!"

And we laughed like a pair of fools,
Like kids, they laugh at school,
And we wandered home before the day brought dusk