

# Fireflies And Songs

Sara Groves

Thirty years ago I was a little girl  
riding in the back seat of the car  
a woman sang you don't bring me flowers anymore  
I felt a sadness in my little heart

We're looking for the music  
in the music box  
tearing it to pieces  
trying to find a song

I was drawn to you in ways I can't explain  
we fought like crazy but I couldn't stay away  
piled on expectations and lots of blame  
like we couldn't do it any other way

We're looking for a firefly  
moving through the night  
staring at the one place  
swear it never lights

Were you surprised our hearts were not like ticking clocks  
with faces and hands easy to read  
we both wished if only in the land of oz  
longed for things we'd never really need

Now we're standing in the kitchen  
all pretense is gone  
you kiss me on the shoulder  
fireflies and song