

Verandah of Millium August

The Kingston Trio

The yellow window's hanging on the bed across the wall
Well, always in the morning the yellowest of all
And the faces of the people in the window look so small
And the faces in the morning were the peoplest of all
Standing on the verandah of Millium August.

I love to watch the spider in the horn of the Victrola
And the window I have colored with a burnt umber crayola
The chairs are musty horses with someone else's odor
And somewhere in the cushion is a secret ring decoder
Standing on the verandah of Millium August.

While I'm turning cartwheels, the kaleidoscope is singing
And somewhere in the distance someone else's phone is ringing
There are rugs upon the ceiling, there are lamps upon the floor
And renaissance wallpaper they put across the door
The house has been torn down and everyone has gone
And I am held a prisoner on a cemetery lawn
Standing on the verandah of Millium August