

The Crippled Lion

The Monkees

Slowly I walk through the gently falling rain.
I know that I will never pass this way again.
Never wondering why.
Teardrops chaffing my eyes.

Longing to be where the melted kisses fall.
Lingering and still, while quietly they tell their all.
Blue is the color of the sun,
And nothing stops when everything is done.

Now my whole world opens up in different lines and tunes
With highways making up the verse.
And then suddenly I see the light of something called the moon.
And though my path is planned, it's not rehearsed.

So I move along to the next thing on the list
Knowing full well that some of them just don't exist.
But I am finally alone.
And where my foot steps down is where it's home.

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