

## Slow Pony Home

The Weepies

It's the second September I have known you  
Four years or so ago, I rode a pony, called him "Truth"  
We didn't know the way so it took us till today to get here

And all that time, I felt just fine  
I held so many people in my suitcase heart  
That I had to let the whole thing go  
It was taken by the wind and snow  
And I still didn't know that I was waiting  
For a girl on a slow pony home

I can remember when I first saw you  
You said in my photograph I looked more far away  
I laughed and smiled and didn't say "I am a bit afraid to be here."

Setting free the anchor and looking past the shore  
It's a sea of horses on ships with no sails, no motors, no oars

Now we're cleaning the windows between us two  
Funny, you do it once, and then again, and pretty soon  
the fingerprints and dust...  
But I've begun to trust the view here.