Rialto

Laura Veirs

Check out the skylark, riding and singing alongside
Salt cool breeze coming from the West
Ships and their lawlessness, running wild and the waves
Wearing their bright blue summer bestHere come the sailors
Marching two by two by two
They pressed their pants
And shined their shoesAren't they strapping and deranged?
Too long at sea makes your eyes strange
Makes them strain for the vision of your youth
Dripping castles in the sandI could still go there
But my mind would be too loud
Sun on water
Bright colors drowning me out
I could still go thereNow theyre standing on the beach
In a wild colored wind
Sun rays stream
Ah, the pretty boys gleamWatching distant buoys toss
Water rolling on the rocks
Smoothing down the broken thingsI could still go there
But my mind would be too loud
Sun on water
Bright colors drowning me outI could still go there
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