# From Now On

## Basia Bulat

Every year from now on
I will wait until all the leaves turn
Wait until they burn
Wait until I see my brother give me a look
That reminds me
If the truth can be told,
I might go home
Would I offer to my son or my daughter that day
Everything that I know?
What will I know?
And if I can still be honest
When the sun sets late
In the way it does at the end
Of the summertime,
In the summertime,
Summertime is a mess
For those of us who know it
October is closer
Than any one of us can admit
If every song from now on is about you
Every song, every song from now on
I can play on and on
I can play you
On and on and on and on
Until I am out of breath
If you are waiting at the rest
When my cadence grows impatient
Every summer's end
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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