

# Tangerine Visions

## The Little Ones

Easterly winds whisking the kids  
There are new-borns all around  
Lampposts guide them but the lights just died there  
And they slow to a crawl

Misting aside their eyes open wide  
At the sight of golden youth  
Fathers and mothers gather in numbers  
When the sales greeter do

Dreamt of the leaves, stitched up the seams  
And they all counted down  
Each one mutter pair with another  
And the young ones go round

Fading dreams and rich tangerine  
The sky began to fall  
Figures stack up whether they close up  
They make the final call

With warmth from the sun and visions of what they want  
Rise up as one counting down to one  
With warmth from the sun and visions of what they want  
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