Thankful

David Lyon

It's the first breath of springtime
And a warm wind picks up the fallen blossom
And sails in circles down the street
A lady cycles past with her hair in braids
As they're pulling down the awning to the train station cafe

I'm alive and I'm thankful
For this time

Six o' clock, summer afternoon
Next door's kids are playing in the yard
I'm doing the dishes at the window and the radio's playing 'Superstar'
And the sun falls down on the garden next door
But two young boys are fighting, till a woman appears at the door

And the fires and the fog and the falling leaves
Under October skies
You walked me home in the cold after closing time
As the leaves rushed by

How I want to be loved
How I need to be loved
Now that I've found you, I'd do anything for you

In the Forest of Angels that's where we laid you down
And I can hear whispers
When the first frost falls on the ground

You're alive, just be thankful
For this time.

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