

Small Window

[Luluc](#)

Flying over Chicago
bare trees line the white snow
Day light fades and lines of cars flash
across the night in red and gold
What a view from my small window
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On the way another new home
looking out on streets I'll come to know
And different faces, but they'll remind me of
those I love far from here
Crystal water in a blue dream
stretching further than I can see
I try and try to swim all the way
but must learn to use my body well
You wake me with your gentle cooing voice
(And) for all I long
for far more I rejoice

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