Friday's Dust

Doves

Friday's dust
Turned into a Saturday's
It wasn't meant to be this way
It wasn't meant to end so late
Friday's trust
A deal not brokered honestly
Perhaps it's just a game they played
Tell me they've not flown away
All the hope
And all the wonder
All the strength that they can muster
Won't go, they won't get me down

Their desire
It seems they've got designs on me
They never want me honestly
They try to take me foolishly
All the toys and creature comforts
All the dreams they play can rupture
Won't go
Friday's dust
Takes all the love we own

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